PHOTOPLAY

March

15¢



Portrait By
Paul Hesse

BING CROSBY
the story of
America's
Most Popular Sta

GIVE TO THE
RED CROSS

9p 2/50 3v R 79138
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Everywhere you go

No other shampoo leaves your hair more lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

It's mid-winter magic wherever you go . . .
your lovely, lustrous, Drene-clean hair
shimmering bright and alive with *all* its natural sparkle!
Here famous Magazine Cover Girl and Drene Girl,
Mickey McGovern, models two easy-to-do hair styles
for your winter vacation. "The first rule of hair beauty,"
advises Mickey, "is to make sure your hair
is shining clean." Always use Drene Shampoo
with Hair Conditioning action. No other shampoo
leaves your hair more lustrous, yet so easy to manage.

NORTHERN SUN . . . and the gleaming
smoothness of Drene-lovely hair
to ski-dazzle masculine company.
Drene is not a soap shampoo . . .
leaves no dulling film on hair as all
soaps do. And Drene removes unsightly
dandruff flakes the first time you use it!

SILKEN-SOFT CURLS always win
admiring glances . . . in the South and
everywhere. Besides revealing up to
33 per cent more lustre than any
soap or soap shampoo, today's Drene with
Hair Conditioning action leaves
your hair smoother, silkier, easier to
manage right after your shampoo.

Drene

Shampoo with Hair Conditioning Action



"The man said Smile, Sis!"



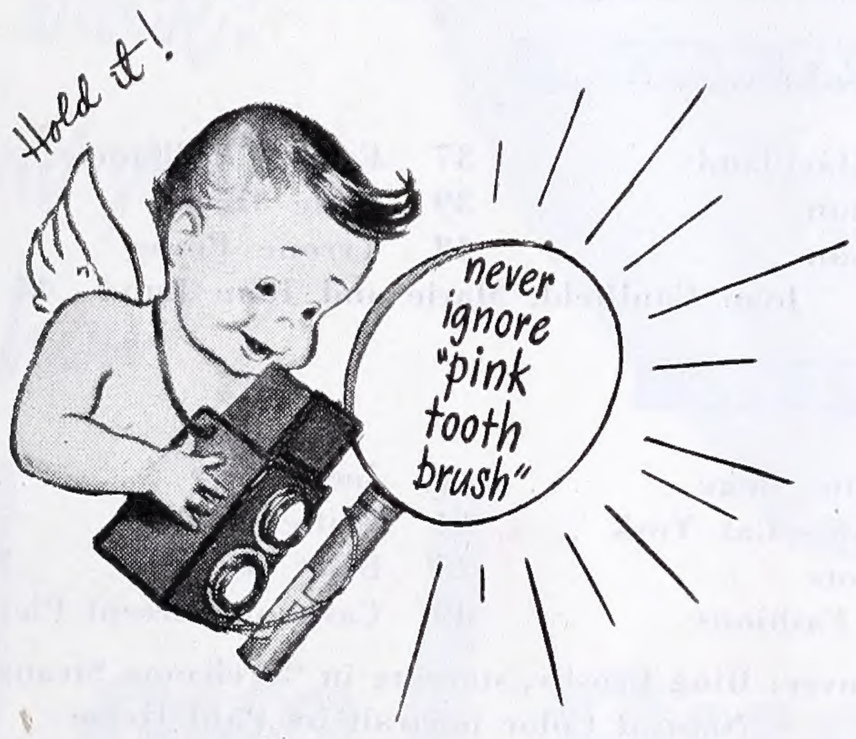
GIRL: Sorry, but I've sworn off smiling. Why, if I smiled—

CUPID: . . . you might get a *man* into the picture with you some time. Just fancy! Or don't you care for that kind of mush?

GIRL: Look, snip, what I do is my business. Why don't you go attend to your *own?*

CUPID: It so happens, scrap-happy, that smiles *are* my business. Men *go* for smiles. If you think that sour puss of yours will ever make a man look twice . . .

GIRL: Well, my smile is worse than my sulk. It would frighten away even the photographer. No high-lights . . . no glitter. I brush my teeth regularly but—



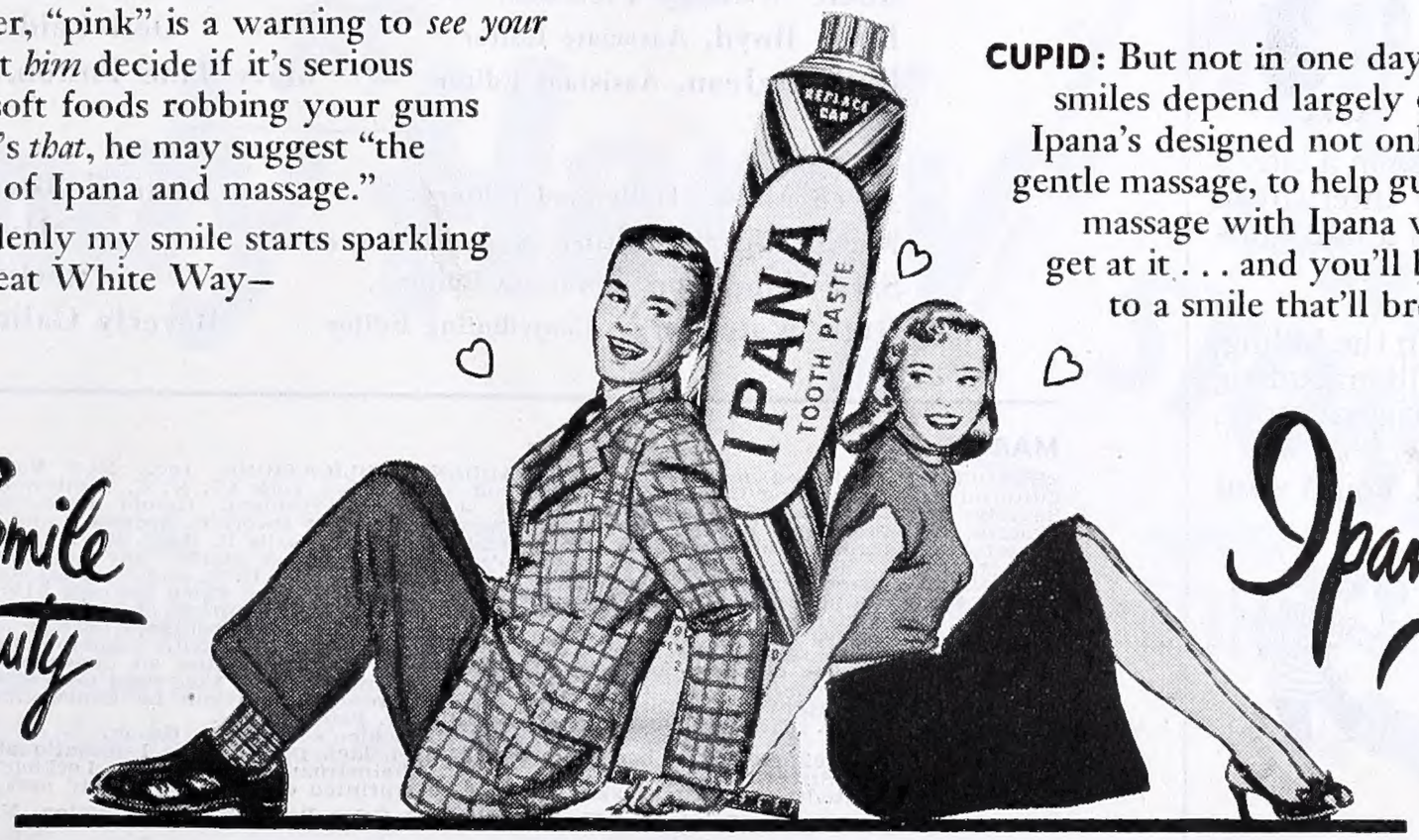
CUPID: But your tooth brush often shows a tinge of "pink"?

GIRL: Pink, green, blue . . . we were discussing the rainbow, perchance?

CUPID: Listen, sister, "pink" is a warning to *see your dentist AT ONCE.* Let *him* decide if it's serious . . . or just a case of soft foods robbing your gums of exercise. And if it's *that*, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

GIRL: And then suddenly my smile starts sparkling out loud like the Great White Way—

CUPID: But not in one day, dopey. For sparkling smiles depend largely on firm, healthy gums. Ipana's designed not only to clean teeth but, with gentle massage, to help gums. If your dentist suggests massage with Ipana when you brush your teeth, get at it . . . and you'll be on the Great Right Way to a smile that'll break men's hearts!



For the Smile of Beauty

Ipana and Massage

Product of Bristol-Myers

The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month



The greatest star of the screen!

There have been some memorable moments in movies that have rolled us into the aisles with laughter, but nothing compares with the big one in "Love Laughs at Andy Hardy".



To say this picture is the best of the Hardy series would be an understatement. It is, indeed, one of the most entertaining comedies that has ever been produced.

★ ★ ★ ★

When Mickey, five-foot-five, tangles with Dorothy Ford, six-foot-six, the stage is set for a merry field-day. And director Willis Goldbeck makes the most of it.

★ ★ ★ ★

That's the short and the long of it. But the story itself is sure-footed and solid. It is a real reflection of certain aspects of American life.

★ ★ ★ ★

BONITA

A true descendant of a tradition once started by the late Booth Tarkington, Andy Hardy and his trials and tribulations, his *affaires d'amour* or even *du coeur*, as the French would say, are superbly contrived in this picture from producer Robert Sisk.

★ ★ ★ ★

Mickey Rooney's back in his famous role and no doubt about it, this artist is a master of all the keys. He can be funny as they come and as serious as the soul.

★ ★ ★ ★



LINA

His blind dates, his romance with Bonita Granville, his rhumba interlude with the talented and alluring Lina Romay, his tragi-comedy episode when he is locked out of the house in a lady's wrapper, all are so deftly interwoven into story that the total is a film fan's delight.

★ ★ ★ ★

The writers deserve to be in the billing. A hand to Harry Ruskin, William Ludwig and Howard Dimsdale's original story.

★ ★ ★ ★

And an extra hand to you. You'll want it to applaud with.

★ ★ ★ ★

Love Laughs at Andy Hardy. Love is you.



—Leo

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S "FIRST MILLION" MOVIE-GOERS FOR 36 YEARS

PHOTOPLAY

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Your problems answered by Claudette Colbert

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Cover: Bing Crosby, starring in "Welcome Stranger"
Natural Color portrait by Paul Hesse

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Mickey's back! And you'll howl!

"Love Laughs at Andy Hardy"

M-G-M's **NEW** and DANDY ANDY HARDY HIT!

with

MICKEY ROONEY

LEWIS STONE

SARA HADEN · LINA ROMAY · FAY HOLDEN · BONITA GRANVILLE · DOROTHY FORD

Screen Play by HARRY RUSKIN and WILLIAM LUDWIG • Original Story by HOWARD DIMSDALE

Directed by WILLIS GOLDBECK · Produced by ROBERT SISK

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

The Shadow Stage

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, very good; three checks, outstanding



Jimmy Stewart and Donna Reed in film of heart-warming and hilarious moods

✓✓✓ It's a Wonderful Life (Liberty-RKO)

IN this picture of many moods, it's driven home that it isn't worldly goods which enrich a man, but the friends he makes in life. It's another heaven-and-earth affair that has a little of everything: Romance, comedy, tragedy, fantasy, satire. For earnest and impulsive James Stewart life is a mixture of all these things.

Eager to leave his home town for far-off places, Jimmy's carefully laid plans go awry repeatedly. He finally tears up his travel folders and resigns himself to running the building and loan company on which so many of the townfolk depend; otherwise, it would fall into the grasping hands of banker Lionel Barrymore whom everyone despises. His consolation prize is pretty Donna Reed who skimps along on next to nothing, turns a drafty old barn into a livable home and brings four—count 'em!—fine youngsters into the world, remaining sweet and sunny through it all.

The climax comes when Jimmy's befuddled uncle, Thomas Mitchell, misplaces the company funds. With disgrace in the offing and Barrymore at his throat, Jimmy goes to pieces. It's then that a heavenly messenger is sent to straighten out his tangled affairs and prove how wrong he is in wishing he'd never been born. As *Clarence*, the Angel, S.C. (second class until he earns his wings), Henry Travers is hilariously funny. Barrymore is as black-hearted a knave as the screen has seen in years. On a par with those previous Capra-Stewart pictures: "You Can't Take It With You" and "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington," this leaves a *good* taste in the mouth!

Your Reviewer Says: Welcome back, Jimmy.



Van Heflin, Robert Walker and Joan Welles in tuneful tale of a man's life

✓✓ Till the Clouds Roll By (M-G-M)

LEO the Lion may roar with pride over this stunning songfest, inspired by the popular melodies of Composer Jerome Kern. Elaborate sets and exquisite costumes, dipped in Technicolor, furnish the framework for a story that doesn't get in the way of the tunes, as frequently happens in musical biographies.

In portraying Kern, Robert Walker has his most important role to date, aging attractively as the years and the shows pile up in quick succession. A galaxy of entertainers, straight out of Hollywood's Who's Who, include Van Heflin who excels as Kern's close friend and collaborator. Lucille Bremer, as a gal determined to carve out a stage career for herself, has lots to do and does it well; by way of reward, lucky Lucille gets to be Van Johnson's partner in an amusing night club interlude. Dorothy Patrick is the English girl who becomes Mrs. Kern after a whirlwind courtship, and Judy Garland plays the part of Marilyn Miller, one-time musical comedy star. June Allyson doesn't intrude into the story at all, appearing advantageously, if briefly, in the title number. Kathryn Grayson and Tony Martin sing a dreamy duet together. Dinah Shore and Lena Horne share equally in interpreting the Kern songs which culminate in his smash hit, "Show Boat."

The dessert course of this rich feast has that show-stopper, Frank Sinatra, clad in dazzling white against a spun-sugar setting, giving out with "Old Man River."

Your Reviewer Says: Not to be missed.



Kim Hunter and David Niven in a most unique Technicolor flight into fantasy

✓✓ Stairway to Heaven (Universal-International)

REALITY and fantasy are woven into a unique pattern in this Technicolor tale of an RAF flier with an indomitable will to live. As the poetical pilot who hovers between life and death, after jumping from his burning plane over the English Channel, David Niven lends plausibility to an odd situation. What makes it so odd is that his adventures take him (and the audience) into two worlds—one real, the other imaginary.

Part of his real world and the reason why he wants to stay in it is Kim Hunter who handles her role of WAC wireless operator sympathetically. Also of that world is the doctor, splendidly depicted by Roger Livesey, who fights desperately to preserve the life and sanity of his patient, after diagnosing the trouble as a brain concussion. The young airman suffers repeated hallucinations in which he disputes his right to remain on earth with a "trial" finally arranged to decide if he's to board that stairway to heaven. As the celestial prosecutor who pits his wits against the doctor's, Raymond Massey is a crafty adversary of sardonic mien.

Although this tug of war twixt heaven and earth, over possession of the pilot, makes for a provocative picture with some stirring scenes brilliantly performed, it may be too fanciful for the average taste. Heaven, incidentally, not only looks startlingly like Grand Central Station, with its steady stream of arrivals, but it's run just as efficiently.

Your Reviewer Says: Flight into fantasy.

(*Continued on page 6*)

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 119

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 135

For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 132


It's The All-Time
Laugh Hit
Streamlined for Now!
5 YEARS ON BROADWAY!
ABIE'S IRISH ROSE
32 MERRY MONTHS ON THE AIR!
NOW ON THE SCREEN!
Bing Crosby Producers Inc.
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"ABIE'S IRISH ROSE"
with MICHAEL CHEKHOV
and
introducing JOANNE DRU*
and RICHARD NORRIS
Produced and Directed by A. Edward Sutherland
Screenplay by Anne Nichols • Released thru United Artists
*by arrangement with Howard Hawks

Head of the Class



For *you* (even though your Math's a little weak) if you keep your hair smooth and neat and sweet to see . . . You'll rate A-plus with that dreamboat sitting next to you in class . . . and what more can a girl ask?

Just keep your hair clean and shiny and leave the rest to *DeLong* Bob Pins, those indispensable allies. They keep stray locks in place because they have a

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No fear of DeLong Bob Pins losing this vise-like grip. Why? They're made of high-carbon steel.



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BOB PINS HAIR PINS SAFETY PINS
SNAPS PINS
HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES
SANITARY BELTS

(*Continued from page* 4)

✓✓ 13 Rue Madeleine (20th Century-Fox)

AS any seasoned movie-goer knows, spies stop at nothing to accomplish their mission. And when the spy is dynamic James Cagney he's sure to follow through, come what may. Indeed, there's no risk too great, no punishment too severe to deter him from his line of duty.

With Walter Abel's help, Cagney supervises the intensive training of would-be agents enrolled in the U. S. espionage service, three of whom belong to the same unit: Annabella, a French emigrant, Richard Conte, world traveler and linguist, Frank Latimore, high school teacher. Soon it's revealed that one of them is, in reality, an important member of the German Intelligence. From there on out, a grim game is played, everyone attending strictly to business with nary a thought of love.

Cagney, Conte and Abel keep the performance brisk between them; Annabella and Latimore are excellently cast in their respective roles, and Sam Jaffe stands out as the mayor of a French town where many of the melodramatic events, designed to keep you glued to your seat, take place.

Your Reviewer Says: High-powered thriller.

✓✓ The Secret Heart (M-G-M)

PUT down on your movies-to-be-seen list this psychological drama with Claudette Colbert, Walter Pidgeon and June Allyson at the helm. Delightfully feminine as always, Claudette plays a young widow juggling with the problem of bringing up a pair of stepchildren on one hand and withstanding the charming Pidgeon on the other.

The conscientious Claudette insists upon discharging her late husband's (Richard Derr) debts, single-handed. As if shouldering that burden weren't quite enough, her musically inclined stepdaughter, June, comes down with a father fixation which she later transfers to Pidgeon. June is so utterly fresh and wholesome looking that it's hard to believe she's the little screwball—beg pardon, neurotic—she's supposed to be here. Still if she weren't a bit balmy, they wouldn't have to call in Psychiatrist Lionel Barrymore, would they?

Robert Sterling makes a most agreeable stepson; Marshall Thompson is June's bashful beau, and Elizabeth Patterson ably attends to the family's creature comforts.

Your Reviewer Says: A bull's eye!

The Devil on Wheels (PRC)

IT isn't in the least surprising that the National Safety Council has endorsed this film, dealing as it does with reckless driving. The sermonizing is sugar-coated with some up-to-date lingo and a bit of necking by a group of kids who believe in "doin' what comes naturally." Racing around in hopped-up jalopies, endangering their own and other lives, comes *too* naturally!

Although Damian O'Flynn gets his sixteen-year-old son, Darryl Hickman, to promise to be careful, he himself is brought up on a speeding charge, pointing up the responsibility of the parent in setting a good example.

To lighten the lecture, there's a romance between James Cardwell, and Noreen Nash.

Your Reviewer Says: Watch your speed!

✓ Dead Reckoning (Columbia)

YOU can bet on three things in a Humphrey Bogart picture: Savage action, crackling talk, casual love making. They're all here in ample measure; what's more, hard-boiled Bogie meets his match in Lizabeth Scott, blonde bombshell with the pluperfect poise.

A paratroop captain, Bogart is to be decorated by the War Department along with his buddy, William Prince, when the latter disappears. Guessing there's something in his pal's past he's trying to cover up, Bogart—trouble shooter that he is—starts searching for him, winding up in a Mexican Gulf town. Liz Scott turns up as the woman in the case and, even as his buddy before him, Bogie falls under this husky-voiced siren's spell—falls, too, into the clutches of Mobster Morris Carnovsky.

Your Reviewer Says: Not for the squeamish.

✓ California (Paramount)

THERE'S a machine-made quality to this chronicle of California's bitter battle of 1848-50 for admission into the Union where there should be a stirring story of historical significance. Still, you'll get your quota of blood-and-thunder action in a super-special setting, and you may enjoy the novelty of seeing Ray Milland in a horsey role. Certainly, his portrayal of an Army deserter, turned wagon-train guide, is in sharp contrast to that of the debonair aristocrat of "Kitty."

While leading a caravan across country, just before news of the gold strike breaks, Ray meets Barbara Stanwyck and they promptly snap and snarl at each other—a sure sign they've got that old familiar feeling! It doesn't take Barbara long to become the fianceé of villainous George Coulouris, out to make California his personal property. Thereafter, it's never quite certain which side she's on, her head pulling her one way, her heart the other.

Barry Fitzgerald plays a kindly farmer, lured into politics.

Your Reviewer Says: Gun-play in Technicolor.

✓ The Verdict (Warners)

PORTLY, inscrutable Sidney Greenstreet and bland, boyish Peter Lorre are teamed up, once more, in a fairly suspenseful if not too convincing whodunit, fashioned from an Israel Zangwill novel. Shrouded in London's fog of the nineties, it dwells upon the possibility of an innocent man's hanging for another's crime solely on circumstantial evidence.

After thirty years' honorable service with Scotland Yard, Greenstreet is summarily dismissed for unintentionally but irretrievably sending to his death a guiltless man. That the crafty George Coulouris is selected to succeed Greenstreet is tantamount to rubbing salt into his wounds. His friend, Lorre, artist and man about town, sympathizes with him and, together, they watch and wait, certain that the Yard's new supervisor will be tripped up by the first tough case that comes along. Joan Lorring is a saucy little slut.

Your Reviewer Says: Passable puzzler.

✓✓ The Captive Heart (Ealing-Prestige)

MANY phases of the war have been presented in pictorial form but the poignant story of the prisoners of war has never been told more stirringly.

Michael Redgrave effectively plays a Czech officer who assumes the identity of an English soldier after stumbling over his corpse. Just escaped from one Nazi concentration camp, he is herded into another with hundreds of other unfortunates. His fluent German and some slips of the tongue arouse the suspicions of his fellow-prisoners but he convinces them that he is definitely on (*Continued on page* 10)



COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

DICK POWELL · EVELYN KEYES

in

Johnny O'clock

with

LEE J. COBB · ELLEN DREW · NINA FOCH

S. THOMAS GOMEZ · JOHN KELLOGG

Screenplay by Robert Rossen

Directed by ROBERT ROSSEN

Produced by EDWARD G. NEALIS · Associate Producer MILTON HOLMES

WINNER OF THE 1945 ACADEMY AWARD

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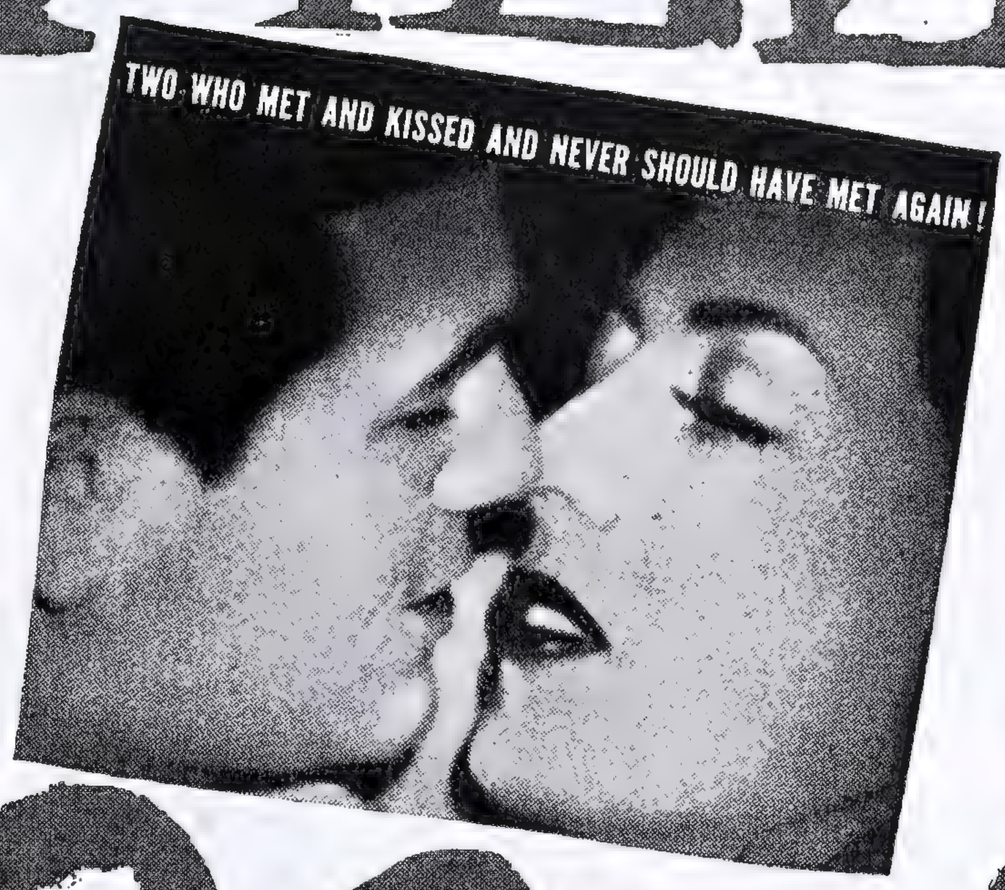
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FOR 'MILDRED PIERCE' IN ANOTHER HISTORY-MAKING ROLE!

JOAN CRAWFORD

in "POSSESSED"



ACHIEVEMENT
OF THEM ALL!

PRODUCED BY
EGULESCO · JERRY WALD

Screen Play by Clifford Odets and Zachary Gold • Based on a Story by Fannie Hurst • Music Conducted by Franz Waxman

BARBARA HALE starring in RKO RADIO PICTURES, INC. LADY LUCK



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(*Continued from page* 6) their side. Then he hears from his "wife," Rachel Kempson, whose letters must be answered to avoid inquiries from the ever-alert camp authorities. Deliberately, he injures his right hand, using his left to pen his replies.

Then there's the young concert pianist, dreaming of the bride he left behind and tortured by doubts as to her faithfulness; also the Scotch lad who wants to break his engagement to the girl back home after losing his sight. Although desperately longing for the world outside, each gradually builds a life of his own in the prison camp. Compelling in its sincerity and realism and with praiseworthy performances by the entire cast, "The Captive Heart" is warmly recommended.

Your Reviewer Says: Top notch war drama.

✓ Out California Way (Republic)

PATRONS of the opera—horse, that is—will find this one, in Trucolor, has lots of riding, roping and fighting and some singing and romancing.

Stalwart Monte Hale, who personifies the wide, open spaces, is trying to break into pictures. So is Pardner, a very superior horse owned by youngster Bobby Blake. They get their big chance, to the delight of the kid and his sister, Adrian Booth, a very pleasing eyeful. All would be well but for the malicious meddling of John Denner, a heel of the first magnitude. He and his stooge, Fred Graham, resenting Hale's sensational success, cross him up, nearly wrecking his budding film career and his romance.

Foy Willing and The Riders of the Purple Sage and St. Luke's Choristers help with the harmony.

Your Reviewer Says: California, here we come!

✓ Wanted for Murder (Excelsior-Fox)

A MAN HUNT is on to track down the homicidal maniac responsible for the strangling of half a dozen girls. There are not too many clues to go by—a crumpled cigar, a soiled handkerchief, a torn stamp —but Scotland Yard doesn't give up easily, especially when someone like Inspector Roland Culver is in charge.

Eric Portman, prosperous businessman, is called in to help, only to be subsequently suspected of the foul crimes. Derek Farr, a young bus conductor studying to be an engineer, is also implicated but anyone can see at a glance that he wouldn't harm a fly. There's the pretty clerk, Dulcie Gray, to whom both men are attracted.

Typical of British-made murder mysteries, the whole grisly affair moves slowly. If you go for creepy stuff, you could do worse than see this one.

Your Reviewer Says: Scotland Yard's on the job!

✓ Easy Come, Easy Go (Paramount)

LIFE on Third Avenue of little old New York is portrayed here in its more comic aspects. Barry Fitzgerald plays an amiable Irishman with a gift of gab and a penchant for betting on nags picturesquely named "Bridal Veil," "Papa's Choice" and the like. This weakness ends in repeated rides to the station house.

As if it weren't bad enough for Diana Lynn's old man to be a no-good gambler, her boy friend, Sonny Tufts, shows leanings in that direction, too. When the dough intended for an engagement ring is lost at the track, disgusted Diana quits them and the broken-down boarding house she's been run- (*Continued on page* 12)



Action-packed story of the man who tamed Dodge City . . . then took on the toughest town in America

TRAIL STREET



starring

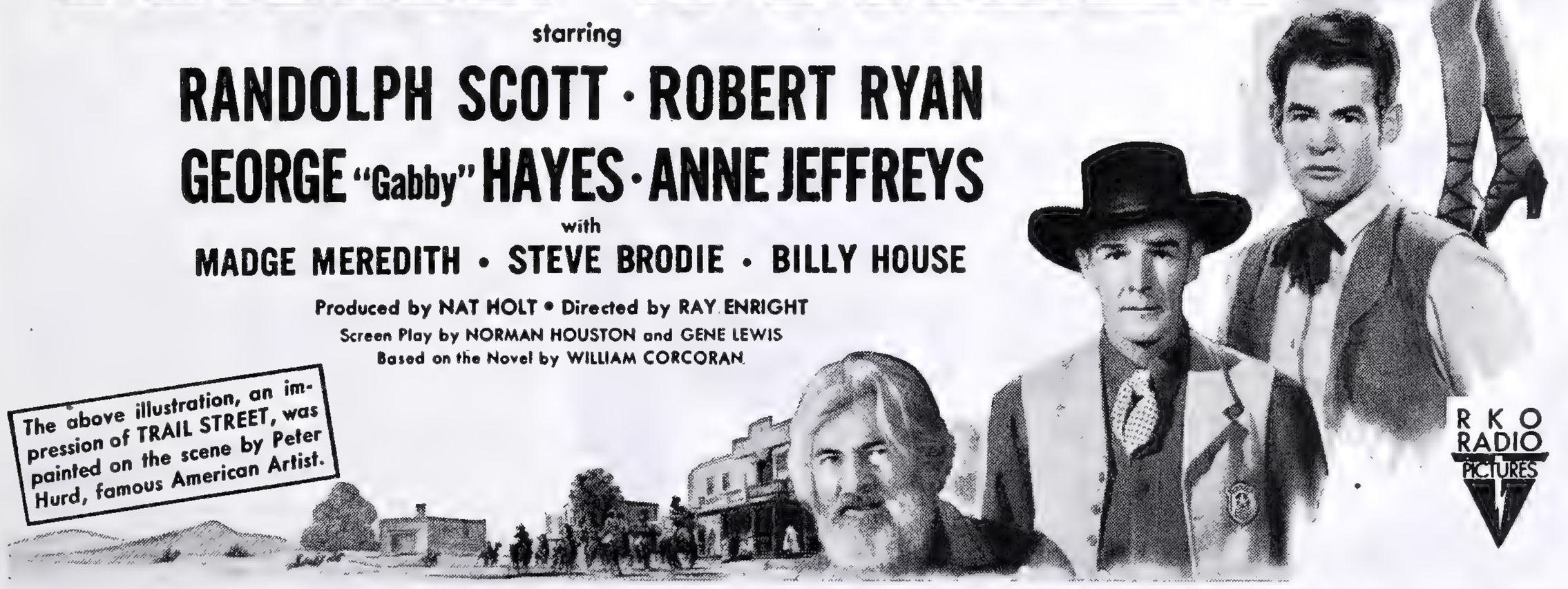
RANDOLPH SCOTT · ROBERT RYAN
GEORGE "Gabby" HAYES · ANNE JEFFREYS

with

MADGE MEREDITH • STEVE BRODIE • BILLY HOUSE

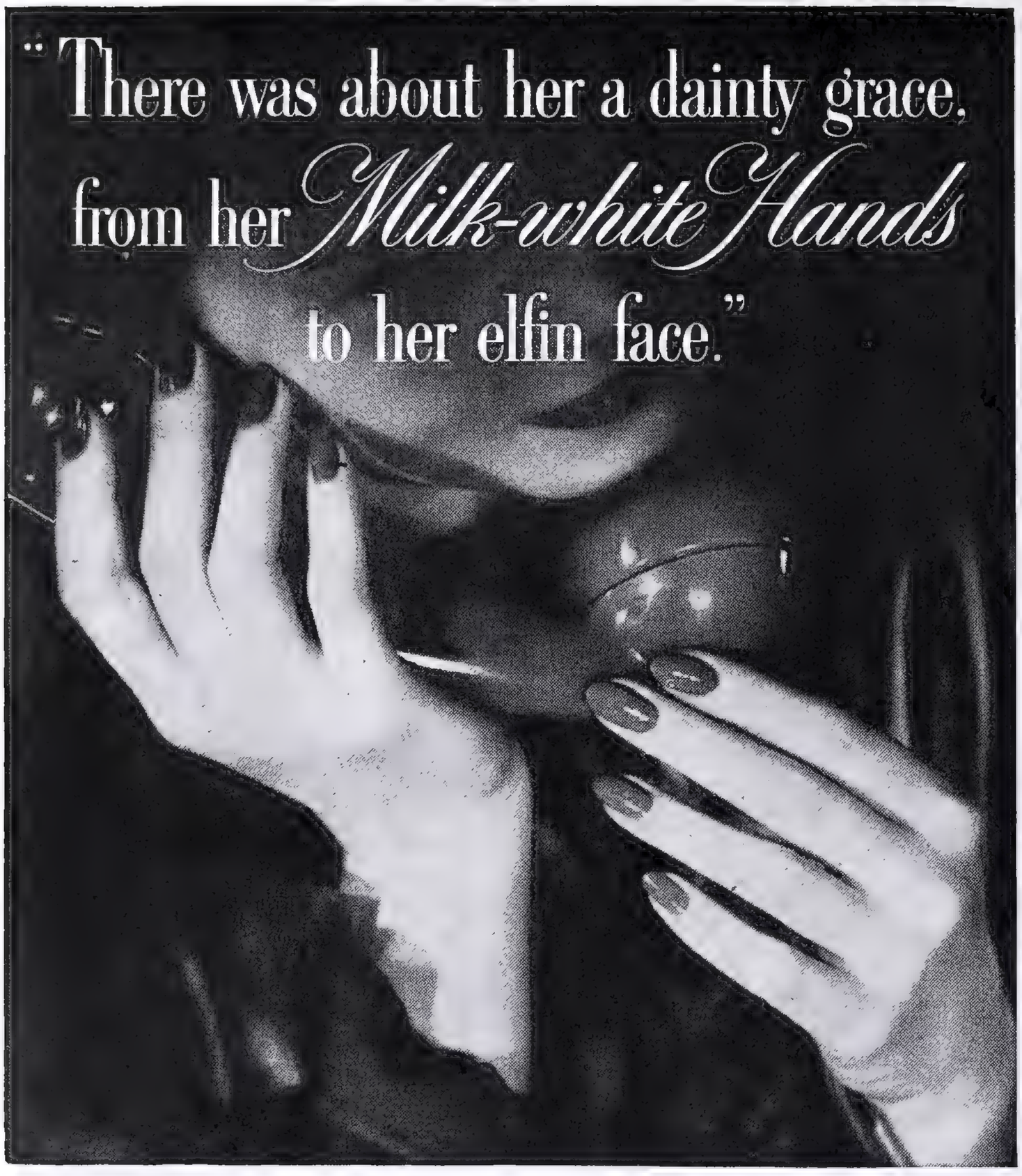
Produced by NAT HOLT • Directed by RAY ENRIGHT
Screen Play by NORMAN HOUSTON and GENE LEWIS
Based on the Novel by WILLIAM CORCORAN

The above illustration, an impression of TRAIL STREET, was painted on the scene by Peter Hurd, famous American Artist.



RKO RADIO PICTURES

P



Yes, hands can scour a coal-black stove and still be milk white

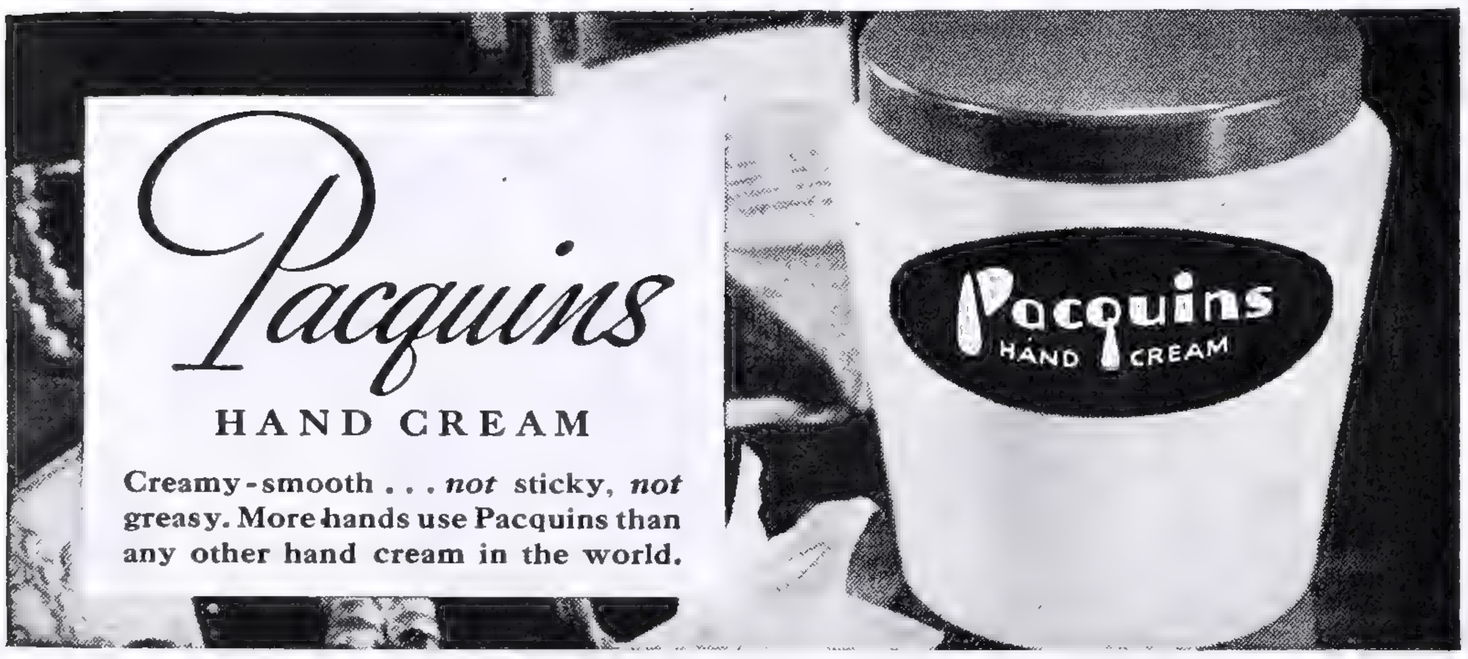
If you think that housework *must* leave your hands all roughened up, red, and scratchy dry ...you're wrong! Use greaseless Pacquins... this snowy, fragrant cream helps keep hands looking whiter, romantically softer and smoother.





Pacquins was first made for Doctors and Nurses

Pacquins was first made for doctors and nurses, who scrub their hands 30 to 40 times a day. They had to have something that would help keep hands softer, smoother. And Pacquins proved effective... as it will for you too!



AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE

(*Continued from page* 10) ning. Everyone's sad but the handsome cop on the beat, Dick Foran, who makes the most of this chance to woo and win Diana. Just about then, Fitzgerald's brother, Arthur Shields, engaged in the romantic profession of deep-sea diving, turns up after twenty years' absence. The brightest bit in the whole picture is the scene in which he demonstrates his prowess in the East River and Brother Barry tries his hand at it, coming up with a bagful of bills at the first try.

The inconsequential story doesn't lead anywhere especially, merely giving Fitzgerald an opportunity to strut his stuff. Diana Lynn handles her part pleasingly but Sonny Tufts trails behind sadly, having little to do except look glum and wait for a break.

Your Reviewer Says: Barry Fitzgerald plays the horses.

✓✓ This Happy Breed (Prestige-Universal)

NOEL COWARD gives us another one of his cavalcades, this time covering the two decades between wars: 1919-39. You'll wipe away a tear or two as you view the trials and triumphs (in Technicolor) of the little man on the street, symbolized by the middle-class *Gibbons* family. Adult audiences of Coward's generation will applaud his glorification of the common man, but the younger crowd may find it overly sentimental, their patience taxed by too much tea-and-talk. By Hollywood standards, the picture pokes along at a snail's pace, the gals looking anything but glamorous in those droopy dresses and hideous hats. The acting, however, is among the season's best.

As *Frank Gibbons*, Robert Newton is a beautiful blend of simplicity and wisdom; the scene in which he proffers advice to his about-to-be-wed son (John Blythe) is particularly well done. Celia Johnson registers as the hard-working wife and mother and so does Stanley Holloway as a friendly neighbor who enjoys a bit of tippling. But the chap destined to win the bobby-sox brigade is attractive John Mills. A few more pictures and this handsome lad will be offering real competition to Rex Harrison and James Mason. He acquits himself admirably as the sailor boy, deeply in love with Kay Walsh, headstrong daughter of respectable parents.

Not a great picture, perhaps, but a worthwhile one in the "there'll always be an England" tradition.

Your Reviewer Says: Hail Britannia!

✓ Swell Guy (Universal)

JUST as there's a little bit of bad in every good little girl (as the old song hit had it), so there's some good in every bad boy. That's the point made here with Sonny Tufts, the big, broad-shouldered guy with the gorgeous grin, giving a colorful characterization of half-hero, half-heel. Petite, pert Ann Blyth, as a girl who pays the penalty for her mistakes, has a role tailored to her talents, matching her masterful performance in "Mildred Pierce." She's quite as wayward in this, and when she meets up with Tufts there are some fancy fireworks.

At the war's end, broke and jobless Tufts, whose newspaper pals shun him like the plague, visits his people, taking everyone in town by storm except his mother (Mary Nash). She knows her son's weaknesses and dreads his appearance in their midst, aware that behind those grandstand gestures is a man strictly out for himself. The infatuated Ann finds that out too, after (*Continued on page* 119)



Benedict Bogeaus presents

GREGORY PECK
JOAN BENNETT

Only Ernest Hemingway, author of "The Killers" and "For Whom the Bell Tolls" could have written of love like this!

in Ernest Hemingway's

"The Macomber Affair"



Also starring

ROBERT PRESTON with REGINALD DENNY · JEAN GILLIE · Directed by ZOLTAN KORDA

Produced by BENEDICT BOGEAUS and CASEY ROBINSON · Released thru United Artists



Old friends Margaret Sullavan, Jimmy Stewart at "It's a Wonderful Life" preview dinner



New datebook note—Bob Stack, Yvonne De Carlo share table talk at same dinner

INSIDE STUFF

Round-up: Bing Crosby had to postpone that motor trip with his wife and for a very good reason. He had a date with Bop Hope to play golf (their favorite sport) on the screen for the first time. The set of "Variety Girl" was crowded with Paramount people during the filming of that side-splitting event. And what a pity some of those out-of-camera-range antics couldn't be filmed. Together those two are world beaters. Or even separately for that matter.

The town is still chuckling over Bob Hope's Christmas card which depicted his four children, even the two babies, Mrs. Hope and the dog and puppy all gagged and tied and forced to look at Bob's movies. The greeting read, "Oh, yes, the family *simply insisted* on staying in this Christmas." Cal is having his card framed.

The expected heir (their second) in the Betty Grable-Harry James menage will prevent Betty from making that personal appearance tour with Harry and his band. But they'll keep in close touch by telephone for the Jameses are a happy couple.

Danny Kaye is a happy lad these days. The reason—little daughter Dena who arrived on December 17. Five and a half pounds at birth, she has red hair and "hands just like mine," Danny's only too glad to tell you. Mrs. Kaye is fine, after a rugged time. So now there are three Kayes and that's okay with D. K.

Press Club Results: The Hollywood Women's Press Club nominated Ingrid Bergman, Ginger Rogers and Betty Grable as the least cooperative actresses in town.



Arresting arrivals—Roz Russell and Clark Gable stop to chat before "Life" preview



The long and the short of it. Laugh time for Claudette Colbert and Gary Cooper at same dinner

Fiuk aud Smith

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

Frank Sinatra, Charles Boyer and Bing Crosby were the least cooperative men. The women stars nominated as the most cooperative were Joan Crawford, June Haver and Joan Fontaine while the men were Dana Andrews, Glenn Ford and Gregory Peck. When it came to a final vote the most cooperative actress turned out to be Joan Crawford and the man Dana Andrews. The least cooperative woman who received the most votes was Ingrid Bergman and the man Frank Sinatra, with all other male contestants trailing the crooner.

The girls base their decisions on the stars' accessibility for interviews, etc., upon which depends the writer's livelihood. And it does accomplish results, too, for only two years ago Joan Fontaine was chosen on the noncooperative list and now almost edged out Crawford, a two-time winner for first place. Fontaine freely admits she heeded the warning and changed tactics.

Crosby is seldom gracious to the press in any way and Sinatra's cantankerous attitude has, of late, reached some sort of peak. The town feels Frankie must surely be ill to adopt such belligerence to one and all. Cal couldn't be more pleased his friend Dana Andrews won. There's a really nice guy every day in the week.

Remember, too, fans, if it weren't for these writers you'd hear very little of your favorite stars. So you, too, stand to win or lose.

Gay Doings: The party that writer Nunnally Johnson gave in honor of Peter Lind Hayes, the mimic (*Continued on page* 16)

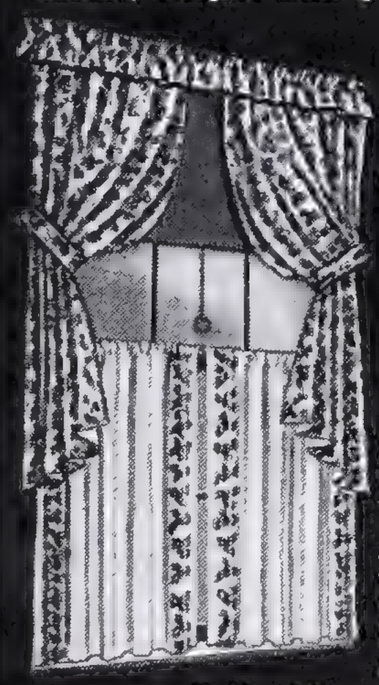
Amazing Values

in WINDOW BEAUTY!



CLOPAY DRAPES 98c pair

Expensive-looking charm and elegance for less than a dollar a window! CLOPAY *Lintoned* Drapes of plasticized cellulose are a full 2⅔ yards long—matching tie-backs—automatic pleater. In glamorous florals, stripes and plaids.



CLOPAY COTTAGE SETS 59c set

So bright, so gay, so dazzling fresh! Made of plasticized cellulose in gingham, polka dot and strawberry patterns. Red—blue—green. 7 pieces 59c. (5-piece Hollywood style, without sash panels, only 39c)

• FREE BOOKLET: "Beautiful Windows At Low Cost." Write to Clopay Corp., 1234 Clopay Square, Cincinnati 14, Ohio.

CLOPAY

At 5c and 10c Stores, Variety Stores, Department and Other Stores



Guy Madison and a new outfit were Erlene Slater's "consequence" on Truth and Consequences program m.c.'d by Ralph Edwards. A dream date she's sure to remember and, below . . .

INSIDE STUFF

(*Continued from page* 15) and Dinah Shore's radio partner, was vast, beautiful and even out-Hollywooded Hollywood. Cal spotted Phyllis Calvert and strolled over. "Bob Hutton tells me you've taught him more about acting in your picture 'Time out of Mind' than he ever knew before," we told her. And Phyllis, natural and charming, had only nice things to say about Bob.

Smaller but cozier was the wedding reception of bride Mary Anita Loos (niece of writer Anita Loos) and screen-writer Richard Sale. The party room at the Bel-Air Hotel was jammed with guests. Eddie Albert beamed on his wife, Margo, who was matron of honor. Mrs. William Wyler, a wedding attendant, looked charming. Her famous director husband, whose most recent picture is "The Best Years of Our Lives," sat in a corner taking it all in.

A cheery word with our good friend, Louella Parsons, looking so well again. Then a hail from Adrian the famous designer and his wife Janet Gaynor.

Jeanette MacDonald came over followed by her husband Gene Raymond. "I'm so happy with my picture, 'The Birds and the Bees,'" she told us. "I play the mother of three daughters, you know, and if I had three of my own I would want them to be just like Jane Powell, Ann Todd and Mary Jane Donahue, my screen children." Gene hopes to go back to New York soon for another play and Jeanette is going with him.

Binnie Barnes and Mike Frankovitch came with Mrs. Joe E. Brown. Sir Charles Mendl made the rounds of the nicest party in a long time. And to the bride and groom Cal wishes much happiness. (*Continued on page* 18)

Happy, new-gowned Erlene is escorted to Franklin High School prom by Guy



Very personally yours



YOU enter smiling . . . as the overture brings back all the old enchantment. That night; and how close to the stars the topmost row of the balcony had seemed. That hush, when the lights lowered, and the curtain rose . . . wafting you into a make-believe heaven. Where the heroine's loves . . . tears . . . triumphs . . . were very personally yours!

Play-going is still one of your many ways of keeping life fascinating; *fun*. And strolling among those who come to see and be seen, you're poised . . . self-possessed, even at certain times. For naturally Kotex is your choice of napkins, knowing those flat tapered ends of Kotex prevent revealing outlines.

You're sure, too, of extra protection, with Kotex' special safety center. Of heavenly softness that *lasts*, because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it . . . just as every Kotex napkin is made with a deodorant locked inside to keep you dainty, charming. And only Kotex has 3 sizes for different women, different days: Regular, Junior, Super Kotex.

And so, whatever the scene, you enter smiling . . . always confident; always *young* in that eager love of life . . . so very personally yours.



*More women choose Kotex**
than all other sanitary napkins

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



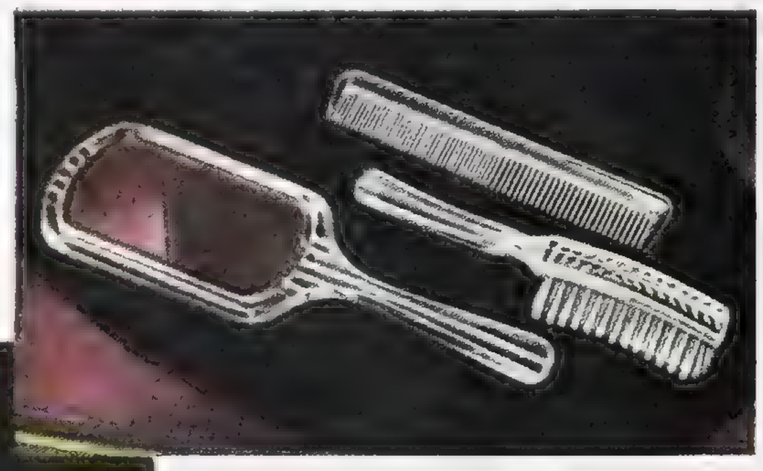
For hair that commands adoration

Jewelite

All the lovely things you are to him are expressed in the shining glory of your hair. Keep it soft and lustrous by frequent use of a Jewelite Brush. Supreme creation of the brushmaker's art, Jewelite Brushes by Pro-phy-lac-tic have bristles of long, resilient Prolon that reach right down to your scalp to provide healthful stimulation, while burnishing each strand of hair to alluring, natural loveliness. Brushes, Combs and complete Dresser Sets in Jewelite are available at good brush departments. Look for the name Jewelite on the box. Jewelite, aristocrat of plastics, is made by the makers of the famous Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH COMPANY, *Florence, Mass.*

Jewelite Roll-Wave Brush, Comb and Mirror Set, available in delicate shades of ruby or sapphire, or in diamond-clear crystal.





Pro-phy-lac-tic Combs for men and women are beautifully styled in Jewelite and other lovely plastics. Remember the name . . . Pro-phy-lac-tic!

P

JEWELITE BY PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC

INSIDE

(*Continued from page* 16)

Meet Van's Leading Lady: What's it like to be Van Johnson's leading lady? Well, we'll answer that question by stating that according to Janet Leigh, who plays opposite Van in "The Romance of Rosy Ridge," it's just plain wonderful.

And to prove life can be a fairy tale come true, we'll further state Janet never yearned to be an actress and never acted before in her life. One day she was just Jeanette Morrison (or Mrs. Stan Reams in private life) and the next she was being introduced to Van Johnson in the office of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer dramatic coach Lillian Burns.

"I hear I'm to be your leading man," Van grinned and with that all her fears dropped away. What's more, it was Van himself who insisted Jeanette take the screen name of Janet Leigh.

The magic carpet that transported Janet into Hollywood from her home town of Stockton, California, was piloted by Norma Shearer who saw a picture of Janet in the album of the Sugar Bowl Ski Lodge in California. Forwarding the picture to an agent of Music Corporation of America, they sent for Janet to make the test that landed her the part opposite Van. When informed she'd have to leave at once for location she timidly asked the costs and rates, never dreaming the studio shouldered such responsibilities. The studio is still chuckling over that one.

Cal lunched with the five-foot-six honey in the studio commissary and found her natural, naive, honest and so unmovie-wise she isn't even afraid of the camera or the responsibility that is hers. Truth is, she isn't even aware she has a responsibility. Her mouth breaks up into a quartette of dimples when she smiles, her voice is artless, her long hair naturally blonde, her eyes brown.

She left College of Pacific in Stockton in her senior year to marry the the six-feet-four Stanley Reams, a musician. They've bought four books on the theater, she confided, so they'll know what Van and his friends are talking about. Janet says she never saw a play in her life.

Van aided her in every way before the camera and was the soul of kindness itself. She and Stan, who dine with Van every so often, think Van is tops.

Every evening at 6:30 she crowds into the Santa Monica street car that takes her to the one room they call home until a house is located. And the passengers stare at the unknown in make-up, little dreaming the very pretty and simple girl is Van Johnson's leading lady.

"I guess they'd be surprised if they knew," she said. And then added thoughtfully, "Sometimes I'm surprised myself."

STUFF

Ham!: At the breakfast table Dennis Morgan was trying to point out to his young son the dangers of not eating his food.

"You'll never grow big and strong," Dennis said, flexing his muscles, "unless you eat more. You won't be able to play ball (Dennis hit an imaginary home run) or go in for football (Dennis made a touchdown over the rug) or——"

"Cut. Print it," the boy snapped exactly like a director with a scene and from then on Dennis ate his breakfast in silence.

Purely Personal: A gay card from Tyrone Power on "Captain from Castille" location in Mexico begins, "My problem, Mr. Anthony, is—do motion pictures have to be this tough?" proving no matter how rough the going the lad keeps that wonderful sense of humor . . . John Hodiak phoned of a Sunday morning to say his wife, Anne Baxter, was in San Francisco attending some affair and even though she'd be home in a day or two John's voice sounded lonely, we thought. These two are certainly happily in love . . . A nice note from Eddie Albert to tell us of the good role he has in "Time out of Mind" with Ella Raines and Bob Hutton—and that is the picture, kiddies, that will introduce the lovely British star, Phyllis Calvert, to you.

And just to make you fellows jealous such lovelies as Angela Lansbury, Arlene Dall and pretty Martha Vickers all gave our phone a jingle. Gay dog, aren't we?

A Party: Andrea King (Lillian Russell of "My Wild Irish Rose") phoned Cal the good news that her husband Nat Willis had passed his bar examination which called for a party. The first person Cal spied in the living room was Cesar Romero with a four-inch growth of beard for his role in "Captain from Castille." He told us he'd join the rest of the cast in Mexico later. The Scotts, Zack and Elaine, joined in kidding Cesar about his face brush while Cal had a chat with that splendid actress, Selena Royle. Selena, who played Cary Grant's mother in "Night and Day," tells Cal she lives quite alone out in the Valley with a cat and a housekeeper and loves it. Alan Curtis and his cute wife (married a year already) talked with the Carl Esmonds and then Cal greeted handsome David Niven who came with pretty Cathy Downs. Which reminds Cal that David had Cathy as his partner at a small dinner party he gave recently at Romanoff's. It's good to be able to report that David is looking exceptionally well these days.

Cal wished Nat lots and lots of law cases and Andrea many more good roles and went home having had a very good time.

(*Continued on page* 21)



Summer Sunshine for your Winter Breakfast

It took months of warm summer sunshine to bring this dish of prunes to your breakfast table. Months of summer sunshine that packed them full of wholesome goodness . . . made them rich in sweet prune flavor.

For these are SUNSWEET Prunes!

They were *not picked* like other fruit, but were allowed to hang in the sunshine until so plump and heavy with juicy goodness they dropped from the trees of their own weight.

Prunes like these make a great start for a grand day . . . a *regular* day . . . for prunes really DO something for you.

SUNSWEETS are *"Tenderized"* for quick-cooking and better eating, sealed in *foil* for perfect protection, packed and guaranteed by the *growers* themselves. For free illustrated Recipe Book, address SUNSWEET, Box U, San Jose 5, California.

SUNSWEET TENDERIZED **PRUNES**

Also *"Tenderized"* PEACHES and APRICOTS and SUNSWEET (the original) PRUNE JUICE

Packed by CALIFORNIA PRUNE AND APRICOT GROWERS ASSN

A Glamorous NOW... a lovelier TOMORROW



'Pan-Cake" creates a lovely new complexion; it gives the skin a softer, smoother, younger look

"Pan-Cake" helps hide tiny complexion faults, the exclusive formula guards against drying

A "Pan-Cake" make-up takes just a few seconds; and it stays on for hours without retouching

BRING new glamour into your life today. Add a delightful new loveliness to your natural beauty with "Pan-Cake" ...in just a few seconds. "Pan-Cake" will bring you many lovelier tomorrows, too. It safeguards your skin against sun and wind that bring drying, aging signs to mar your beauty. "Pan-Cake" was originated by *Max Factor Hollywood* for the stars of the screen. Now it is the favored fashion of millions. Try "Pan-Cake" for a glamorous today — for a lovelier tomorrow.

Pan-Cake* Make-Up

An Exclusive Formula Protected by U. S. Patent Nos. 2034697-2101843

*Pan-Cake ...Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

CARPENTER

JUDY GARLAND

in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's Technicolor Musical

"TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY"

ORIGINATED BY

Max Factor • Hollywood



INSIDE STUFF

Over-the-shoulder hello between Zachary Scott and Phyllis Thaxter at Biltmore Bowl Dinner

(*Continued from page* 19)

Romances: A chat with Nancy Guild concerning her on-and-off marriage with millionaire Ed Lasker, executive producer of Capital Films, reveals the romance to be one of many false rumors. For instance, Mr. Lasker did not present her with a $20,000 ring as written in the columns. Nancy feels elaborate gifts no basis for mutual understanding and respect. He did order a mink coat but until Nancy is his wife, she doesn't want it. And that fancy car was ordered six months before Ed knew Nancy, and wasn't intended as another gift. Because they had known each other for just a few weeks and because each is of different faith, Nancy's father traveled from his Arizona ranch to persuade Nancy to wait. After retakes on the picture, "Brasher Dubloon," Nancy took off for the wide open spaces of Arizona to ponder, as promised. So, by now she is either still waiting or Mrs. Ed. Lasker.

Those reports that June Haver will wed Dr. John Duzik were certainly put forth by someone who didn't know June would much rather be Mrs. David Rose.

Audrey Totter, whose wit and straightforward honesty is rapidly making her one of the most popular stars in town, is dating both Turhan Bey and Richard Derr but won't mention any favorite.

Cary Grant has commissioned the Peruvian artist, Marino Soyer, to paint a portrait of his favorite girl friend, Betty Hensel. And for Cary's home, too.

Vic Mature, who is neatly settled in his little gray home in the West, near Fox Studios, has got round to Jacqueline Dalya who used to get round with Van Johnson.

With her long tresses cut for all the world like an old-fashioned Irene Castle bob (and much darker in shade, too) Ava Gardner is dancing these nights with her agent, Charles Feldman. Ava is pounds thinner, too.

Star-bright Margaret O'Brien is greeted by June Allyson and Dick Powell at Associated Press convention where stars entertained editors





. . . with this truly luxurious talcum powder

KEEP FRESH! Bathe! Then shake Cashmere Bouquet Talc over yourself. All over. It leaves every inch of you excitingly fresh.

FEEL SMOOTH: For *ultra* comfort treat the little trouble spots to *extra* Cashmere Bouquet Talc. It protects chafable places with a silken-smooth sheath.

STAY DAINTY: Keep your daintiness on high by showering your person, often, with Cashmere Bouquet Talc. It leaves on your skin—*the fragrance men love.*

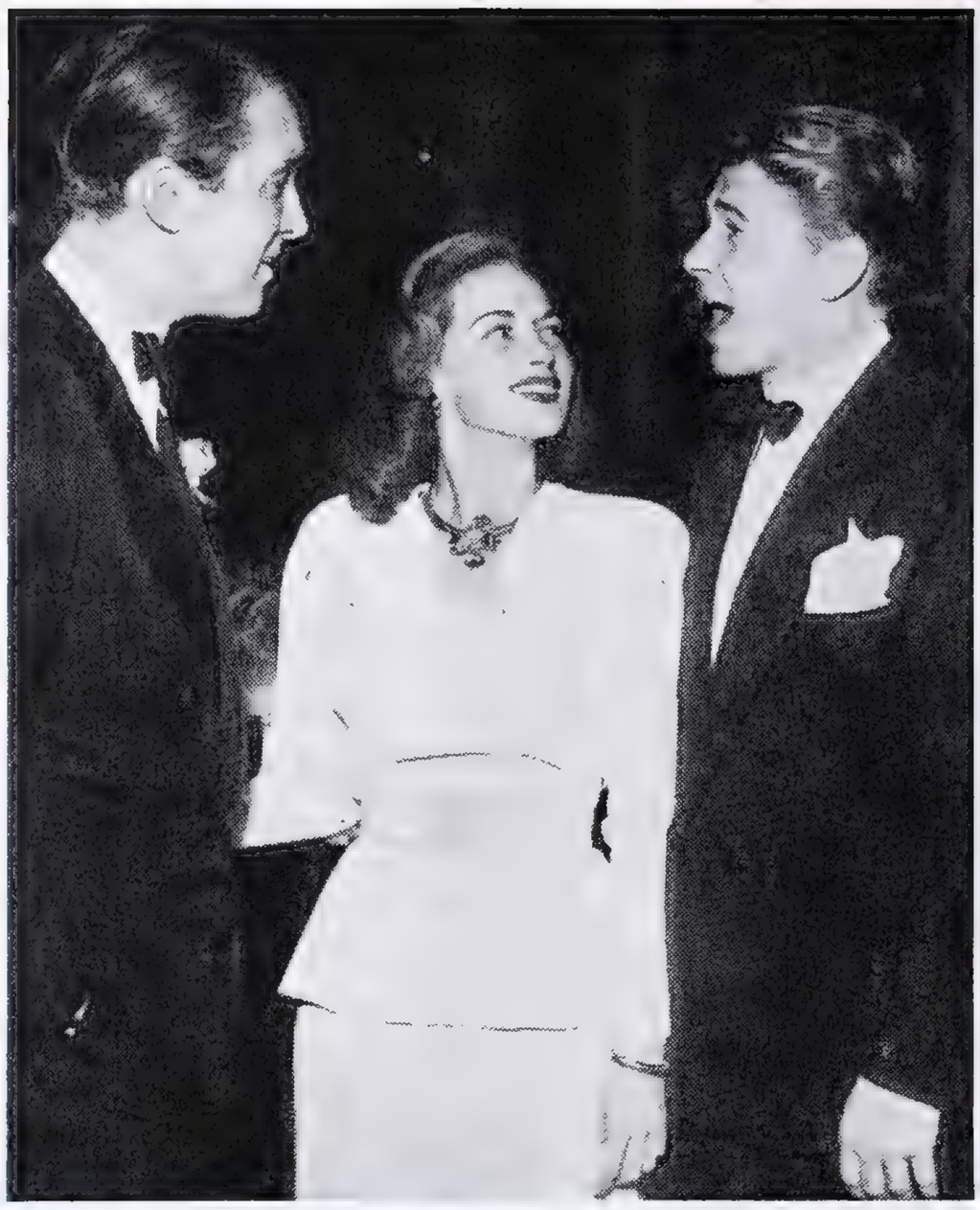
Pamper your person with Cashmere Bouquet Dusting Powder. Smartly packaged with a big velour puff.



Cashmere Bouquet Talc

with the fragrance men love

INSIDE STUFF



Three on a Ciro's celebration—Jimmy Stewart and Ellen Ross listen to Ronald Reagan's witticisms

Around Town: At Lucey's restaurant that handsome couple, Bill Williams and Barbara Hale, were ten minutes trying to get to their table. Everyone stopped the beaming pair to congratulate them on the coming heir . . . Mary Brian, after collapsing on tour with her play, getting a warm welcome from the Romanoff lunchers on her first day out. Mary is one gal who has many friends and no enemies in Hollywood . . . Mary Livingstone, who has the biggest, brownest eyes of anyone in town, is spending the winter relaxing in Palm Springs and only coming into town for the Jack Benny radio show . . . Ann Miller's separation from her wealthy groom, Reese Milner, was no surprise to her close friends. Ann returns to Columbia for more movies . . . At a red stoplight George Sanders was noticed sitting slumped and dejected in his car almost too blue to go on when the light changed. Reason is George, the blasé woman hater, can't persuade his wife to return to him. And what's more Georgie, who is hard hit by the separation, has to live in the apartment building owned by his wife. Can't find another place to live . . . Happy and relaxed are Merle Oberon and her husband, Lucien Ballard. When Merle relinquished her title of Lady Korda to marry her cameraman, snobbish eyebrows climbed upward. Now the Ballards are eagerly sought after as guests everywhere.

One for the Book: The funniest story of the month concerns Mala, the Alaska-born Eskimo, who is working as assistant cameraman on the picture "Captain from Castille." Flying back to Hollywood from the Mexico location, he was stopped at the Burbank airport by our customs officer who demanded to know where he was born.

"In Alaska," Mala replied.

"Well, then," stormed the officer, "where is your passport?"

And Mala relates it took a bit of arguing to persuade customs he too was an American.

Wonderland Is Right: A visitor from South America who had never before been on a movie lot is positive he's either been in Wonderland or Goofyland and can't decide which. During a jaunt around with Cal, we stopped by the enormous set where "Mother Wore Tights" is shooting. A perfect replica of a Boston street facing a small park



INSIDE STUFF



A cheerful little earful for so-amused Peggy Cummins from Vincent Price

had been erected, complete with street lamps lit and gaslight lamps glowing in the windows of the red brick fronts. Through the windows Christmas wreaths could be seen here and there. Snow covered the ground and hung from the trees. But when the snow machine was hauled out, and manufactured snow was resprayed all over everything, it was too much for our Latin. "I can't believe it," he kept repeating.

On "The Green Dolphin" set an enormous ship took up nearly all the stage. Ropes, anchors and all the equipment of a ship were there. And then while our friend was still digesting the idea of a huge ship resting inside a sound stage, the director called out an order and a small crew of men gently took hold of the vessel and pushed it back several yards. That did it. "Let's go home," our astonished friend said. "This place is crazy. First they make it snow out of a machine and then they push ships around."

And just for the fun of it, we never did explain that the ship was on rollers. Let him tell our South American neighbors what magicians we are, Cal figured.

Turner Data: She came over from the studio for a cocktail after a hard day on the set of "Green Dolphin Street" and at one in the morning Lana Turner and Cal were still chatting away. Only a few nights before she had seen "The



Don't turn it out, Honey—
you'll be back by ten!

SURELY A BUNDLE of charm like you couldn't miss out tonight. Yet just when the fun's getting started, the dance will be over for *you*.

It's so easy for even the prettiest girl to miss, when she fails to *keep* her charm safe from underarm odor.

She should remember—a bath washes away *past* perspiration, but to guard against risk of future underarm odor—Mum's the popular word.

Mum

better because it's Safe

1. **Safe for skin.** No irritating crystals. Snow-white Mum is gentle, harmless to skin.
2. **Safe for clothes.** No harsh ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics.
3. **Safe for charm.** Mum gives sure protection against underarm odor all day or evening.

Mum is economical, too. Doesn't dry out in the jar—stays smooth and creamy. Quick, easy to use—even after you're dressed.

• • •

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable . . . ideal for this use, too.



Product of Bristol-Myers

Blue Swan

LOVELY LINGERIE



Leda and the Swa

SLIPS • GOWNS • PANTIES

Luxuriously tailored underthings . . . fashioned to flatter . . . in an attractive variety of styles and fabrics. Be sure it's Blue Swan when you shop for them at your favorite store.

BLUE SWAN MILLS

A DIVISION OF THE McKAY PRODUCTS CORP.

EMPIRE STATE BLDG. NEW YORK CITY



It's in the bag—sweets for Ginger Rogers between broadcasts for Armed Forces

INSIDE STUFF

Razor's Edge" and was still under its influence.

She described scene after scene, the grandeur of the God-revealing sky in India, the way Tyrone walked down the mountain trail, the beauty of Gene Tierney, but most of all she talked of Anne Baxter—the sound of her voice weeping for her dead baby, the penetrating decadence of the French cafe scenes when Anne hit bottom.

"I went home and did something I never did before in my life," Lana confessed. "I wrote Anne Baxter a fan letter and told her how much I liked her performance. I don't know Anne and she doesn't know me but I had to let her know."

Lana is one of the least petty, least gossipy women in Hollywood. She's quick to forgive and prone to forget. For instance, a certain newcomer who had said many cruel things that had come back to Lana was suggested for a minor but important role in "Green Dolphin Street." The memory of those remarks echoed again in Lana's mind and acting on impulse she asked that another girl be tested for the role.

Lana then went to her dressing room for lunch and thought it over. Going back to the set she informed the director she'd changed her mind. "Make a good test of her," Lana said, "and I hope she gets the role." To this day that actress has no idea that to Lana, the woman she maligned, she owes her best break.

The Great Welles: He may be the genius of the age but for once Orson Welles is (*Continued on page* 26)



Every *Charm* but One . . .

HERE IS MARY LOU dressed for another gay party. The nicest and best looking man in town is to be her escort. She expects to be the "femme fatale" as usual, with all sorts of men cutting in. Most of them find her irresistible.

But tonight they won't find her irresistible. Tonight they won't be cutting in so frequently. For Mary Lou has overlooked something.

Men will be quick to spot it, and jealous women will see to it that the bad news gets quickly whispered around. By next week there will be quite a bit of tarnish on Mary Lou's reputation as a charmer. But Mary Lou won't know about it.

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You, yourself, may not realize when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). You may be free of it one night and guilty of it the next. And, when you are, your name is likely to go down on the social black-list.

Isn't it foolish to take such a risk when Listerine Antiseptic offers such an easy, wholly delightful precaution?

Simply rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic and almost at once your breath becomes fresher, sweeter, less likely to offend. It's a "must" before any date where you want to be at your best. Never, never omit it.

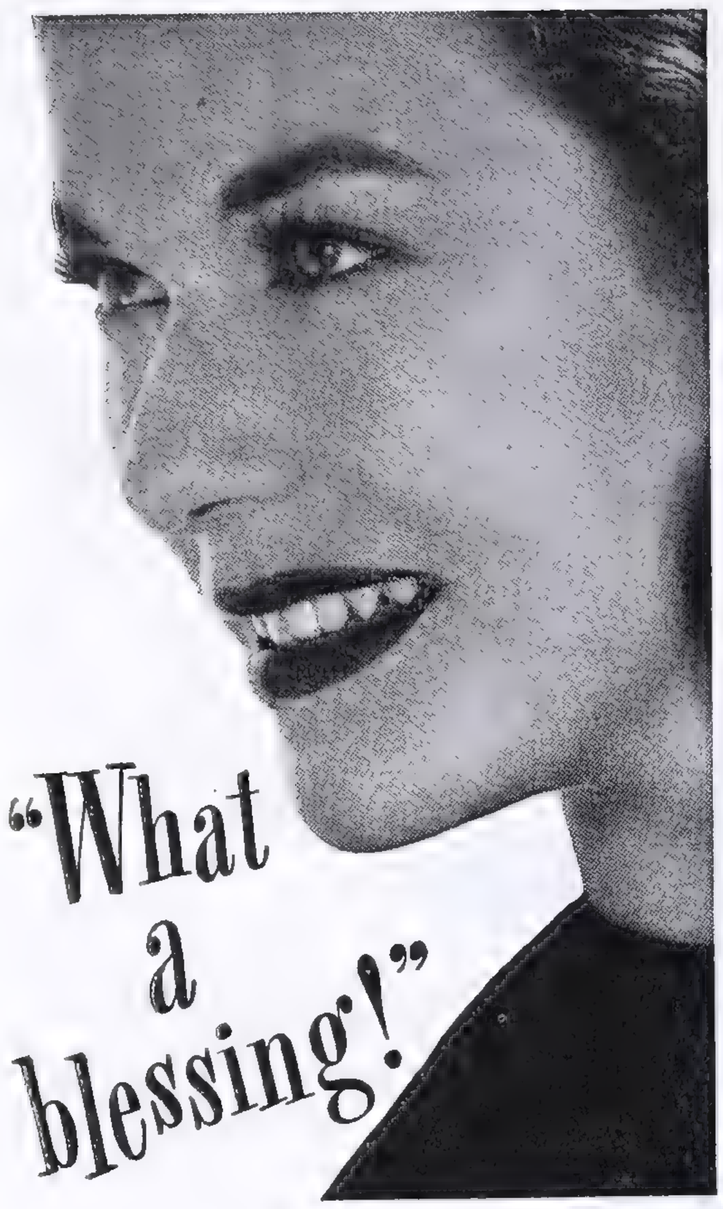
While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Missouri*

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Tampax is comfortable at all times. *Just think of the difference* as compared with older, more familiar methods. A whole month's quota will slide into your purse. . . . At drug stores and notion counters in 3 absorbencies (Regular, Super, Junior) to suit personal needs on different days. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



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INSIDE STUFF



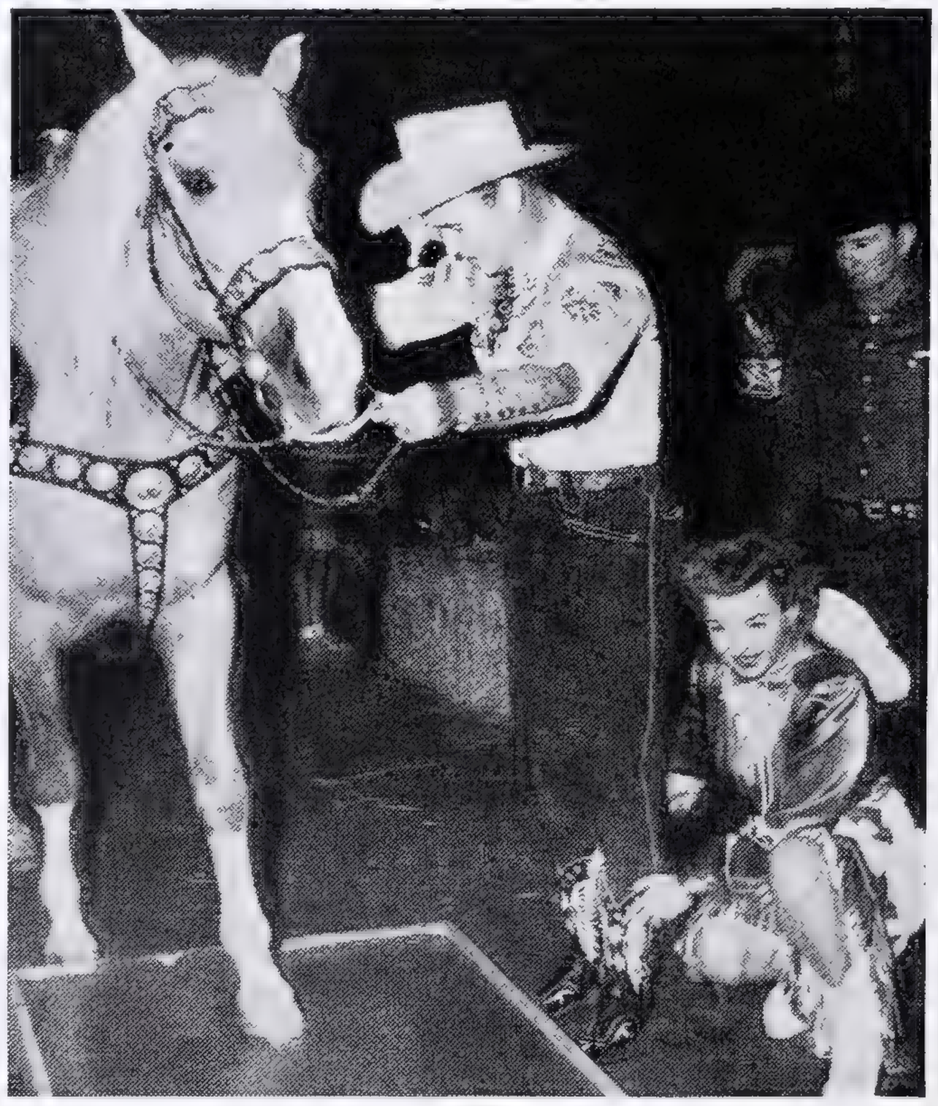
Jeweled symphony in earrings, ring, bracelet and necklace on Norma Shearer at Harry Lachman Party

(*Continued from page* 24) stymied and by his own wife, Rita Hayworth. During the making of "The Lady from Shanghai" in Mexico, a day's shooting seemed to depend on whether or not Rita was peeved at her husband. With the cast and crew assembled somewhere in the Mexican hills, the waiting would begin while Rita lingered within her dressing room. When and if she did emerge, Orson would approach her smilingly. "How are you, Mama?" he'd ask. "You feel like making this scene now, Mama?" With a shrug of the shoulders or a pout on the lips, Rita would designate her willingness.

Or maybe after they'd been waiting for endless hours, the hairdresser would murmur, with hand over mouth, "She isn't coming out at all. She just isn't coming." More befuddled by it all than ever, the company would wait and wait.

The soul of cooperation on her other films, Cal can't help but think that it isn't so good for a husband, who happens to be something of a personality himself, to direct a star who happens to be his wife. Too much of the personal can creep into the professional.

Hollywood Says: Peggy Cummins is the photogenic surprise of all time. In "The Late George Apley" she emerges a beauty . . . Someone should rush Jerome Courtland, the "Holy Cow" boy of "Kiss and Tell," into a picture now that he's recovered from that accident in Japan and is out of service. A very funny lad, that Jerome . . . The bit of the unfrocked priest in "The Razor's Edge" should put Fritz Kortner into big-time parts . . . American fans feel their receiving James Mason a fair exchange for England receiving Gregory Peck—but we want him back, remember.



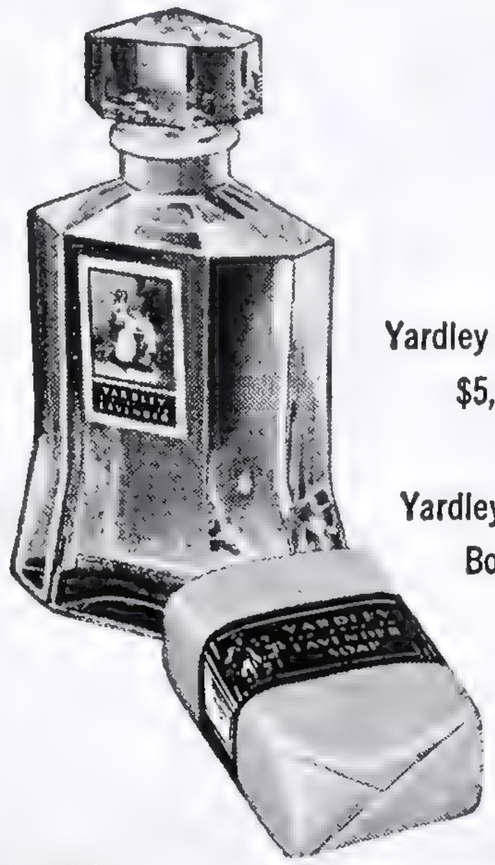
Trigger steals the spotlight from Roy Rogers and Dale Evans at opening of the new Beverly Hills "Hitching Post" theater



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Fitch's

SAPONIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

Beauty Spots



Short cut for beauty: Alexis Smith, next in "Stallion Road"

By Mary Jane Fulton

FLASH—SHORT CUTS!

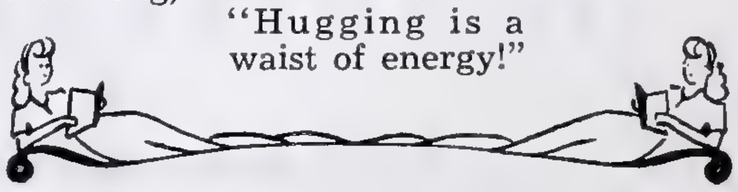
Marie Clarke, hair stylist for MYRNA LOY, TERESA WRIGHT and VIRGINIA MAYO, in "The Best Years of Our Lives," says that your beloved page-boy is becoming as obsolete as the gasoline stamp. Shorter bobs, she claims, are essential to smart grooming with the longer length skirts this spring. So now it's pro and con with the Hollywood gals as to whether to be "chic and shorn," or to weigh the problem a while longer . . . JANE WYMAN and ALEXIS SMITH have shown true pioneer spirit, and they say they find their new short, curly locks easier to arrange and keep clean. ALEXIS sports her close-cropped tresses becomingly in her new picture, "Stallion Road." RITA HAYWORTH, with her new short blonde hair (it was formerly red, and she wore it long, you know), had one wag say to her: "Glad to see your back, Rita!" MARTHA VICKERS is wearing her hair short and softly waved around her face with just the ends curled in back . . . There's another Hollywood hair style trend, too. BETTE DAVIS's new chignon coiffure, especially created for her in her latest starrer, "Deception," will, we are told, be featured by hairdressers throughout the country.

LEND AN EAR

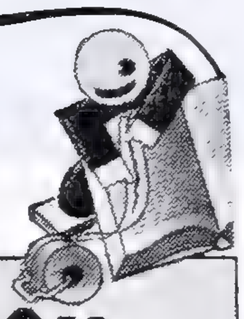
If you decide to cut your hair, these stars advise, go to a good beauty operator. Hair should be cut in line with the shape of your head and manner in which your hair grows. Proper cutting will bring out the true natural wave and make future settings easier. If you need a permanent, have the ends curled and then trimmed afterwards to give the short ends a soft, beautiful wave . . . Brush your hair every night of your life, as they do, shampoo it once a week (more often, if very oily), and spray on, or brush on, a little scented brilliantine to bring out the highlights and to add a touch of perfumed glamour to your beautifully groomed tresses.

BEAUTY CHIT-CHAT

JOAN FONTAINE collects perfume bottles as a hobby. When she recently counted them, she discovered she had over 500 different designs . . . CLAIRE TREVOR, now in New York, daily walks in Central Park, her young son along . . . When told that the average girl's waist measures twenty-eight inches, and the average man's arm is that long, MARTHA O'DRISCOLL said, "Hugging is a waist of energy!"



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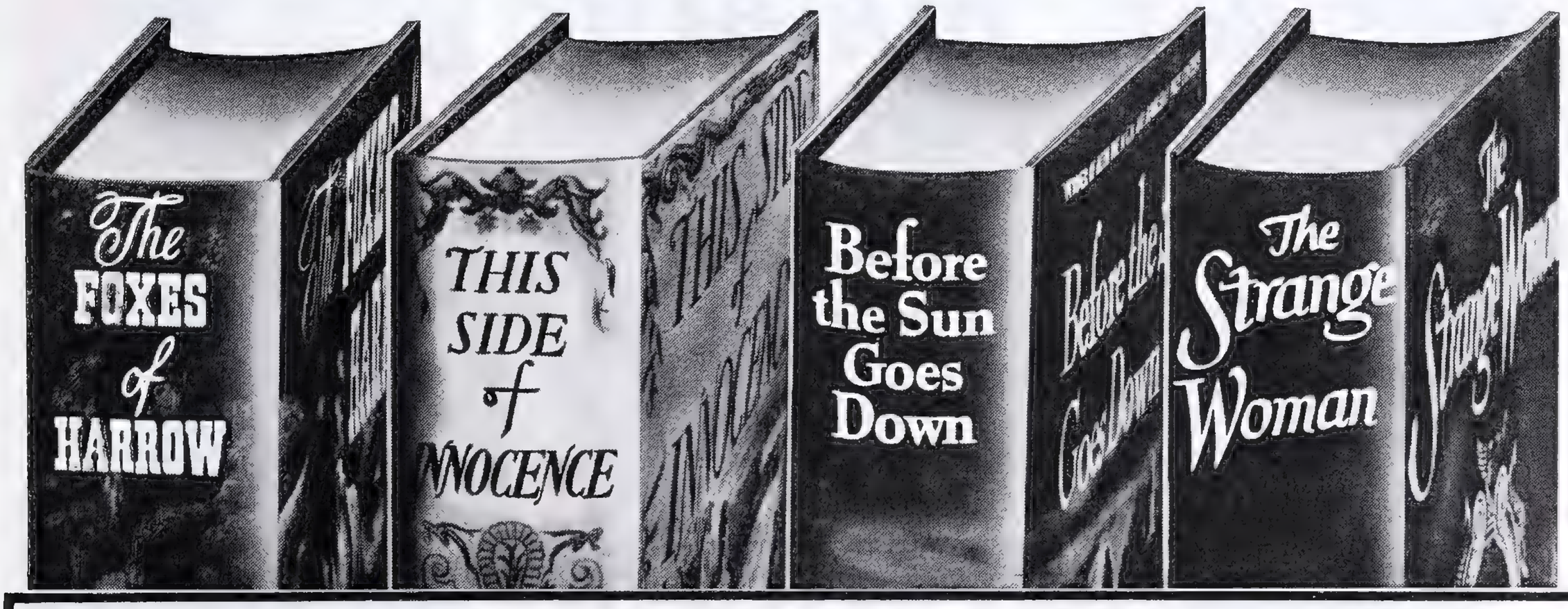


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THE FOXES OF HARROW

by Frank Yerby



FROM disgrace and the gutters Stephen Fox rose to conquer the "wickedest city in the world"—the bawdy New Orleans of 1825. For Stephen Fox loved danger and intrigue—and women loved Stephen Fox. There was Desiree, the exotic quadroon who bore him a son; Odalie, the wife who prayed to see him dead; and Aurore, whose love he threw away—then braved disgrace and ruin to get it back! "Here are love and lusts and greeds, quadroon balls, voodoo, pistols at dawn. Fresh and fascinating."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

THIS SIDE OF INNOCENCE

by Taylor Caldwell



AMALIE, the whispered-about daughter of a drunken ne'er-do-well, sold herself into a marriage with wealth and position. Only one man could threaten the security of this ravishing minx—the wastrel half-brother of her husband. And when these two, the wanton and the wastrel, found themselves whirled into a lawless passion that defied every rule of honor, their world threatened to crumble about them. "A masterful piece of story-telling . . . pulsing with life."—*Phila. Inquirer.* This is the famous best seller that is soon to be made into a $2,000,000 screen epic by Story Productions, Inc.

BEFORE THE SUN GOES DOWN

by Elizabeth Metzger Howard



HE knew the whole town's secrets—yet hid a burning secret of his own! Doctor Dan Field knew everything that went on in Willowspring—the scandals and the love affairs. He served the town's royalty as well as the people across the tracks—and he knew that their offspring had a way of getting together. But no one knew that in Dan's lonely house—in the bedroom where no woman had ever slept—he kept a huge white bride's bed, reserved for the wife of another man! A $145,000 prize-winning novel.

THE STRANGE WOMAN

by Ben Ames Williams



THE astounding story of a "Maine Cleopatra"—as she was known to her husbands, her sons, her lovers. This is a novel that will hold you breathless through more than 500 gripping pages. You will find swift adventure, excitement, terror in the dramatic career of Jenny Hager—an amazing woman who seemed a saint to the world at large but combined the mystery and fascination of Scarlett O'Hara and Lucrezia Borgia in her ruthless destruction of the men who gave her devotion. Soon to be seen in a $2,000,000 motion picture starring Hedy La Marr.

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The LATE GEORGE APLEY

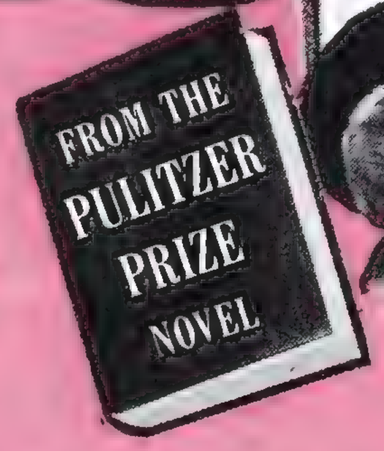
"But it's better late than never!"

and introducing

PEGGY CUMMINS







20th CENTURY-FOX

Directed by
JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ
Produced by
FRED KOHLMAR

with

VANESSA BROWN · RICHARD HAYDN · CHARLES RUSSELL · RICHARD NEY

PERCY WARAM · MILDRED NATWICK · EDNA BEST · NYDIA WESTMAN

Screen Play by Philip Dunne · From the Play by John P. Marquand and George S. Kaufman

Based on the Novel by John P. Marquand

"The Best Years of our Lives"



In cast of great film: Harold Russell, Teresa Wright, Dana Andrews, Myrna Loy, Hoagy Carmichael and Fredric March

ON PAGES 54 and 55 of this issue you will read a story of which PHOTOPLAY is especially proud. The story will warm you and, perhaps if your heart is empty, will help to fill it again with hope.

A young man named Harold Russell wrote the story. It is about himself. Those of you fortunate enough to have seen the film "The Best Years of Our Lives" will recognize him as the sailor in this memorable picture.

Harold Russell is a veteran who returned from the Army without his hands. Instead he had the hooks which Army doctors had given him and taught him to use. To another this would have been life's bleakest tragedy. To Harold it was miraculously the beginning of a rich new life. He has played a leading role in the film which PHOTOPLAY's editors feel is the best new movie of the year. He has married his girl back home and he is preparing for a new career.

Harold Russell is the most remarkable aspect of a most remarkable picture inspired and produced in Hollywood by Sam Goldwyn, brilliantly directed by William Wyler and acted with equal brilliance by Fredric March, Dana Andrews, Teresa Wright, Myrna Loy, Virginia Mayo and Cathy O'Donnell. PHOTOPLAY urges all its readers to go to see this motion picture as soon as it is shown. Of all the films released since August 1945 it best dramatizes the problems of men returning from war and of their families to whom they return.

It eloquently preaches the need for veterans to do their share in the adjustment between home and soldier and between employer and returning worker. It eloquently preaches against the ugly attempts of the few to incite in these chaotic days race and religious hatreds. And it eloquently preaches the truth that physical disability need not cripple a man's soul or his opportunities.

"The Best Years of Our Lives" answers PHOTOPLAY'S own hope of films that set down life as it really is and as it can be.

Go see "The Best Years"—the best of this new film year.

Fred R Sammis

P

MAN at the TOP



Welcome son! Lindsay Harry peeks at script of famous dad—Bing, of "Welcome Stranger"

Highlights and sidelights on what has made Bing Crosby the three-time winner of the Gold Medal as America's favorite

BY MAXINE ARNOLD



Chore boy at home—worked on a farm one summer

POLLING the country's most popular male star is like forecasting the heavyweight championship. No matter who's in the movie ring with him, Bing Crosby always wins. He packs a mighty golden glove.

He's now serving a third term as winner of the Gallup Poll. And it's a pretty safe bet that as sure as the blue of the night meets the gold of another Hollywood day, Crosby will keep coming off champ.

"I'm just a lucky lug," would be his only comment as to why folks cotten up to a crooner like him.

But 'tain't so, as we all know. It's far more than that.

And he's just as much a champ to ringsiders who work with and for him, too. The studio crew, the cowhands on his Nevada ranch and the help around his Bel-Air home.

One of his staunchest admirers is the Crosbys' ex-cook, a plump cheerful colored woman named Laverne, who still visits him on the set every Thursday, bringing with her his favorite chocolate cake or a blueberry pie she whipped up out of her present employer's time and pantry the day before.

As for his secretary Betty Eastman, who's been with him nine years, his fan mail girl Jean Luther, the switchboard operator "McGee" (*Continued on page* 79)



Al Rinker, Bing—Paul Whiteman Rhythm Boys

Golden event: Bing's parents at the Gold Medal Award function

The Van Johnson-Evie Wynn

Evie Tells Her Story

TO SALLY JEFFERSON

The woman in Hollywood's most-discussed marital break-up discloses her side of the case



"Van and I have the same likes and dislikes," says Evie



Hollywood watching! First time Van and Evie dated after break

"IT isn't that Keenan and I have quarreled bitterly," Evie Wynn explained. "I love Keenan. He's a wonderful person and in my opinion a fine actor. But Keenan is the kind of person who is happiest doing things that have no part of home-making."

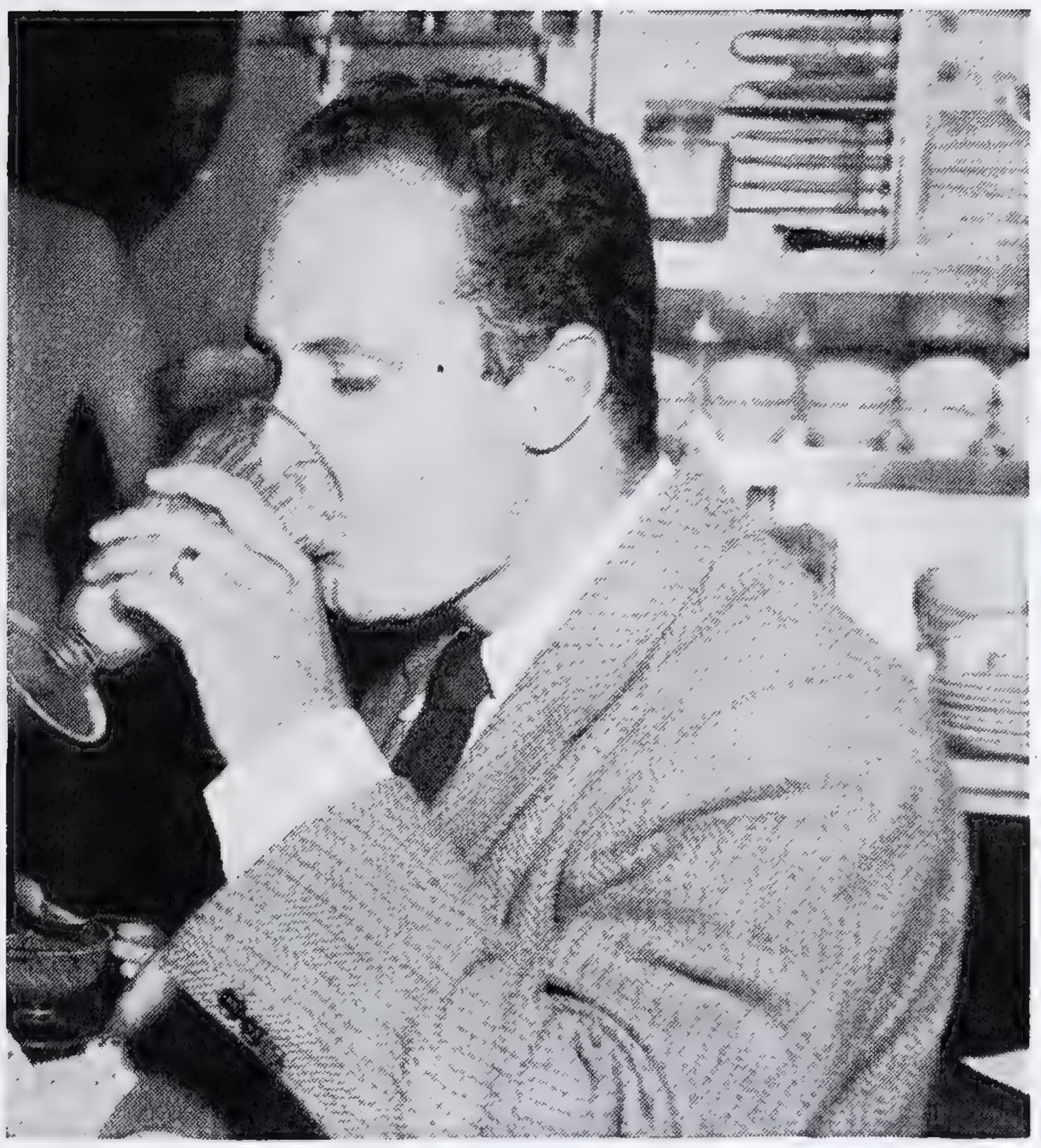
She had come in answer to our suggestion that the story of her and Keenan and Van Johnson should be told not as Hollywood imagines it but as the truth about three people and what has happened to them.

"Keenan is a great organizer," she continued, "and a go-getter once he sets his heart on a thing. For instance, once he decided on little theater work, nothing stopped him. He went to Laguna and for four weeks last summer acted in and directed plays there. He transferred that work in the fall to El Patio Theater in Hollywood and from there went to New York for personal appearances. He likes to be constantly doing, constantly going, organizing or accomplishing. I'm the opposite. I love home, I like entertaining friends, I like all the duties that go toward making a home wonderful."

"Then it's a difference in likes and dislikes that is causing the break between you and Keenan?"

(*Continued on page* 121)

-Keenan Wynn Triangle



"I am not a person who should be married," says Keenan

Keenan Tells His Story

TO FLORENCE PRITCHETT

Few husbands have ever made as remarkable a statement as this about a marriage separation

TO the outside observer Hollywood has produced no stranger romantic dilemma than the triangle of Van Johnson, Evie and Keenan Wynn. Van, the best friend, introduced into the household by Keenan, the husband, encouraged by the latter to entertain his wife, Evie, resulting in what is usually thought the inevitable end—a break-up of the marriage. Sympathy automatically goes to the husband. What does he think? What does he say?

In this instance what the husband says is the last thing you'd expect. His is not the statement of just the good sportsman; his are the words of a man who looks at himself squarely and gives a frank appraisal of what he sees.

"Evie and I met in March of '37 when I opened in a play called 'Hitch Your Wagon,' produced by Garson Kanin. Tom Lewis brought Evie back stage for she had been doing a lot of radio work for Tom. She looked sensational, so I said, 'This is for me.'

"Later on after most of the people had left Evie turned to me and said, 'You're a good actor but you're taking too much for granted and fooling around too much with your career.'

" 'Who the devil are you,' I asked, 'to tell me about acting? I've been on (*Cont'd on page* 113)



They met in New York; came to be friends in Hollywood

Exit unhappiness, rebellion, heartbreak

—with the new de Havilland putting all

the emphasis on the man in her life

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS

ENTER *Marcus*

AN unusual thing happened in writing this story on the marriage of my friend, Olivia de Havilland, and her writer-husband, Marcus Goodrich.

On the day, before a crackling fire in my playroom, that I talked with Livvy and her groom about their romance, courtship and plans for the future, I thought: Here is the most completely *married* woman I have ever met. She's reveling in this experience of belonging to the man she loves and putting his interests, and their interests, ahead of anything else. And to think, just a year ago Livvy was the most confirmed bachelor girl in Hollywood, as proud as *Miss Lucifer* of her independence.

This was the angle I meant to use in this story.

But, within twenty-four hours, certain stories were printed and events took place that put an entirely different complexion on *any* story about Olivia and her groom of six months—things which certainly have not affected their happiness, but have put Olivia on the defensive and left her puzzled and upset.

I'm referring to a story printed in an "inside" publication that "Olivia de Havilland Has Cleaned House. Husband Takes Over"—a headline that went on to state that Livvy had fired (*Continued on page* 115)



Does Marcus manage her career? "He's too busy writing," Olivia says



Morris

Olivia de Havilland, Academy Award Candidate for her performance in "To Each His Own"

BACHELORS, LTD.



Day's end check-up—of Wayne's studies at college of Guy's striving for perfection as an actor

Their time is chore-time for Guy and brother Wayne, two happy young men-about-home

BY

GUY MADISON

(as told to Ruth Waterbury)

LIKE most of the guys my age, I am a returned service man. I didn't get overseas. But just getting away from home changes you. You have to keep your gear clean. Your mother isn't around to pick up after you. You have to obey. You learn how to take care of yourself. You get independent of your parents, but at the same time you learn you're not living in any private world. There's a lot of other people you have to adapt yourself to—or else. And then there's the problem of a post-war job and money.

I was lucky. I got a job while I was still in uniform. But Hollywood is full of big expenses. That's why, these days, I'm living in a small house, doing my own cooking and housework.

You know, almost every guy I know is able to cook—and that's not through love of food—or at least not just that— but because it saves dough. A lot of them, like me, originally learned to cook while out hunting. That is, you learned to make coffee and bacon and eggs and even biscuits and then you'd cook the game you killed. But coming out of service, you bought food and cooked it yourself to save the price of restaurants. I can fix a hearty breakfast—my idea of a good one is oatmeal, bacon and eggs and coffee—and for dinner I do all right by roasts and potatoes, salad and milk. I don't go for milk as much as I used to nor do I have the appetite I once had, so it's pretty easy. I can't bake pies or cakes but I do all right by waffles and the rest of



Bachrach

All-American appeal: Guy Madison, starred in "Honeymoon"



They take turns. Here it's Wayne on the mop, Guy at the closet. Their house is small and efficient



They're outdoor lovers—have a surf board. The clotheslines are always loaded with hunting togs



the stuff comes out okay, too.

I've got my younger brother, Wayne—he's twenty-two—sharing my house with me. Like a mob of other fellows with a duck in their left lapel buttonhole, he's going to school. He's at Los Angeles City College taking English, psychology, public speaking and a couple of other subjects. Everybody's going to school now.

We both wanted a place to live where we could come and go as we liked.

I moved in about eight months ago, baching it alone for five months, when the kid joined me. That's when we decided to get a maid. We had her just twice—twelve hours each time—a dollar and a quarter an hour. Most of the time she stood around talking but when she moved, she stirred slow.

So we let her go and did our own work. About once a week Wayne starts at one end of the house and I start at the other and we clean up in the way you would on a ship. That's really cleaning! We hit (*Continued on page* 76)



Brother act: These bow and arrow hunters make their own steel tips for their arrows

BACHELORS, LTD.



Popular man about town, Guy feels he was lucky his job was arranged while he was in service—has learned a lot about values



April showers preview: June Allyson, starred in "The Secret Heart"

Sunshine in her *HANDS*

There's darkness . . . and

a promise in the drama

of June Allyson's palms



BY MARGARET MAMLOK

Internationally Known Hand Analyst

IF people knew how revealing is the hand shake to those who study the secrets of personality, they would take more care not to give themselves away. When I first took June Allyson's hands in mine, in the luxurious Waldorf Astoria Hotel apartment high beyond the noise of the big city, I felt the sincerity and will power of this sensitive, gifted girl, who is little more than a child.

There is more than her radiant personality to account for her success—there is emotional and physical energy, determination and eagerness for life and more life within.

She is in an enviable position at an early age. She is a star—she is in love—she is married to the man she loves. But few would have the courage to surmount the obstacles June has surmounted to reach this pinnacle of success.

As I made the imprints of her hands, June watched the process with the eager excitement which characterizes her attitude to every new experience in life. It is impossible to conceive of her becoming disillusioned or blasé.

"For Heaven's sake!" I exclaimed. "Here's an island in the headline of your right hand which denotes chronic ear trouble which could cause equilibrium or balance disturbance."

June nodded immediate agreement. "The thing I've suffered from. It was so bad once I couldn't walk straight across a room. I bumped into everything. We tried doctor after doctor. Only the fifth I consulted was able to help me. Oh, I had a terrible time. But isn't it amazing you can see that in my hands? And at first glance, too!"

"The texture of your skin, June, tells me that you are a sensitive person, but it also reveals, that you always will be able to meet life on its own terms." I explained to her what seemed amazing was actually logical, for the hand is the visible extension of the brain. The nerve fibers crossing the palm connect the brain with the fingers to which (*Continued on page* 111)



Nevada welcome to outdoor girl, Joan Caulfield, next seen in "Welcome Stranger"

Sand, Sun and Stars



Kodachromes by Smith

The cruiser Hae Dae for a day on Lake Mead, man-made lake backing up from famous Boulder Dam



Touch of sun for Marie and John Lund, of "The Perils of Pauline"

Time to play the Las Vegas way. The fun fling of a hard-working Hollywood trio— Joan Caulfield, John and Marie Lund, with schedules and sets forgotten for forty-eight lazy, languid hours



John, new at riding, and expert Joan take cow pony desert trip



Dress up and dance at night. Marie and Joan got acquainted with the chef at the hotel, took home delectable new recipes



El Rancho Vegas, smart dude ranch hostelry, supplied them with a jeep for sight-seeing the Las Vegas wonders

More than ever...

Esther Williams holds happiness in her hopes—

despite remembered darkness



They're going ahead with the nursery because of their hopes for the future

BY DOROTHY DEERE

There's something highly appropriate about the way Mrs. Ben Gage is always making lamps for her home. Introduce her to an old beer mug or an ancient pepper mill and it'll land on an end table wearing a shade made from one of her old dresses. Leave her alone with a copper spittoon and it turns up next day with hand-painted pansies around its middle and lit up to kill.

Appropriate, we call it, because Mrs. Ben Gage is Esther Williams, the gal with the incandescent personality. An unquenchable glow in an artistically curved container, that's Esther. Other people merely possess such qualities as health and enthusiasm—the Williams radiates them. You're not surprised to find her applying the same high wattage to her new marriage that she does to everything else that she undertakes.

"We're so-o-o happy—" she says, gleamingly, of course. "And the nicest thing about it is that Ben and I could have met and been happy in Altoona!"

She refers, not to the low married-life expectancy in Altoona, but in Hollywood. Several years ago when Esther's first teen-age marriage to a medical student came to an end she was honest enough not to blame the movie town. "Two people in *any* town can find it impossible to think and feel the same way about things—" she said. Today, talking through the couple of wisdom teeth she's grown since then, she sticks to that first statement but tempers it with the realization that in Hollywood disagreement can come quicker: "Appearances (*Continued on page* 117)



Bull

Looking ahead: Esther Williams, star of "Fiesta"

"The Swede"

He had to be big and silent—he had to be tough. The producer of "The Killers" tells you about Burt Lancaster, who is both—and much more



Study in moods—Burt, raised in east side New York, is next in "Desert Fury"

I WAS looking for a *Swede* for "The Killers."

It was most important to me that I find him, and that I find him right.

Of course, everything about "The Killers" was important to me. It was to be my first independent production. If I turned out a hit, I would probably be a hero for a couple of months, which is about as long as any hero lasts in Hollywood. But if I failed, I might have to go to Jack Warner and ask him to give me back my old job of producing for him. This latter thought caused me to take a sleeping pill every other night.

I had a hunch that, if I could only find the right *Swede,* I might bat "The Killers" for a home run. Writer Anthony Veiller had taken Hemingway's short story and developed it into a honey of a film script. And my director was to be owl-eyed Robert Siodmak, who had been breathing so heavily on Hitchcock's collar that Alfred was beginning to perspire.

The cast looked good, too. No star names, but all great performers—which is sometimes better. Eddie O'Brien, Albert Dekker, Sam Levene, Vince Barnett, Queenie Smith; seasoned troupers, every one of them. And as for Ava Gardner—well, the minute she walked into my office, the price on her getting the role was sex, two and even.

But where was my *Swede?* That was the key character, the weenie in the roll, the minister at the wedding. A "Killers" without the right *Swede* was Hope without a Crosby gag, or Winchell without a column, or one Smith Brother.

Originally, I had tried to get Wayne Morris for the part. But Warner Brothers (*Continued on page* 129)



The kick-off—He got his start in a circus, trained to be an acrobat

Hellinger had to sell *The Swede* to Burt



BY MARK HELLINGER

Noted columnist and fiction writer and producer of "The Killers" and "Swell Guy"



Four on a lark with a hit! Edmond O'Brien, Ava Gardner, Burt and Producer Mark Hellinger

Photographs by Valeska



MacLean

Portrait of a New England lady—Bette Davis, star of "Deception"



Visit To Sugar Hill

Photoplay's editor visits the Sherrys

and finds bright happiness in Bette Davis's

quiet waiting

BY HELEN GILMORE



Bette plans to write a book, Sherry will be painting

THE beads of light marking the little homes of Sugar Hill were beginning to string along the black velvet chain of the New Hampshire road and we knew our journey was almost over. Now all we had to do was find the right turn-off to Butternut in the gloom of the White Mountains and there would be our host and hostess for the weekend, Mr. and Mrs. William Grant Sherry.

After several false tries which landed us in the dooryards of startled Sugar Hill citizens, we finally found the turn-off that fulfilled the description and turned sharply up into the woods. There at the end was not one but three houses, visible by their lights.

Suddenly a whirl of scarlet flashed across the large illuminated windows of the end house, a door was thrown open and a voice rang out in the mountain stillness, "Hello there!" A voice familiar to millions of people on this earth. The voice of Bette Davis.

As she came across the roll of ground to the car, we saw that the scarlet was a loose hanging jacket worn over a simple black dress. Behind her loomed Sherry, as she calls her husband because when they were introduced that was all she heard of his name.

Greetings over, we trooped into the house—or rather The Barn, as the Sherrys call it. This is to distinguish it from Butternut proper, which is the original farmhouse Bette and her mother lived in when (*Continued on page* 99)

Powolny

Man with a major dream: Tyrone Power, next to be seen in "Captain from Castille"

Ty talks it over

He was at the house of his old friend, was telling her about his marriage break-up —when Lana Turner came to call . . .

BY SARA HAMILTON

HE was moving easily about the living room when suddenly he came to a halt.

"You've had this rug cut off since I left," he said with the quality Tyrone Power has for observing the simple things around him.

It was true. The carpet had been too long and had had to be shortened. But somehow nothing could have been more surprising than to have him note this now in the midst of our conversation. Yet it shouldn't have amazed me, for Ty, more than any star in Hollywood, will never grow beyond the sound and feel of everyday life about him.

Much water had gone over the dam since our last visit. He had made his highly successful flight through the Latin Americas, had announced with Annabella the termination of their marriage. He had witnessed the spectacular New York premiere of his picture, "The Razor's Edge," had even been confronted with rumors of his making Gene Tierney the next Mrs. Power. And almost in the same breath he had had his name linked romantically with Lana Turner by the same rumor factories.

The last of these had given me some concern. Both Ty and Lana are close friends and you don't like to see your friends upset by that old Hollywood virus, gossip. The party which had started the talk was given by Otto Preminger, although Ty and Lana hadn't gone together. This fact, of course, didn't stop them from having a good time together while they were there. Hardly a basis, however, for the sort of news manna both air commentators and Hollywood columnists made of it. I was frankly afraid it might jeopardize their new friendship.

Ty, pausing in one of his swift (*Continued on page* 124)



It was Annabella who went with Ty to the premiere of "The Razor's Edge"



They called him "Hooks" in the hospital

I'M A LUCKY GUY

Those are the words of Harold Russell, whose "hands" are made of steel, and whose courage is of the same strong metal

BY HAROLD RUSSELL



Harold's wife Rita and his stepson Jerry take the steel hands as a matter of course

FOR thirty years I had hands just like everyone else. For the last two years I've had mechanical hooks instead—but just the same, I'm one of the luckiest guys I know. Why not? Since the day my hands were blown off, two wonderful things have happened to me: I've married my childhood sweetheart and I've been a star in the great moving picture, "The Best Years of Our Lives." And my future looks full of promise.

Before you read on, you must face what I have to face every day: That I have no hands. Once that's established, you can laugh at many of the things that have amused me. And I like to laugh.

Take what happened a couple of weeks ago, while I was crossing Harvard Square in Cambridge. Before the war, you know, I was a butcher in Cambridge. Well, this day I bumped into a little old lady I used to sell meat to. She took one look at my hooks and started moaning, "Oh, you poor boy."

Then she caught herself, laughed, and gave me a sharp look. "What am I talking about?" she said briskly. "It doesn't matter if you've lost your hands . . . the good Lord knows you sold them to me often enough weighing meat! They didn't belong to you anyway—I bought them many a time with my pot roasts!"

That's the kind of reaction I like to get—frank and sassy. The first time someone was that frank with me it put me on the right beam forever. It was during my first visit (*Continued on page* 107)

Harold, with Dana Andrews, gives emotional impact to "The Best Years of Our Lives"





Home is Cambridge. "We eat far too well for my figure. I've gained eighteen pounds."

The Lady That's Known as Luci



She looks and is smart. Luci, of "Two Smart People"

The current's on and the sparks are flying, for Lucille Ball's on the high wire and Herb Howe's at the switch

BY HERB HOWE

MISS Lucille Ball, a comedienne of convincing art, is not to be confused with the characters she plays; she is not, as you might suppose, one of the hard leather-covered major league balls, she is of the finest tenderleaf tea-ball stock. In twenty minutes of concentrated worry Miss Ball can work up such a storm in her sinuses that her head splits achingly and her nose swells to gigantic proportions.

Miss Ball has a secret and eccentric complex. She wants everyone on this planet to like her. She cannot work on a set if she feels any of the crew disliking her and she says she has antennae that reach clear up to the juicers on the cat walks.

On a plane trip to New York the combination of altitude and leisure in which to worry had such an effect on sinus and nerves as to unhinge her trickily. Walking down Fifth Avenue looking fine she buckled and fell flat. For a week she had spells of folding into heaps on floors of smart shops, and when she descended in an elevator she felt herself con-

Time out for play. When Desi's not home, his flowers to Luci represent him



Photographs by Heyman

Her heart belongs to Desi, her Cuban troubadour





Six years ago they eloped—used a dime-store ring

The Lady That's Known as Luci



Luci's a comedienne of convincing art. Desi beat jungle drums to the tune of half a million last year



The Arnaz home is one of Hollywood's most hospitable

tinuing to the basement after it had stopped. Everywhere you went that week people were picking up Miss Ball from under things where she had rolled.

The natural assumption was that Miss Ball, being an innocent Hollywood girl, had been prevailed upon by New York slickers to take a nip and had gotten tiddly, but all who know her are aware she is too good a poker player ever to lose count. Just now the game is monopoly which she plays practically every night with the family on her Chatsworth farm, across San Fernando Valley.

The question always asked about Miss Ball is, how did she learn to talk that way?

"You should hear the family," grins Kenny Morgan, her handsome brother-in-law, winner of the Silver Star in battle; later as public relations officer he was first to reach General Patton when he was injured mortally and to file a newspaper account that won him a cherished letter from Mrs. (*Continued on page* 84)



Luci's secret complex—she wants everyone to like her



Yankee-Latin harmony. Luci, of "Personal Column," and Desi



Happy handout: Rare moment when Luci and Desi are home at the same time

Betty and

Little Boy Blue and Little Bo Peep dance

BY
DIANE
SCOTT



Betty, of "The Perils of Pauline," considers Lindsay Diane her greatest production to date

Buttercup

in the fairyland nursery for the new queen at the Briskins



SOMEONE new has been added to the home of Betty and Ted Briskin. Holding court in a baby boudoir fit for the little queen she is, from a throne of white marquisette lined with pink satin, is Lindsay Diane Briskin . . . better known as "Buttercup."

That she should be nicknamed after that famous comic strip cherub is only one of the many surprises in Betty Hutton's latest production entitled, "The Birth of Buttercup." They could only happen to this romping beautiful blitzing blonde. And they did.

Her opening scene was done in complete reverse. There was no knitting of tiny garments, to be discovered by a surprised spouse with a "you mean?" accompanied by a modest dropping of eyelashes. Then "Darling" and the big clinch. No walking out of a doctor's office with stars in her eyes, bumping into buildings and plucking daisy petals as she walked.

Perhaps it's parental justice that at long last a father got to take over the announcement of parenthood. For in their case it was Ted who told Betty that she was about to become a mother.

Noticing her unusual nervousness and moodiness, her husband had felt for days that something highly unusual was happening to her. "Honey, why don't you see a doctor?" he suggested. She did, but the report came out (*Continued on page* 126)

Artist Hugo Melchione brought the story book characters right into the nursery





One word defines Clark Gable's beauty-must

It's Your

A bid to beauty—

with the masculine finger on the simple

facts of feminine allure

BY ANITA COLBY

Photoplay's Beauty Editor and Feminine Director of Selznick Studios



By the tone of his voice Guy Madison tells Anita his beauty preferences

Say, Gentlemen

WOMEN, we hear it said, dress for other women—not for the men in their lives. This probably is true. But it's definitely not wise. Fairly early in the game I learned that if I wanted a date to be successful I'd better make sure my appearance pleased the man with whom I had the date. And my manners too.

What's more, I've found that men can analyze a girl with surprising accuracy—provided, of course, they're not blinded by moonlight and roses and stuff. And don't think they *don't* analyze us!

So, if men are going to be important in our scheme of things let's hear what they have to say. Let's consider the likes and dislikes of three Hollywood men I know who represent different types and different ages too—namely, Clark Gable, Jimmy Stewart and Guy Madison.

Clark, I'll have you know, is an angel who wears tweeds instead of wings and a devilish grin or scowl rather than any seraphic mien. He hates affectation. All of which is fair enough! He's so completely unaffected himself. There's not a grip who hangs from the rafters of a set who doesn't yell "Hi!" the very instant he comes into view.

Ask Clark what makes a woman attractive and you'll get his answer in one quick, incisive word. "Naturalness!" He might add, "Naturalness in appearance as well as manner." For it's the healthy outdoor looks he likes, including simple sport clothes. Many times he's been heard to tell girls, "You'd look wonderful in pigtails."

Clark also likes hair worn loose and flowing—if it's as shampooed and brushed as it should be. Hair piled high on top of the head until it presents a facade as elaborate and imposing as Notre Dame he dislikes intensely. And says so. He also (*Continued on page* 105)



A girl must be "hep" to rate dates with Jimmy Stewart

HOLLYWOOD'S *Marriage*



Greer's the greater star, but Richard does the leading

HOLLYWOOD marriage manners are different. . . . A husband comes home for dinner and tells his wife he spent the day kissing Lana Turner or someone at least faintly similar.

A Hollywood wife telephones her husband late in the afternoon to ask: "Darling, would you mind too much dining alone? I'm going to Romanoff's with Joe!" Her husband may or may not know Joe. It doesn't matter.

On the other hand, there are other times when Hollywood's marriage manners are the other extreme. Anne Baxter's, for example. In happy contrast to all the wives who permit their husbands to see them in dishabille, with their hair in curlers or their faces



. . Anne Baxter and John Hodiak have a modern version of old-fashioned marriage decorum

MANNERS

By Elsa Maxwell

smeared with cold cream, Anne will not even permit her John to see her when she is working if her role should be unglamorous. All the time she was playing *Sophie* in "The Razor's Edge," a role which has brought her many well-deserved laurels, she asked John Hodiak not to come to her dressing room or her set. Nor would she meet him for luncheon, although they both were working at the Twentieth Century-Fox Studios. For, as *Sophie,* Anne portrayed a depraved woman. In both appearance and action she was wanton and drunken. In the sweet name of Romance John must not see her that way.

However, where one star like Anne offers charming proof that it is possible for a girl to enjoy fame and a golden income and remain graciously romantic, there are other



Rita and Orson proved the separate-reconcile custom



Hollywood marriages like other marriages? Nonsense, says this cosmopolitan, so how can their manners be the same? And they aren't, as you will see

HOLLYWOOD'S *Marriage* MANNERS

stars who present the opposite side of the picture. Some girls, I suspect, become stars because they are dominant and aggressive naturally. Their marriage manners of course are different.

In the film colony innumerable households revolve entirely around the wife's business hours and social obligations. She's the breadwinner and it is the husband who supervises the servants, makes out marketing lists and worries over the domestic budget. Overdoes it sometimes, like a certain husband whose niggardliness with his star-wife's money was the real reason behind their divorce granted for mental cruelty. For a time the star smiled with pleasure while her husband boasted that he had cut household costs in half. But slowly, as her house ceased to run smoothly, her smile faded. Then servants of long standing departed. Guests—unless she took time out to order the luncheon or tea or dinner—fared badly. She asked, politely, that the purse strings be loosened. Refusing, he taxed her with being an extravagant fool. There were quarrels. They're together no more.

Betty Hutton has changed tremendously since she married Ted Briskin. No longer an attention-getting boisterous hoyden, Betty now dresses and behaves with restraint. She's even given up smoking—except for a surreptitious puff occasionally—to please her lord and master.

Barbara Hale's another girl who is positively terrified for fear her screen career will interfere with her marriage to her co-star, Bill Williams. Away from the studios she literally implores people to call her "Mrs. Williams" and not "Miss Hale." She bends over backwards to play second fiddle.

I've known wives galore but never

Mrs. George Murphy knows the score for a committee man's wife



A lover's quarrel would be forgotten anywhere else, but it brought break-up rumors for John Loder and his wife Hedy Lamarr



have I known one more affectionately dutiful than June Allyson. When Dick Powell had his boat, June did her utmost to be a good sailor. But since she couldn't control that slight green color she always turned when the sea was even faintly rough, Dick finally decided the boat must go. In its place he bought a plane. Whereupon June, who had a secret fear of flying, smilingly got into his airship and flew to Arrowhead with him.

She's also endeavoring to overcome her habit of forgetfulness to please him. Irrespective of how heavy her studio schedule may be, at Dick's insistence she keeps any dinner engagement to which she has forgotten to send her regrets. Dick often arranges for them to leave soon after dinner. But always he rules against the rudeness her forgetfulness otherwise might induce—and always (*Continued on page* 70)



Jean Pierre Aumont knows that his wife Maria Montez is a born showwoman and makes showing off her beauty a part of their marriage ritual



Dinner at seven is a date Jane Wyman and Ronnie Reagan always keep for family fun

WHAT SHOULD I DO?

YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED
BY CLAUDETTE COLBERT



DEAR MISS COLBERT:

Six years ago my husband died, leaving me with three small children to rear. At the time I was living in the same small town with my parents.

Three years ago I came to this much larger city, bringing my oldest child with me and leaving the two younger babies with their grandparents. I worked in the daytime and took up study of a trade by night.

I have now passed my examinations and I am ready to return to my home town to live. I have been offered a fine position there and I know I can do well and support my children.

However, I am only twenty-eight so I am in need of occasional recreation. My parents are angrily opposed to my having dates. They insist that since I have already been married and had children I no longer have the right to the company of a man.

Can you think of some manner in which I can live in the same town with them and still maintain my independence?

Noreen S. McC.

I agree with you that occasional recreation will be necessary for your mental health and, provided that your children are well cared for during your absence, I see no reason why you should not make your own decisions about escorts.

It is true that some parents never feel that a child is capable of making his own decisions even though he lives to be ninety. The only happy solution is that you refrain from discussion of the subject. Be firm, but loving and pleasant. You may find it necessary to refrain from all mention of your recreational activities.

It is likely that you will marry again. I feel that the restraining influence of your parents may be a very healthful thing. You will be very careful what sort of man you introduce to them as their next son-in-law.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am really in a jam. I am seventeen and having trouble with my boy friend who is nineteen.

While he was overseas he sent me a lot of presents and quite a large sum of money which he asked me to invest in War Bonds. I needed the money desperately so I spent it all. On my last birthday he sent me money to buy a cedar chest which we could use in our house eventually. I didn't buy it because my room is so crowded as it is, but I did buy a wristwatch. When I told him about it he grew angry and said I wasn't a girl to be trusted.

He came home on a thirty-day emergency furlough when his father passed away. At that time I kept things secret from him, but he'll be back in the States again soon and then how should I tell him about his money?

I just don't know what to do because I don't seem to be able to think straight. I'll do anything you say except drop him.

Sally F.

(*Continued on page 82*)

Photoplay Fashions In Color Start on Page 89

New! Blush-cleanse your face—*for that Engaged-lovely look*

See it give *your* skin:

—an instant clean, refreshed look

—an instant softer, silkier feel

—a lovely blush of color

You'll see results tonight—with the new blush-cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream.

You blush-cleanse—Rouse face with warm water. Dip deep into Pond's Cold Cream. Swirl it on your receptively moist, warm skin in little creamy "engagement ring" circles up over your face and throat. Tissue off.

You blush-rinse—Swirl about 25 more creamy Pond's circlets over your face. Tissue well. Tingle with cold water. Blot dry.

Extra clean, soft, glowing—your face will feel! Pond's *demulcent* action softens, loosens dirt and make-up—helps *free* your skin! *Every night*, this full blush-cleansing. *Every morning*, a once-over blush-cleansing with Pond's.





PRISCILLA'S RING—a star-brilliant solitaire, diamond-studded at sides.

She's Engaged!

She's Lovely!

She uses Pond's!

PRISCILLA THOMPSON beautifully expresses today's new look of young elegance—with accent on her smooth-gold hair, her smooth-ivory complexion.

One of Chicago's fashionable young set, she is the daughter of Mrs. Thomas Bruce Thompson and the late Mr. Thompson—and is engaged to William Paul Henricks of Chicago, Ex-Navy Lieutenant Commander.

Priscilla is an enthusiast about blush-cleansing with Pond's. "I've never known anything to give my face such a *lovely* waked-up, *soft* feeling," she says.

Have the Pond's blush-cleansed look. Get Pond's Cold Cream *today!* You'll find the 6-oz. jar is especially nice to use.

PRISCILLA THOMPSON—her cream-smooth complexion is blush-cleansed by Pond's

Among the beautiful women of Society who use Pond's

LADY CHARLES CAVENDISH

MRS. ANTHONY DREXEL DUKE MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, JR.

THE MARCHIONESS OF CARISBROOKE

MRS. ALISTER McCORMICK THE LADY ROSEMARY GRESHAM

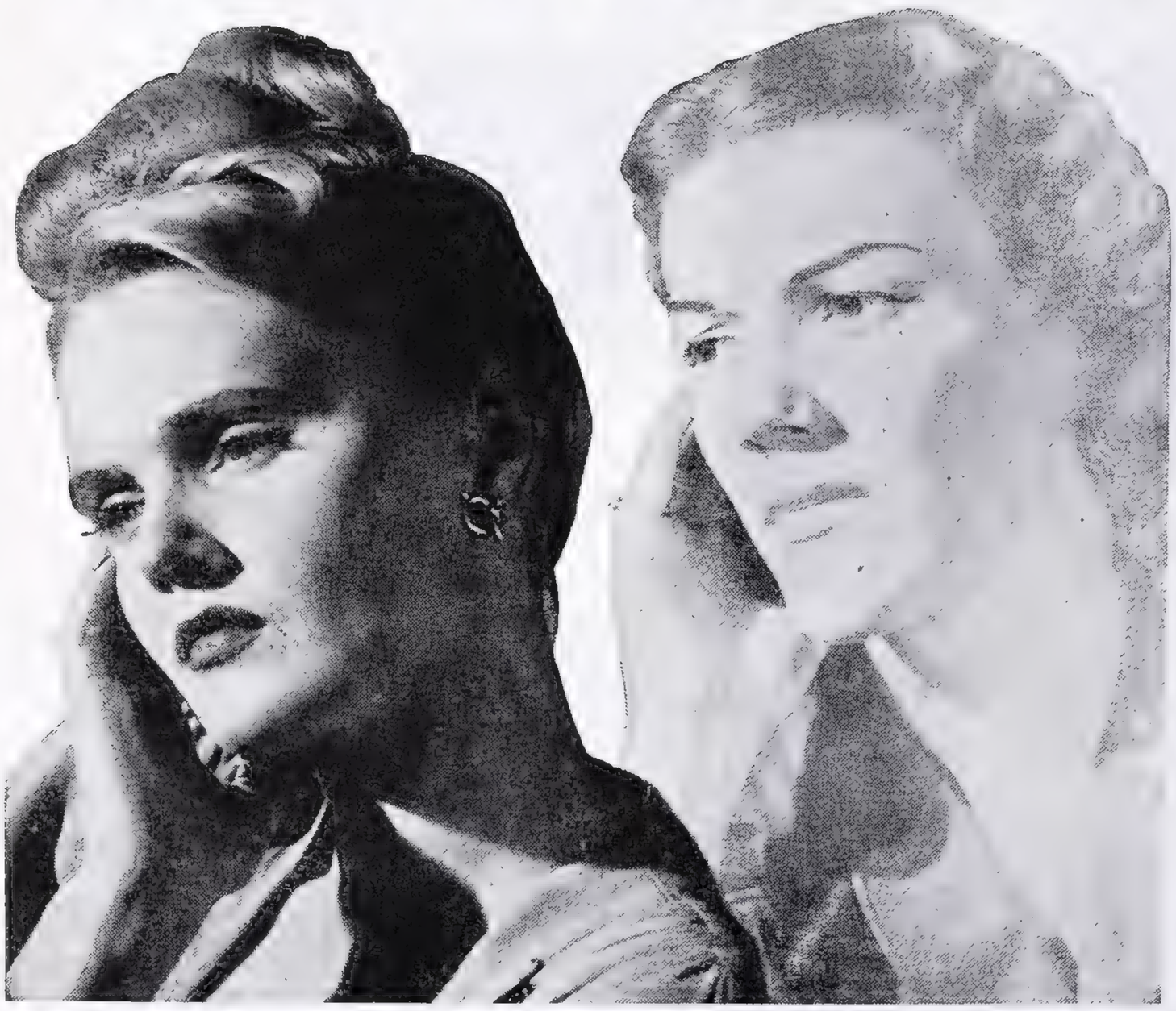
MRS. WILLIAM RHINELANDER STEWART



Engagement-ring diamonds for some of America's loveliest girls

P

DOES A BEAUTIFUL GIRL *suffer more like this* THAN A HOMELY ONE?



Nature has endowed some women with remarkable beauty of face and form—with sweet, loving dispositions. Others—she may have slighted when it came to passing out gifts of charm and beauty.

But in any event—whether beautiful or unattractive—many women by their very physical nature are apt to suffer distressing symptoms on 'certain days' of the month.

This Is Something You Shouldn't Joke About

In case female functional monthly disturbances cause *you*—like so many unfortunates—to suffer from pain, nervous distress and feel so tired and cranky you lose your sense of humor—this is nothing to joke about.

Start right away—try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms! It's famous for this purpose! Taken regularly thruout the month—this great medicine helps build up resistance against such female distress.

Lydia E. Pinkham's VEGETABLE COMPOUND

For over 70 years Pinkham's Compound has been helping thousands upon thousands of girls and women in this way. Time has *proved* it one of the most effective medicines for this purpose. Just see if you, too, don't remarkably benefit. Pinkham's Compound is also a splendid stomachic tonic. It is certainly *worth trying!* Any drugstore.

Hollywood's Marriage Manners

(*Continued from page* 67) she accedes to his wishes.

Surprisingly enough, in some ways even Greer Garson, older than Richard Ney, and one who always has known what was good for her, enjoys being dominated too.

There's the little matter of walking the dog. In Bel-Air where the Neys live this is a matter of mountain climbing. For their house is in the hills. Nevertheless between nine and ten o'clock in the evening Richard Ney indicates in one subtle way or another—*you know how husbands can be*—that it is time for the dog's romp. Whereupon Greer, without a murmur, goes upstairs and changes her slippers and dinner dress for stout shoes and walking clothes. Whereupon she and Richard and any house guest who hasn't talked fast enough to forestall the consequences, prowl through the moonlit—but still rugged—hills of Bel-Air.

MANY times, of course, the Hollywood husband is the breadwinner while the wife, like wives in other communities, concerns herself exclusively with home and family. In such instances I've known the stellar husband to appear briefly or not at all at dinner parties given in his home.

As an illustration I give you George Murphy. Casual acquaintances see more of each other than do the George Murphys. To have George alone in the same room with her, even if he napped or hid behind the evening sport page, would be a treat to Juliette Murphy. George is one of the husbands who often isn't home even for a dinner party. For, active with the Screen Actors Guild and other committees connected with the picture industry, George has to see other stars when they're free between the time they get home from the studios, and start studying their script for the next day.

There also are Hollywood wives married to men stars who are, in their subtle feminine way, powers behind the thrones. Wives like Sue Ladd. Sue, as you know, met and fell in love with Alan when she was his agent. She's an agent no longer. First and foremost she's Mrs. Alan Ladd, wife and mother. She runs their home beautifully. In fact she runs Alan's life up to the point where a certain timbre in his voice tells her he's about to take over. Whereupon she becomes a charming background while Alan takes up the reins. The minute he drops them, however, she has them efficiently within her grasp again. I've known scores of wives, of course, who have been of the greatest help to their husbands. But I've yet to meet a woman whose marriage manners made her a more ideal "helpmate" than Sue Ladd.

In all communities there are, of course, husbands and wives who continue to live together only because of the next month's rent. There also are couples who would separate, temporarily, after certain quarrels were this financially possible. The stars know no such restraining influences. Consequently, separations and reconciliations are Hollywood's rule.

Take the divorce rumors which circulated about Hedy Lamarr and John Loder last year. It was intimated that John, who is a leading man, was fed up with the greater money and prestige enjoyed by Hedy, who is a star. But neither Hedy nor John had the slightest intention of divorcing. (*Continued on page* 72)

Photoplay Fashions to Make You Lovelier on Page 89

High school girls could tell mothers a thing or two!



TEST NEW NAPKIN—
88 OUT OF 108 REPORT NO CHAFING
WITH NEW FREE-STRIDE MODESS

The teen-age crowd in high schools across the country recently made a discovery that will be smooth news to girls everywhere.

It all started when interviewers asked school girls who had been bothered by chafing with their regular napkin to try out a new, improved napkin—*Free-Stride* Modess.

The girls weren't told the name or brand . . . just that it was a new napkin . . . would they see if it gave them freedom from chafe?

The answer? 88 out of 108 reports said: *No chafing with Free-Stride Modess!*

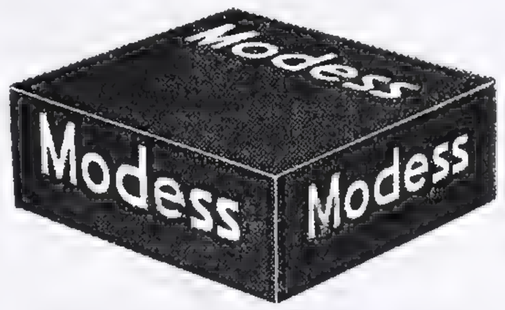
The secret of the chafe-free comfort so many students found in *Free-Stride* Modess lies in the clever fashioning of the *napkin edges!*

Modess has *extra* cotton on its edges—*extra* softness—right where the cause of chafe begins.

The extra cotton also acts to direct and retain moisture *inside* the napkin, keeping edges dry, smooth longer. And dry, smooth edges don't chafe!

So safe, too! *Free-Stride* Modess has a triple safety shield to help keep you confident—to chase away accident fears. Modess' fine, sealed-in deodorant guards your daintiness, too! And *no* telltale outlines—Modess is silhouette-proof!

Free-Stride Modess—so luxury-comfortable, so luxury-safe—is on sale everywhere *now!* Get a package *today*. Product of Personal Products Corporation.



Walk with comfort!
Move with freedom!
Try the new Free-stride Modess!

GOLD TASSEL

a gay soft fragrance with an evening air

BY Wrisley



Shimmering cobweb magic...
the bewitching aura of subtle,
enveloping fragrance.
Exquisite toiletries...
for tip-to-toe loveliness.

Cologne, Bath Bubbles,
Bath Powder, Talcum,
richly scented Soap.

Precious as gifts—in sets or singly.

(*Continued from page* 70) They were just getting over a quarrel which ensued after their family car, traveling the curving road which leads to the Lamarr-Loder hilltop, smashed into a tree.

Hedy, who was busy at the studio that day had asked John to drive their baby son and his nurse into town. And he had agreed. However, when his studio had later called him for a sitting, he had instructed the houseman to drive instead.

When Hedy heard of the accident, in which the nurse was hurt and the baby jarred, her anger flared. Whereupon John, deeply resenting much that she said, packed his belongings and silently departed. The publicity that resulted complicated things for a time, naturally. But eventually Hedy, realizing that she had been unkind, and John, aware he had been somewhat at fault, kissed and made up—as two who love each other as much as Hedy and John should do.

TAKE, also, Rita Hayworth and Orson Welles. Rita, I'm sure, left Orson in a moment when his faults and weaknesses rose before her in such an imponderable mass that for the time being she could neither see beyond nor around them. Under the same circumstances other wives, influenced by the less impulsive marriage manners of their communities, would have sat it out. Which way more quickly discovers that a man's faults often are the other side of his greatness, I wouldn't know.

Also, it did not help the Hayworth-Welles marriage that both Rita and Orson were so intent upon all the things they were doing outside of their marriage—in accordance with Hollywood marriage manners—that they had no time to develop any knack for good housekeeping. They were, consequently, utterly dependent, often enough, upon inferior servants and worse cooks. One night when I dined with them dinner was practically uneatable with the chicken, hard as leather, smothered in grease, and the potatoes uncooked.

"This isn't conducive to connubial bliss," I told them.

However, throughout the entire year they tried going (*Continued on page* 74)

BROTHERS—

Without Prejudice

In this, the dawn of the Atomic Age, universal brotherhood is a vital condition of survival.

It is not enough to believe in it—we must live it, support it.

The American Brotherhood, sponsored by the National Conference of Christians and Jews, is dedicated to the extension of these principles. We cannot hope to command brotherhood abroad unless we practice it at home.

Enlist now in this band of brothers—send contributions to American Brotherhood, National Conference of Christians and Jews, Inc., 381 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

Now! Keep your hands as kissable as your lips



How wonderful!

Woodbury *Beauty-Blended* Lotion is actually 2-lotions-in-1



PROTECTS AS IT SOFTENS • RICH IN LUXURY LANOLIN

Reach for it joyously, expectantly. For Woodbury Lotion is new, new, new! Perfected by Woodbury skin specialists, this luscious lotion is a beauty *blend* of softening and protective ingredients—*actually 2-lotions-in-1:*

1 **A softening lotion** that helps bring hands endearing *natural* softness. (Its luxury lanolin is the softening, smoothing "first-cousin" of your skin's own natural moisture.)

2 **A protective lotion** that helps "glove" your hands against roughness, redness, drying, chapping from winter cold, daily dishwashings and soap and water cleansing.

You'll love the exquisite fragrance, the rich, creamy consistency of Woodbury Lotion. Never sticky or greasy. Use it for soft, smooth elbows, shoulders, legs, too. Get it at your drug or cosmetic counter. 25c and 50c. Or try Woodbury Lotion for a week at *our expense—that's how sure we are you'll fall in love with it.*

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF WOODBURY FACIAL SOAP AND OTHER BEAUTY AIDS

Free! **MAIL COUPON FOR PURSE-SIZE GIFT BOTTLE. Let the lovely things Woodbury Lotion does for your hands convince you there has never before been a lotion like it.**

Box 45, Cincinnati 14, Ohio, Dept. 515. *Woodbury Beauty-Blended Lotion sounds exciting. I'd love to try it. Please send me a FREE purse-size gift bottle.*

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

(Print name, address plainly... Sorry, offer good in U. S. A. only.)
Paste on penny postcard if you wish.

(*Continued from page 72*) separate ways, I knew that they would come together again. For I heard Rita's voice, as she showed me pictures of Rebecca Welles, saying, "Don't you think, Elsa, that she looks just like Orson?" I heard Orson's voice, on the air, denouncing the choice of the name "Gilda" for the fourth atomic bomb dropped at Bikini. I heard him thunder, "I can positively guarantee that Miss Hayworth had nothing to do with the name of her picture being used for this great destroyer of life." I knew, too, that when Orson was Joseph Cotten's house guest Rita brought Rebecca over every Sunday and he took great pleasure in her attitudes, so like his own.

Also, I could guess that Rita, after being married to Orson, must find other fellows pretty dull. And so, Rita and Orson took up their marriage again. All of which in Hollywood is conventional enough!

WHEN both a husband and wife are in pictures and so understand the demands made upon a star, their marriage manners become more polite than they would be otherwise. I'm thinking specifically of the first appearance Maria Montez made after the birth of her baby. She would have no one saying she wasn't as lovely as she had been before her pregnancy. To this end she wore a basic black dress that served as a foil not only for her dark beauty but also for Her Hat. It was comprised of a black crown that fit snugly about her head and great jets of glycerined ostrich feathers that sprouted out on the side and front. At Mocambo's where Maria and Jean Pierre Aumont dined, she was the most beautiful woman present. But when Jean Pierre said, "Darling, shall we dance?" I held my breath. It took no little maneuvering for him to keep Maria's feathers out of his eyes as he guided her about the floor. But whereas nine hundred and ninety-nine devoted husbands would have flatly refused to dance with any wife who wore it, Jean Pierre managed gracefully without one word of protest. Part of the Hollywood scene himself, he understood Maria's need to be sensational.

Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan have arranged with their producers to leave their studio in time to dine at home at seven o'clock. They make an occasion of the dinner hour that is taken for granted in most families. Always Maureen, their six-year-old daughter, is at the table with them even though she has had supper earlier. First they hear about her day. Then Ronnie has the floor—until Jane says, "But you haven't heard a thing until you've heard my day!" Problems are tabu during this one time they all share.

Furthermore, Jane and Ronnie, both intensely interested in world affairs, have the same interests and the same friends. Ronnie does not have to get along as best he can with husbands of the women with whom Jane plays bridge and Jane does not have to wear a polite smile while the men Ronnie brings home to dinner talk business. In fact, Jane and Ronnie call each other on the phone two or three times a day to compare notes on the new ruling of the Screen Actors Guild or some rumor they've heard about television.

Whether Hollywood marriage manners are better or worse than marriage manners elsewhere I wouldn't venture to say. I only know they're different—because Hollywood marriages are different—because Hollywood life is different, too.

THE END

The Stars Model

Photoplay Fashions on Page 89

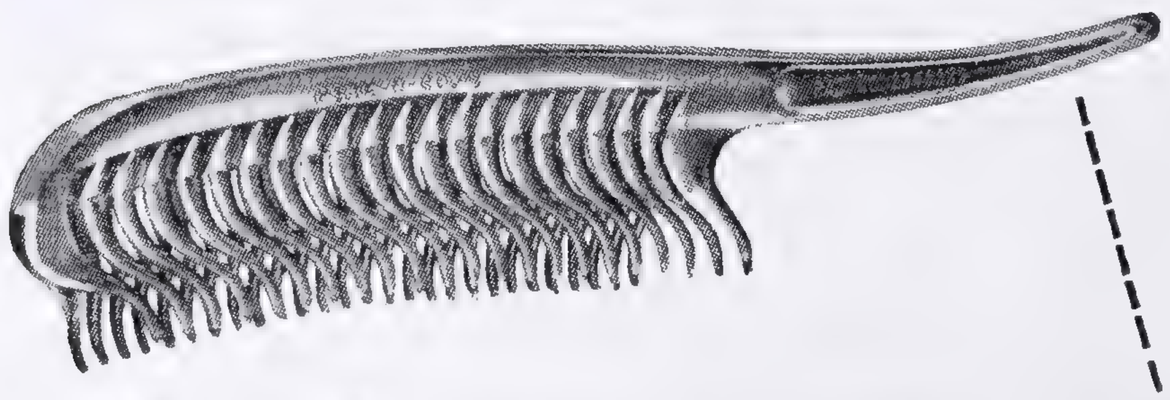


MODELS SAY,
"The best trick in my bag is
Perm-o-comb
for keeping my waves lovely for the camera!"

PERM-O-COMB combs in waves . . . saves waves, dollars too! Finger waves, permanents last longer.

PERM-O-COMB gives hair-conditioning, brush-like action! Lifts the hair, aerates the scalp — never flattens your waves.

PERM-O-COMB is easy to use! No intricate parts, complicated gadgets, no chemicals.



PERM-O-COMB — the pocket-sized hairdresser . . . at department and drug stores everywhere, $1.98.



A product of Lever Brothers Company

"BE LOVELIER TONIGHT!"



"My Beauty Facials bring quick new Loveliness," says this famous star

You want skin that's lovely to look at—thrilling to touch. Hollywood's beauty facials will help you to have it! Try this gentle care.

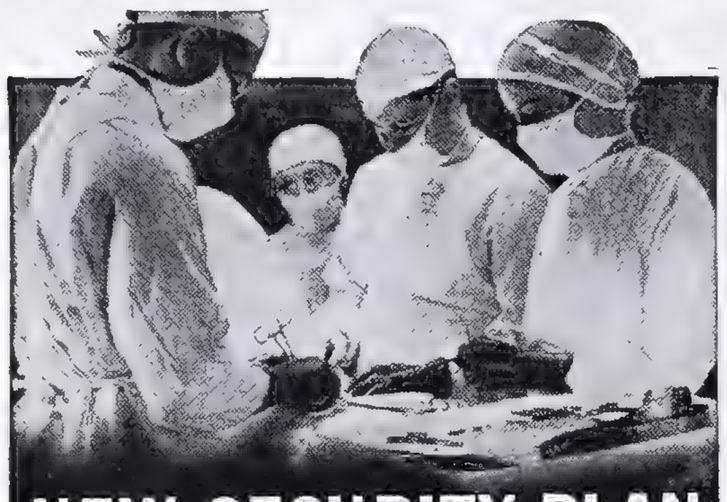
Here's the gentle Active-lather care June Allyson uses: Smooth Lux Toilet Soap's rich fragrant lather well into your skin. Rinse with warm water, then splash on cold. With a soft towel pat gently to dry. Now skin is softer, smoother, takes on fresh new loveliness!

Don't let neglect cheat you of Romance. *You* can be lovelier tonight!

In recent tests of Lux Toilet Soap facials by skin specialists, 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a short time.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap— *Lux Girls are Lovelier!*

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IN CASE OF
SICKNESS or ACCIDENT



NEW SECURITY PLAN
Pays HOSPITAL
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CHOOSE YOUR OWN DOCTOR

It's New! It's Different! It's a real Security Plan . . . designed to give you the Protection you'll really need in case of Hospital confinement for sickness or accident. When misfortune strikes, you may go to any Hospital in the U. S. or Canada under any Doctor's care. WE PAY YOUR EXPENSES in full accordance with Policy provisions. You are assured of expert medical care . . . without the financial worry.

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Why is it that North American can offer so much useful coverage for so little money? Because this Protection is sold direct. Individuals or family groups can enroll from birth to age 70 and get such exceptional benefits as Doctor fees, weekly compensation for time lost from work, death benefits, etc. What's more, you're backed up by a strong, reliable Company operated under the full supervision of the Insurance Dept. This Plan has won the approval of Hospitals and Physicians throughout the U.S.

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You are not required to take a medical examination to get North American Hospitalization Protection. Already over 20 million persons in America have enrolled for this valuable kind of coverage . . . proving the practical common sense of protecting your savings. Send off at once for all the details about this plan. No obligation. No Agent will call.

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Hospital Room and Board for Sickness or Accident
Per Day Up to **$6.00**

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Up to **$150.00**

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Up to **$2000.00**

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Up to **$2000.00**

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Up to **$100.00**

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NORTH AMERICAN MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.
Dept. MC74-3, Wilmington, Del.

Please send me, without obligation, details about your "3c A Day Hospitalization Insurance Plan".

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

(*Continued from page* 41) the bathroom about three times weekly, doing it thoroughly. We take turns cooking. When Wayne cooks, I wash dishes and vice versa. We gave just one "formal dinner party." It took about a day of preparation and a day of cleaning up, plus a lot of loot. So that's out. I figure I've got a lot of time for that stuff in the future.

If I could do exactly as I'd like, I'd build us a shack, four rooms, in redwood with pine paneled walls, a kind of miniature of a big house I'd like to have someday. But to build even a four-room redwood now would cost $5,000, if I could get the land. So the next best thing was to rent a house and get Wayne to share it with me.

I'VE had a little better than eighteen months of Hollywood now—of belonging to it, starting with that first bit in "Since You Went Away," getting that wonderful part in "Till the End of Time" and then the lead opposite Shirley Temple in "Honeymoon." I've made a lot of friends, particularly Henry Willson, who got me my contract with David Selznick, Gail Russell, whom I most often date, Diana Lynn, Gail's best friend, and Rory Calhoun, with whom I hope to make a picture. Everybody has been swell to me and I've made more money than I ever expected to make in eighteen months.

But I do think I have resisted "the goldfish-bowl glamour of Hollywood" and I think I'll keep on resisting it—and the reason I will, I believe, is because of that stretch in the Navy.

If you don't follow that reasoning, I want to say that my brother and I—in fact all the guys I know—were affected by the war. I've read that in the last war the fellows tagged themselves "the lost generation." They seemed to feel very sorry for themselves.

I don't think my generation does. You could even call us the "found generation" because our stretch in service taught us so many things.

One thing I do know—movie acting is not as simple as it looks and it takes all you can give it—and demands more. A year ago I would have wanted to do it much more for the money. But acting sort of gets you.

That's one of the reasons I enjoy going home and seeing my parents every month. They still live in Bakersfield, which is an easy drive from Hollywood.

I want Guy Madison to be one of the fine actors but at the same time, Guy Madison wants to be like the older Mr. Mosely, head of a family with a nice, solid home and a batch of healthy, noisy kids.

I've got very nice parents. There were five of us kids at home, four boys and one girl. We made up the kind of family I want to have for my own, except I want ten kids instead of five. A large family gives you something to do. With so many personalities around the house you can't get bored. I hate being bored and I am bored if I keep on doing the same thing over and over.

Just before Christmas this year I went on a hunting trip. I was gone for more than a week and I loved every minute of it. But when I got back I wanted a great rush of night clubs. Two years ago I didn't go for night clubs. That was because I didn't dance much. Gail made me learn to rumba and samba. So now night clubbing is fun, once in a while.

Sure, there's glamour in Hollywood, some of it very real and glittering and a lot of it very unreal and glittering. I'd be an absolute square if I didn't see that this town has more color, more excitement and more ambition than any other community on earth. When you click, even in three-minute bits, you are in the spotlight, you do begin swimming around in the eternal gold-fish bowl.

But the ones who survive are not the drape-shapes in Schmidt's clothing who clutter up the cafe society. It's Peck's good boy, who's also a two-time father, who's heading toward an Academy Award.

Watching those things, I think I can safely say that the minnow in this pond will be found at home most nights having cooked his own dinner and having gone to bed early with a good script.

THE END

Spring Decorating Time

Means color portraits of
your favorite man star and favorite woman star
to cut from the pages of Photoplay and frame for your wall.
To get them—

Fill in the coupon below and mail to:
COLOR PORTRAIT EDITOR, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

MAN

WOMAN

MY NAME

(Ed. Note: We regret this cannot mean you will receive color portraits of the stars. It means the pictures in full color of the stars receiving the most votes will appear in Photoplay.)



GET ALL YOUR Vitamins IN FOOD

Here's the Newer Way...for better results!

As you know, authorities agree that most people should get extra vitamins as a safeguard to good health. And authorities also agree, beyond question, that the best way to get vitamins would be in your everyday food. But that's hard to do:—

Because everyday foods vary considerably from day to day in vitamin and mineral values. And, besides, they lose a lot of their vitamins in shipping, storing and cooking.

That's why so many people are supplementing their meals with Ovaltine. *Ovaltine is standardized.* Its content is scientifically controlled. It never varies. Each spoonful supplies the same generous amounts of vitamins and minerals. You know exactly what you're getting. It's a supplementary food that makes up deficiencies in ordinary foods.

So you don't have to worry about variations or losses. You *know* that a serving of Ovaltine in a glass of average milk *always* gives you the same substantial quantities of Vitamins A, B_1, C, D, G and Niacin—and Calcium, Phosphorus and Iron. And you can be *sure* that 2 glasses of Ovaltine daily and just normal meals will give you *all* the vitamins and minerals any normal person can use. And when you drink Ovaltine you get these vitamins and minerals the preferred way—*in food.*

You'll find, too, that Ovaltine has a very agreeable taste—a taste that grows on you. So for better results, why don't you start drinking Ovaltine at meals, just as you would tea or coffee? Or, if you prefer, between meals or at bedtime. Then, if you're a normal person, you'll know, as far as *you* are concerned, you've solved the vitamin problem.

FAR MORE THAN VITAMINS . . . Ovaltine also contains virtually every other precious food element needed for buoyant health and vitality, including the elements that vitamins must have to function properly. That's why Ovaltine is so widely recognized as the ideal supplementary food-drink.

"You're right

Red Majesty

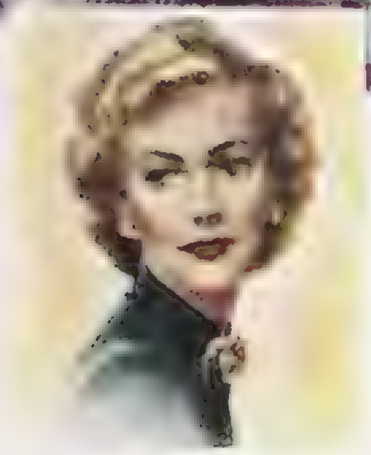
is the New Queen of the Reds!"

—says **MRS. CORNEL WILDE**...

radiant wife of the screen star.

"BECAUSE," enthuses lovely Mrs. Wilde, "there is something really wonderful about Red Majesty! It gives you confidence that your lips are looking their best. So I think you were perfectly right when you named it the queen of your glamourous family of Tangee lipstick shades."





CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN
Head of the House of Tangee and creator of Tangee Red Majesty Lipstick and Petal-Finish Cake Make-Up.

Red Majesty NEW HIT SHADE BY *Tangee*

Five Famous Glamourous Shades by TANGEE



Man at the Top

(*Continued from page* 33) and others who work in the Crosby office building out on Sunset Strip . . . nobody else is even in the same league with him.

Which fact a film commentator who recently conducted "The Most Famous Person in the World Contest" could have discovered if he'd followed some of the penny postcards he got back home. "Bing . . . who else?" wrote one of the girls. And, "Crosby, of course," another one. Even his dad, Harry Sr., a genial, lovable man bright of eye and usually equally bright of tie who keeps books for him, mailed in his card voting for his boy Bing.

He usually checks by the office every day when he isn't working at the studio. He goes into a huddle with Bill Morrow, producer of the Philco show, decides on ranch details like how many cattle to ship east at what price, goes over the business of Crosby Enterprises which he heads, Rainbow Productions and Crosby Producers, Inc., and takes care of an endless amount of correspondence, pencilling in notes on the letters about how they're to be answered.

THERE'S an elevator in the Crosby building, but Bing seldom uses it. He swings up the two flights of stairs, gives the telephone operator a "Hi, Red," as he goes through the reception room, takes care of the business in his own office, and is going back down the steps, whistling, probably carrying a new putter, en route to Bel-Air Club, before many of the office personnel even know the Boss has been about.

Nobody wins a title alone. And Crosby would be the first to say so. Success is a corporation shared by all who've inspired it and helped it along. In his case, his wife Dixie; his four fullbacks, Gary, Philip, Dennis and Lindsay; his brothers, Larry and Everett; his dad and his mother.

Early conditioning and training play a very large part. His groundwork began in a sturdy eight-room brown frame house in an Irish neighborhood on Sharp Avenue back in Spokane. From the time he could talk, Bing was always whistling and singing. Though he couldn't afford it, "Pop" Crosby bought one of the new-fangled phonographs with the big horns and all the latest cylinder records featuring singers. Bing could be found often cranking away at the machine with one ear in the horn catching the lyrics.

On weekends the Crosbys held their own Sunday night "sings," with Catherine at the piano, Bing on the cymbals, Crosby Sr. alternating between his mandolin and guitar, and all of the family harmonizing on such oldies as "Memories" and "When You Wore a Tulip," while taking a flyer on "Margie" and "Melancholy Baby," very hot hits just then.

Despite the popular impression that Bing's talents just grew all by themselves —probably in spite of him—he's always had some knowledge of music. He played the drums in the Gonzaga University band and took voice lessons on occasion—brief ones—from two different professors around Spokane. But he still doesn't trust his technical knowledge and has far more confidence in his trusty left foot that wig wags back and forth like a metronome whenever he's singing now.

He first began singing in public in the boys' choir at church, and for special entertainment programs for organizations his mother belonged to like "The Service League" and Red Cross. He was always willing to sing for charity. But if anybody else was getting paid on any program, Bing always wanted his share. "How much?" he'd say when approached to sing.

Even then nobody worried about his making his way in the world. He'd evidenced a brain for business long before that fateful afternoon when he left Spokane with Al Rinker chugging at thirty miles an hour in an old Model-T Ford towards Hollywood and fame.

Hard work—a "must" for any championship bout—has never been foreign to him. As a kid he always made his own spending money, delivering newspapers, working as a locker boy or a caddy, helping out on a farm during the summer and later on by working in a law office in Spokane.

Around home he had his chores to do. Helping beat carpets, carrying wood, and he always fixed his own breakfast too. "Pop" Crosby usually made the coffee and the big double-boiler full of mush. Then as each of the Crosby children got up they'd warm their own, and fix toast and eggs or whatever else they wanted with it. Mrs. Crosby had her hands full getting the six of them ready for school.

It's nothing unusual to find him down in the kitchen of his Bel-Air home in the early mornings, picking stems off strawberries and pulling what he wants for breakfast out of the refrigerator, just as he used to out of the ice box back in Spokane. He's usually up long before the cook arrives anyway.

His common sense has always been a strong factor in keeping Crosby's head above the ropes. Along with a determined will to win, whenever he's made the effort to

TUNE IN

Photoplay Studio Tour

Hear what people just like you say about
their tour through the big Hollywood
movie studios. It's an entirely different
radio show . . . one you'll fully enjoy.

Daily—Monday through Friday

3:45 p.m. EST • 2:45 p.m. CST • 1:45 p.m. MST • 12:45 p.m. PST

Over All ABC Stations

A Hair "Make-Up"

Created for Your *Color Type!



Highlights for Every Color Type . . . brownette, brunette and redhead, as well as blonde! Choose the Marchand rinse shade you want . . . dissolve it in warm water, after your shampoo . . . then, brush or pour it through your hair. In a jiffy, dulling soap film vanishes! Your hair is softer and easier to manage, lovelier than ever.

More Color . . . a little or a lot. Marchand's color chart tells you which rinse to use for the effect you desire for *your* hair. If gray strands are your problem, there's a shade to blend them in with your original hair color!

Absolutely Harmless . . . Marchand's Rinse is not a bleach, not a permanent dye. It's as safe to use as lemon or vinegar and washes out easily the next time you shampoo your hair.

Marchand's
"Make-Up"
HAIR RINSE

6 RINSES—25c • 2 RINSES—10c
Plus Tax

By the Makers of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash

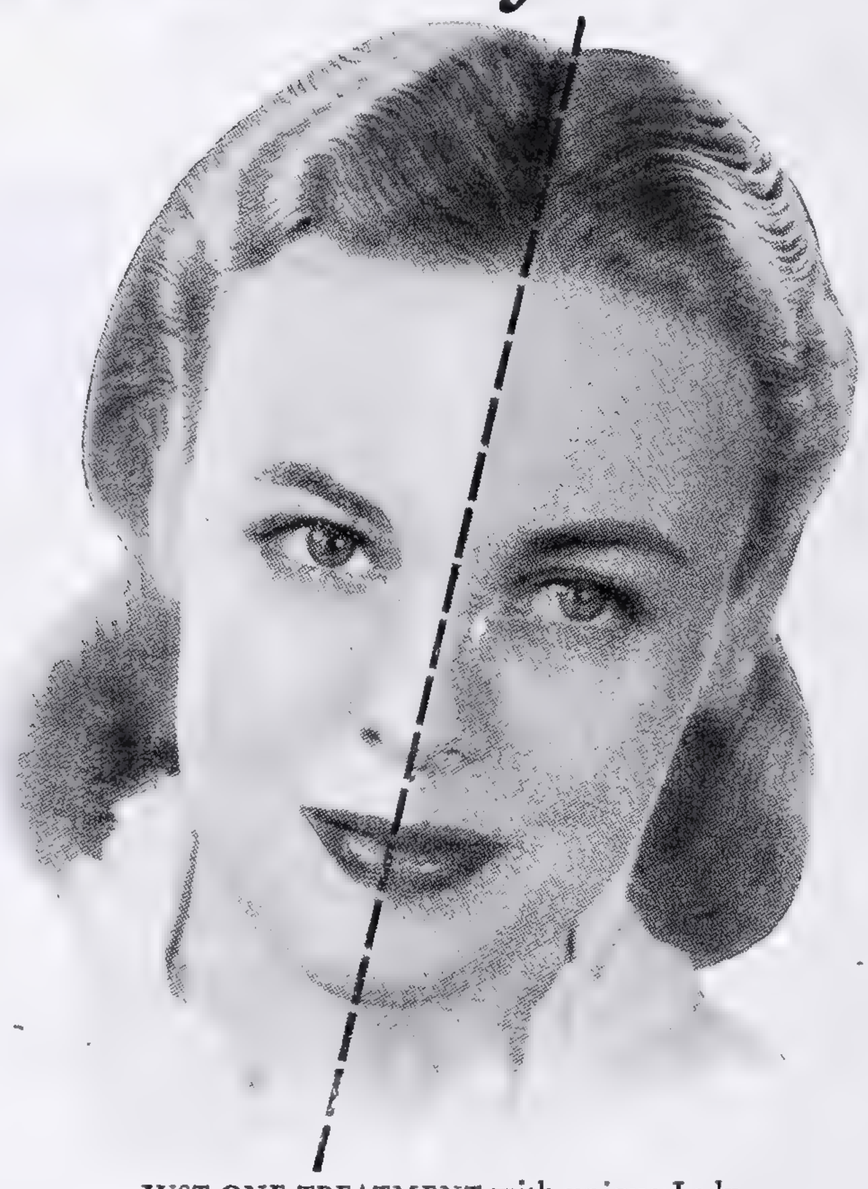
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STUBBORN FILM ROBS YOUR SKIN OF *half its Beauty!*

You can't see or feel this stubborn film . . . and ordinary cleansing fails to remove it.

BUT

Once you try this treatment you will instantly see and feel the *difference!*



JUST ONE TREATMENT with unique Lady Esther Cream shows how much clearer, fresher, *younger* your skin can look!

Every woman's skin has this insidious enemy . . . a stubborn film, which is a combination of your natural skin oils and cosmetics and dirt. Ordinary cleansing methods don't remove this stubborn film. Massage or rubbing only forces it deeper into the mouths of the pores.

This stubborn film dulls the natural freshness and beauty of your skin . . . makes even young skin look older.

Here's the safe and sure way to get rid of this insidious film that dulls the true freshness of your skin.

See for yourself—tonight

Tonight, smooth on Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream . . . then wipe it off. Look at your cleansing tissue. See how surface dirt and cosmetics have been removed. But your skin itself is not yet free of that dulling film.

Now comes the important part! Apply my unique Lady Esther cream again . . . and wipe it off. This second cleansing really rids your skin of that stubborn film which improper methods fail to remove!

My cream does not need to be rubbed in, massaged in . . . because its unique texture is so soft, so effective. Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream *itself* does the work —*not* your fingers! And it needs no help from any other cream or lotion!

A Complete Beauty Treatment

Each time you use my unique cream, it does four of the things your skin needs most for beauty. 1) thoroughly cleans your skin; 2) softens your skin; 3) helps Nature refine your pores; 4) leaves a perfect base for face powder.

Difference is amazing!

Immediately after your first Lady Esther treatment, you *see* the big difference in your skin. Your skin looks so much fresher, clearer . . . actually looks *younger!* And instantly, you *feel* the new softness and smoothness!

Get Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream today! Let this unique cream work its beauty wonders on *your* skin!



Lady Esther

4-PURPOSE FACE CREAM

Needs No Help From Any Other Cream

go after anything, when the outcome is important to him, Bing usually finishes in the money somewhere. He was always a good student in school without having to work much at it. Fortunately. He made good grades in English and public speaking, and was always very interested in debating. Once when Bing was captain of a debate team, and a boy he particularly wanted to beat was leading the opposite side, he camped down at the library every night for a week with his nose in a book gathering material. And his team won.

He's always been crazy about baseball. He played third base on the Webster grade school team in Spokane. Today he owns part interest in the Pittsburgh Pirates. In Hollywood he goes to all the night baseball games during the season, and holds down second base himself with a Paramount nine that includes his prop man, Jimmy Cottrell, who manages the team; Pep Lee, a former professional ballplayer now working as a studio grip; and Mickey Cohen, who plays left field.

IF IT took a lot of persuasion to get him to dress up for parties in the neighborhood, then, it takes even more to get him to dress now. Whenever Bing and Dixie go on trips, the maid, knowing Mrs. Crosby is taking some formal evening gowns along, has always done her best to sneak in Bing's tux too. A practice he finally discouraged with, "When you go away on a trip . . . do you wear what you have on now?"

She looked at him incredulously. "Of course not. This is my uniform," she said. "Well . . . so's a tuxedo to me. Strictly a business uniform," he said.

He's a very fair fighter in or out of the vocal ring. Crosby has always pulled any punches that might hurt his fellowman. He never makes a derogatory remark about anyone, or sticks around if anybody is letting loose with one. He hates gossip and won't listen to it. Any attempt to plant a tidy tid-bit with him would net you a mildly reproving, "You don't *know* that. People should be more careful about what they say."

Distorting the truth is one of the few proven ways to really anger him. Despite his capacity for compounding unusual concoctions of words, probably the most effective speech he ever gave was from a soap box on a street corner in Spokane. En route home from town one afternoon, Bing and some of his pals passed a street corner where a rabble rouser was expounding false theories about different races and religions.

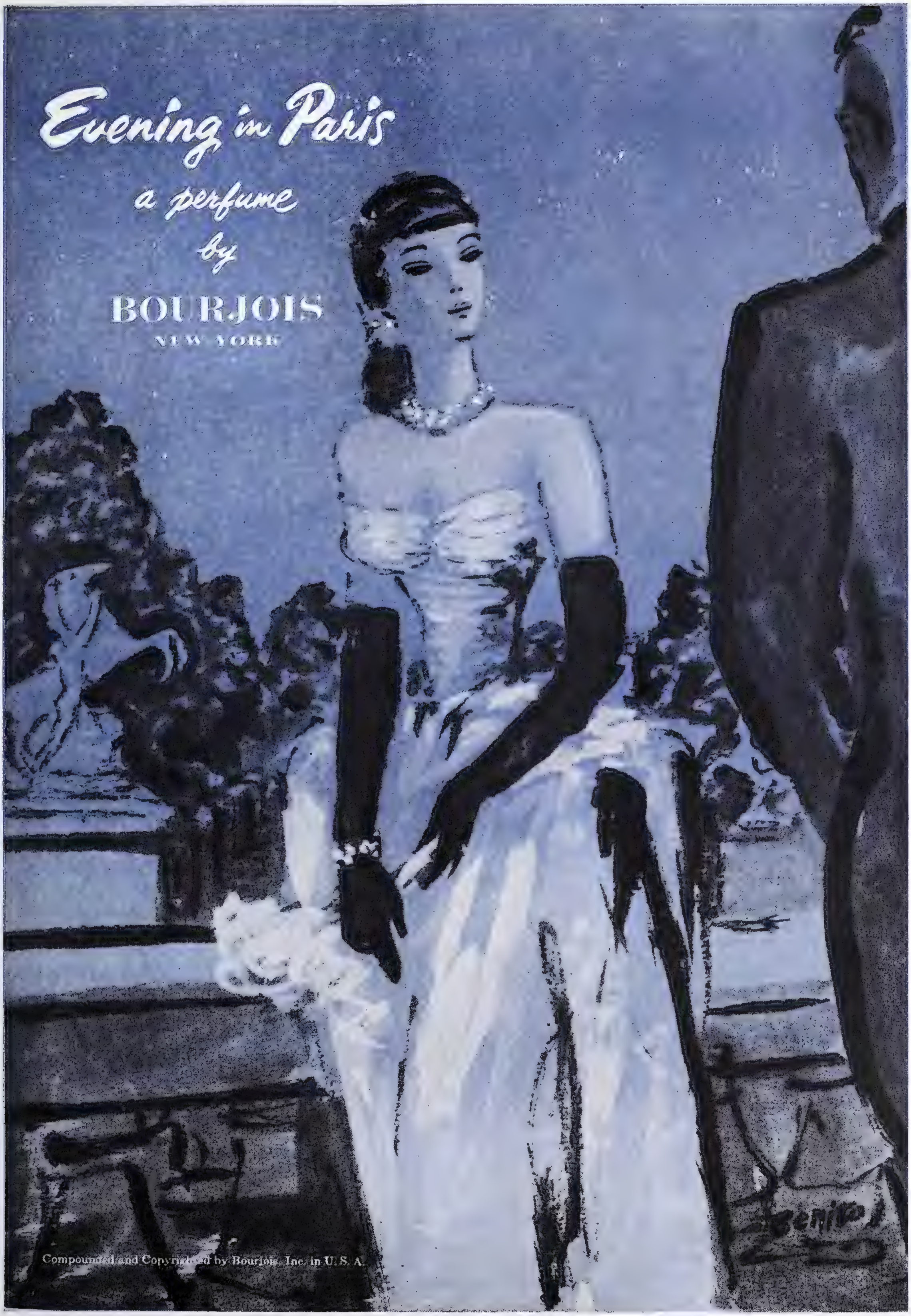
When the man finished, Bing took his turn on the soap box too. "Don't pay any attention to a kid," the man heckled. Bing went right on addressing them, informing them the man didn't know what he was talking about, and quoting facts and figures for them.

Bing's modest almost to a fault. He's completely disinterested in the flash and show that go along with the profession. He just wants to do a good job and let it go at that. It's his personal opinion that the future of photography will progress equally as well without his face being in the lens, and he ducks photographers whenever he can.

He'll probably never be a "Man of Distinction," because he won't sit still that long for a portrait . . . not even with a glass in his hand. Yet I've never known him to refuse to pose for any picture with someone else he thinks could use the added publicity boost.

When you sit ringside as a reporter covering the Hollywood beat round by round, you make your own decisions about the champs . . . and for our typewriter, he's the King Pin of them all.

THE END


Evening in Paris
a perfume
by
BOURJOIS
NEW YORK
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What Should I Do?

(*Continued from page 68*)

I doubt that it will be necessary for me to suggest that you drop this boy. I am afraid that when you tell him how dishonest you have been he'll drop you.

Frankly, I believe that you have no choice in this matter at all. First, you should secure work and you should deny yourself every luxury until you can return every penny of this man's money.

No matter how desperately you thought you needed his money, you should not have touched it. However, there is no point in preaching, as this is a sad fact of which you are now completely aware.

Tell this boy the truth and tell him that you are going to replace every penny.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am twenty-two and have been married since I was eighteen. I have a daughter who is now three.

Two years ago my husband went into business for himself as a contractor, at which time Edith, a rich widow about thirty, came into the picture. She began seeing my husband quite often, meetings he always described as "for business reasons only," but I knew better. He ignored our little daughter and he would shout at me because of the slightest little thing. Finally Wilbur asked for a divorce, explaining that he wanted to marry Edith. Just before he left he kissed me for the last time and, oh, Miss Colbert, it was the sweetest kiss of all our married life. I knew then that he still loved me and that he felt only infatuation for Edith.

The time has now come for final papers to be filed. In spite of the fact that Wilbur has never telephoned me, has never written me a letter, and has even forgotten the baby's birthday, I am convinced he still loves us and that sooner or later he will come back. Do you think that a man, after a year's separation, could come to his senses and realize where true love lies?

Donna M.

I'd like to be able to say that I thought Wilbur would come back to you, but that would not be the truth. Since he has never telephoned or written to you and has given you no indication that he even remembers your presence on earth, the only thing for you to do is follow your attorney's advice.

At twenty-two you have most of your life ahead of you. Have courage in the love of your child, raising her in as happy a home as you can make. This should be your first consideration and from this should spring the happiness that you feel you have lost.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

My fiancé was recently discharged from the Marines. Before he entered the service he asked me to marry him but I felt that it would be better to wait. Now I think I was a goof, as my sister also likes him and has tried to steal his affections.

I placed the problem before him and asked him which of us he loved. He told me he loved me, always had, and always would. While I was on a vacation I received several letters from him. He didn't mention my sister in a one.

I also received letters from a girl friend who mentioned casually that my sister was keeping my boy friend from being lonely and that she had seen them at the movies three nights in succession.

Should I believe he loves me or that he is just trying to make a fool of me?

Teresa J.

You may be taking the friendship between your sister and your fiancé too seriously. It may be that he is cordial to her simply because he is so fond of you. You should investigate your own attitude carefully to be sure your outlook is not being distorted by jealousy.

You failed to mention whether you and your sister live with your parents. If so, I think you and your sister should discuss your emotions quite frankly with your mother. If your sister thinks that she, too, is in love with your fiancé, your parents should talk to her and show her what a fool she is making of herself.

Your boy friend may be terribly embarrassed by the whole thing and not know quite what to do about it. If, however, he is encouraging her attention, then you have no choice but to break up with him. But make very sure he is before you take any definite steps.

Claudette Colbert

(The two letters printed below are answered together for obvious reasons—CC)

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am twenty-two and am now serving a two-year re-enlistment. Previously, I had three and one-half years of service.

For three years I've been dating a girl who is now twenty. She has always been the one to do all the serious talking. I always kidded around a lot and pretended to agree when she told me what sort of a house she wanted to live in, what kind of furniture she wanted and even how many children she wanted to have.

I presume that she loves me as she tells me so every time we get together, which is about once a month when I can get leave. Now it seems that she has talked herself into the idea that we are to get married as soon as I am discharged.

I would prefer to wait to marry until I'm at least twenty-five. If I felt that I really loved this girl, things would be different, but to be truthful, I've imagined myself in love a hundred times. This thing has grown so serious that everyone in our home town thinks we will marry. I want to break off with her, but can't find words. I guess I'm a heel in any case.

If we should marry now I don't think it could last—at least that's the way I feel.

Harry T. D.

Dear Miss Colbert:

I have been going steady with a boy for the past four years. He tells me that he loves me and for the past two years we are supposed to have been engaged, but he has never given me a ring and neither has he said anything about setting a date.

My friends can't understand—and neither can I—why I have no engagement ring and when I say something about setting a date, he changes the subject.

Am I being given the run-around?

Kitty M.

When statisticians are investigating the mounting divorce rate, they might examine the possibility that many girls jump to conclusions, build dream castles out of cobwebs, and literally snare a man who escapes as soon as he can.

In your case, Mr. D., I think you should tell your self-appointed fiancée exactly what you have told me. I don't think that would be heel-ish. By all means break out of the situation before it has gone any farther.

As for you, Miss M., I think you are being given a Grade A run-around. If you are wise, you will look around for other men to date. In the future you shouldn't consider yourself engaged (and set your friends to chattering) until you have been given a ring.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

My parents and Pat's parents are the best of friends, but Pat and I don't get along very well.

Pat has had many parties but has never



Blossoms in the dusk. It's obvious Elizabeth Taylor's lovely companion is her mother

invited me. Now I am planning a picnic for the girls in my class. Pat has not been invited. Pat's mother telephoned my mother and wanted to know why her daughter had been left out. Although Pat and I aren't very good friends and none of my gang likes her, do you think I should invite her to come to my parties just to keep peace between our mothers?

Cynthia B.

For some reason there are many mothers in the world who are not content to keep hands off their daughters' social lives. I think Pat's mother should be ashamed to interfere in school-girl affairs.

However, since she makes your mother unhappy, surely your mother's comfort is important enough to you so that you can set aside your true feeling and invite Pat to the party. Furthermore, I know you will treat Pat with the cordiality becoming to you as a hostess, and refrain from discussing this with your friends.

In years to come you will find that there will be many times when you must invite people to social gatherings in order to spare the feelings of someone who is dear to you. It may annoy you at the time, but it will help you to develop a strong character.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am sixteen and a junior in high school. Practically all the girls at school smoke, and one is considered unpopular if one doesn't smoke. Since I want to be popular, I have taken up the habit. One day a friend of my mother's saw me smoking and quickly telephoned my mother to tell her.

When Mother asked me about it I lied. She believed me until she found a pack of cigarettes in my possession. Now Mother does not trust me in the least. I am very unhappy about this, as I want her to regain her faith in me and yet I don't want to be unpopular in school.

Toni L.

Since your mother disapproves of your smoking I certainly believe that you should abandon the habit. It is far more important for you to maintain your mother's faith than to impress your school friends with your inclination to follow willy-nilly in the footsteps of others. I know some charming, sophisticated and very smart women who have never smoked. It hasn't hurt their popularity in the least.

Claudette Colbert

Have you a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the thoughtful advice of

Claudette Colbert?

If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 321 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, California, and if Miss Colbert feels that your problem is of general interest, she'll consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.

Yodelayee-hoo!



What makes Mr. L. W. (Long Winter) Heavies slightly 'pixilated'? The American Housekeeper knows.

Fels-Naptha Soap is back on her grocer's shelves.

Here is real proof that 'days of doing without' are past and gone. Once more the words 'clean' and 'white' apply to *every washday*—not just the times when she was lucky enough to find Fels-Naptha.

Now she can use Fels-Naptha Soap wherever its gentle, thorough action is needed. Now she can get out all the dirt, quickly and safely. Now she can have Fels-Naptha Soap whenever she wants it.

And so can you!



Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

NEW! a liquid 'LIPSTICK'

can't smear!

won't rub off!



Lovely
Barbara Whitmore
National winner of Columbia Pictures talent search contest.

Instantly . . .
make YOUR lips more thrilling!

Here is the most important charm discovery since the beginning of beauty. A "lipstick," at last, that actually can't smear—that really **won't** rub off—and that will keep your lips satin smooth and lovely. It isn't a lipstick at all. It's a lush liquid in the most romantic shades ever! And so permanent! Put it on at dusk—it stays till dawn or longer. At better stores everywhere $1.



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Send Trial Sizes. I enclose 12¢ (2¢ Fed. tax) for each.

Check shades wanted:

- ☐ **Medium**—Natural true red—very flattering.
- ☐ **Gypsy**—Vibrant deep red—ravishing.
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- ☐ **Scarlet**—Flaming red—definitely tempting.
- ☐ **Orchid**—Exotic pink—romantic for evening.
- ☐ **English Tint**—Inviting coral-pink.

Please Print

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

P

The Lady That's Known as Luci

(*Continued from page* 58) Patton. Today Mr. Morgan is an associate in a public relations firm that represents Miss Ball. His wife Cleo, actually Miss Ball's cousin but always counted a sister, has eloquent black eyes, dark hair and the facial features of her sister, and so naturally has been taken into pictures. There also is brother Fred and Miss Ball's mother, a witty hand with language, who has had a career as a concert pianist and lately was buyer for Sterns of New York, and, of course, Desi Arnaz, Cuban troubadour, when he is not on tour with his band, chanting Spanish lays and beating the jungle drum to the tune of half a million dollars last year. When not present he is represented always by a flower display, usually yellow roses, bearing the card "Love to Luci from Desi."

This festive little group is generally augmented by friends who drop in not only from this planet but those adjacent. You wonder from the number and variety how Miss Ball ever got worked up with that morbid fear of people not liking her.

"It started in childhood," she says. "Those things always do."

SHE was born cheerful enough at the conventional age 0 in Butte, Montana, where her father was a mining engineer. For two years she gurgled happily, squawked only when jabbed irreverently in the rear by a fresh safety pin or when room service was slow.

Then her father died. Exigency compelled the family to separate. Mrs. Ball took the children back to the old home near Jamestown, New York. Fred was placed with his maternal grandparents and Luci with a step-grandmother, a Swede of principles but little experience with the younger generation. Luci, a naturally affectionate child, was not allowed to play with neighbor children lest she contract a disease or a naughty word. The child spent a dour seven years. She did not laugh and she does not laugh now.

"Comedians don't laugh," she observes, poker-faced. "I don't know why. Perhaps they were sad children."

Seeing her sitting there in Lucey's (no relation) restaurant was an experience. Her hair was the color of bonfires atop a hill celebrating the Fourth, her eyes the penetrant blue of search lights celebrating a premiere. Add to this: Slim aristocratic hands with cardinal nails longer than a Chinese Empress's, legs racy, elegant, thoroughbred—but alack, they do not show at lunch hour, for she is robed from top to bottom and well beyond in black and white checked tweed, collared and cuffed in sumptuous beaver. Seeing her you say to yourself, there's an actress as an actress should look, poised, magnetic, resplendent.

In a world grown gray in monotone of uniformity where everyone, even in Hollywood, seems bent on being just like the folks next door, Miss Ball is a phenomenon as individual as aurora borealis. Miss Ball definitely is not the little girl next door. If she were, mama would make papa move. She would unless she met Luci first. In that case she would wind up Luci's inescapable friend. By some magic, possibly that besetting aim to be liked, Miss B. takes you lock, stock and barrel on first meeting so that you collapse and roll over.

Turn to Page 89 for Photoplay Fashions in Color



CLEAN HAIR
in 10 minutes
WITHOUT WATER

★ No soap • No rinsing • No drying
★ Removes oil, dirt, hair odors
★ Retains wave; restores sheen
★ Grand between water shampoos
★ Ideal during colds and illness

30 SHAMPOOS WITH MITT 1.00 *Plus tax,*
At all good drug and department stores.

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Dolly had "half-day" hair



tidy at ten

Her hair looks smooth when she's just combed it; but look at her later!



frowsy at four

Poor Dolly didn't know how to make a hair-do stay put . . .

'til she discovered Nestle HAIRLAC
— *the delicately perfumed hair lacquer*

Men hate "frowsy" women. Why not have that well-groomed look they admire, when it's so easy . . . just pat a few drops of Nestle Hairlac on your finished coiffure and it will stay lovely all day long. Get Hairlac today at your drug or dept. store.



KEEPS HAIR UNDER CONTROL AND LUSTROUS

Luci is a self-glammered gal. Color made her, but literally, she will tell you. She had been loping along at an old gray mare pace, she says, when Technicolor dawned. Instantly her shrewd blue Yankee eye saw possibilities for Ball. To the hair she put the torch, to the eye the plumed lash, over the freckles the cream of peaches. She looked like Sheba the day Solomon fell. Into Technicolor she burst to mad cries of "Ball of fire!" from caption writers. Only once since then, in a spell of neurotic dissatisfaction, has she reverted to natural. "Scared myself," she comments.

Miss Ball is a show woman who has worked at everything from props and mops to kicking high in "Hi Diddle Diddle." Unlike most cinema favorites whose art is mainly projecting the personality and kisser, she is what is known in stage parlance as a trouper. She can do things.

"I've had to," she says. "I've always been the ugly duckling. When I was with the Goldwyn Girls I was the one they yelled for to climb a rope and scream."

Today Miss Ball is a proficient screamer, can climb a rope like a Hindu, give imitations of everyone present including herself, dance, do falls and even force a laugh when necessary. She also can act. She can act so cinematically as to make many an actor look like still life. Her skill in purloining pictures can be compared only to that of old time actresses and gypsy horse thieves. Her kleptomania reached a pitch in "Easy to Wed." Little Miss Ball was waggling away with the picture in her pocket until stopped, searched and scenes taken from her, to no avail. Her fan mail shot up 200 per cent, and the only solution seems to be to star her and let her clip. As recognition of her pilfering she was tossed into "Personal Column" in an arena with such male histrionic hi-jackers as Charles Coburn, George Sanders, Sir Cedric Hardwicke.

WHETHER Miss Ball is a beauty or the ugly duck she alleges is a question of little interest. "Let's face it. Beauty is a bit of a bore," says Somerset Maugham. It is becoming obvious in pictures. Now it's the gal who can do things on screen or in kitchen who holds you fascinated. Of beauteous Hedy Lamarr, some one asked, "What's her problem, if any?"

"Brains," said Luci promptly.

"None?"

"No," said Luci. "She has too many. An actress isn't supposed to have brains. Hedy has ideas, good ones!"

"Luci should know," chortled an M-G-M executive. "She's so opinionated she is in hot water all the time."

Luci exercises the right of free speech with a vim, looking you straight in the eye, shooting from the shoulder, Yankee as Bunker Hill. Way back her ancestors were French and Irish, as revolutionary a combination as ever fought for the rights of the individual. Miss Ball works like a slave but Hollywood cannot enslave her.

"I want you to meet my friend Harriet McCain," she said, introducing her negro maid.

Miss Ball picked Miss McCain off the radio eight years ago when she heard her on Hal Styles's "Help Thy Neighbor" program and they've been together since.

"Greatest thing that ever happened to me is that most women like me," says Luci. "Greatest of all, Carole Lombard liked me. She is my guardian angel."

"She was?"

"She *is*," said Luci. "Has been from the day she saw the gawping at her on a set. I was doing bits and getting nowhere. I had no confidence. She yelled at me, 'Hey, you, come here. Who are you, what they doing for you? Well, tell the so-and-sos to give you a break, you've got something. Tell 'em I said they're missing the boat again."

JUNE VINCENT talks about *Love*



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Finer than ever, now. Due to wartime studies, Jergens Lotion now *"protects longer;" "makes the hands even smoother, softer;"* women say. Still includes the two fine ingredients many doctors use for skin-smoothing. Still 10¢ to $1.00 (plus tax).



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There's new beauty in Bias-Cup, the bra whose patented feature holds your breasts gently but firmly in place... prevents shoulder straps from slipping. In individualized cup depths at better stores.

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It's the Fit in the Cup that Counts.

"You know how Carole was. Always helping everyone. If she saw me coming in here to Lucey's she'd call, 'Hey, how you getting along. Okay?' And she'd slap me on the arm." Miss Ball demonstrated by slapping a guest in such a manner it made him think of Jack Dempsey.

When the guest had been retrieved from the floor, Miss Ball continued.

"Carole Lombard was more than a fine actress. She was a successful woman."

"And what is a successful woman?"

For a moment Luci was stopped for words. Ordinarily they fly as spontaneously as sparks from an anvil.

"A successful woman," she mused. "A successful woman is one with a great desire, an overwhelming motive, all the time, year after year, to make people happy."

The Guardian Angel must have endorsed with a slap on the arm of her protege who is proving just that.

It's an old story now, all but forgotten, how Miss Ball was paralyzed from the hips down and for three years sat in a wheel chair refusing to believe she would not walk again and how one midnight she arose, took five steps and fell flat on her nose. She had been a model for Hattie Carnegie and for commercial artists when an auto accident snapped her career.

"My first thought was fear of being a burden," she says. "But I had a wonderful mother who helped take the fear out of me."

When Susan Peters suffered an accident that placed her in a wheel chair, Luci sent a yellow rose with a card, "Hi, Susiface!—Luci." For months a yellow rose arrived each day, followed up with stuff from the Ball farm—butter, eggs, pies. Hairdressers and dentists were sent to the hospital. Susan was overwhelmed, "You just don't argue with Luci," she said.

It's not easy for a movie actress to pursue day after day, year after year, Miss Ball's definition of a successful woman because an actress is on a spot.

"You may arrive in the morning feeling terrible but you can't show it," says Luci. "Directors and grips and electricians can gripe and swear. They can yell at you and stick pins in you—I've had them do it to me—but an actress, oh no, she has to be a good guy. She has to knock herself out being sweet. 'Be funny!' they say. 'Laugh, weep, dance, do your stuff.' If you don't, if you kick things around because you have a howling headache, you are getting hard to handle. The rumors pile up. 'Ball is temperamental.'"

HOLLYWOOD is a tough spot also for making marriage work.

"If you and your husband both work you hardly have time to say hello. You just wave in passing. Actually. I have driven home after working all night to see Desi passing in a car going to work. 'That face is familiar,' I say. 'Oh yes, my husband I haven't seen for days and I wave. In Hollywood too young people see too much, do too much, go too much. They see others getting divorces and they think nothing of trying it. In a small town they are restrained by example and opinion."

Madame Desi Arnaz doesn't intend to let the example, Hollywood's casual marriages, upset her marital bark.

"The only really spectacular thing I ever did was eloping to Greenwich and marrying Desi. It happened so fast he had only time to grab a wedding ring in the ten cent store."

She wears it still above the expensive ring he later placed on her third finger, left hand. It has turned her finger green, thus adding its bit to the spectacular ensemble. They plan to remarry in the Catholic church; they were married by a judge in Greenwich. Mme. Arnaz has the sentiment to be remarried on their wedding anniversary, November 30, but this occurs in Advent when nuptials are not celebrated.

"I want orange blossoms and veil and Gounod's Ave Maria," she says.

Informed of her ardent desire, a jolly old Hollywood padre jested: "She wants to remarry after six years! By local tradition she should be wanting a divorce. A good woman."

A successful woman her Guardian Angel would say.

THE END

TUNE IN "PHILCO RADIO TIME"

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 19th

Gala Reunion Program

honoring

BING CROSBY



WINNER OF THE 1946

PHOTOPLAY GOLD MEDAL AWARD

As America's most popular actor

with BOB HOPE, WM. FRAWLEY, LEO McCAREY

Don't miss it! Hear Bing Crosby and the great stars of screen and radio who have appeared with him in a Gala Reunion Program, Wednesday, February 19th, 10 p.m. in the East, 9 p.m. everywhere else; ABC Network and many additional stations.



Brilliant New CUTEX really rates with Young America!

College girls, career girls, high-schoolers wear it . . . love it . . . swear by its long-wearing qualities! A special ingredient, used only in the NEW CUTEX is what makes it so enduringly alluring. Test it yourself and see! Put NEW CUTEX on your one hand . . . any brand on the other. See how NEW CUTEX laughs at peeling . . . defies chipping. See if you don't love its greater luster, too!

P. S. Ask for "Deep Velvet"—the NEW after-dark shade Young America is clamoring for!

MAKE *YOUR* HAIR A 'VISION OF LOVELINESS' *like Powers Models!*



Miss Carolyn Cross, a tantalizingly beautiful Powers redhead, always uses Kreml Shampoo to keep her hair radiant with natural lustre

Let this amazingly beautifying shampoo uncover the natural glossy highlights in *your* hair

When you have an important date and want your hair to look a 'vision of loveliness'—*glamour-bathe* it with Kreml Shampoo!

Even after your *first* Kreml Shampoo—notice how your hair shines with natural glossy brilliance—how much softer and silkier it is.

You see Kreml Shampoo has been especially developed so that its rich *active* foam actually 'glamour-bathes' each tiny strand of hair and keeps it gleaming-bright for days afterwards.

Works like magic even in the hardest water

This famous hard-water shampoo works wonderfully in *every* type of water. It penetrates right to the scalp and removes all loose dandruff as well as the dirt. It NEVER leaves any excess dull soapy film. Kreml Shampoo even has a beneficial OIL base which helps keep hair from becoming dry.

Buy a bottle at any drug, dept. or 10¢ store. Make *your* hair a 'vision of loveliness' TONIGHT!

Wonderful for shampooing kiddies' hair

Kreml Shampoo positively contains no harsh caustics or chemicals. It never dries the hair. Mothers are simply delighted with Kreml Shampoo because it rinses out so easily and is so *mild* and *gentle* for children's hair.



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Catherine McLeod

She's on her way, the McLeod girl! Audiences received her so warmly and enthusiastically in "I've Always Loved You" that Republic Studios put her right to work on her second starring film, "Gallant Man," in which she soon will be seen with Don Ameche.

Spring Forecast: A gay and sprightly two-piece dress by Minx Modes. It's three-quarter cuffed sleeves and high banded neckline are as new as tomorrow. Also with red or brown stripes. Of Comer Chambray by South Eastern Mills. Sizes 7-15. Under $11.00. At Saks-34th, New York, N. Y., and Davison-Paxton, Atlanta, Ga.

(Read the story about Catherine and this dress on page 96.)

For the store in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on page 94

FARMERS MARKET



Catherine McLeod

Who said

Virginia Mayo—who not so long ago played an exotic flower in a cloud of dry ice fumes in her first movie, "Up in Arms"

—now is winning laurels for her fine performance in Samuel Goldwyn's "The Best Years of Our Lives."



A jaunty flare-back coat with tuxedo lapels and a pencil-slim skirt, in a suit by Betty Rose. Of J. P. Stevens Co. 100% wool crepe. Different colors. Sizes 9-15. Under $20. At The Bon Marche, Seattle, Wash., and Frost Bros., San Antonio, Tex.

Beret by Betmar, bag by Lindelle, belt by Ernest Steiner.

Right. **The new dropped shoulder line of this Judy Nell coat is dramatized by the beautifully embroidered sleeves. Of American Woolen Co. shetland. Many colors. Sizes 10-18. Under $30.00 at Jordan Marsh, Boston, Mass., and Lansburgh's, Washington, D. C.**

Cloche by Betmar.

For the store in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on page 94

Spring?





Spring *is* just around the corner

Ruth Warrick is called two things on the Hollywood sets, "A good guy" and "The queen," which is all you need to know about any girl. Currently appearing in Walt Disney's "Song of the South," she soon will be seen as Kate *in "Arch of Triumph"*

Sugar and spice (meaning charm and chic) and everything nice (meaning the longer banded hip line to sleek your figure and the Galey & Lord print also designed for slimming) are combined in this dress by Carole King. In red, navy or brown. Sizes 9-15. Under $9.00. At Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney, St. Louis, Mo., Gimbel Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Right. If you are 5 feet 5 inches or less this navy dress will fit you to a T. A perfect foil for jewelry or flowers with its new side drape and flattering neckline. A Leslie Fay design in Duplex superior rayon. Also in pink, aqua, beige or black. Petite sizes 12-20. About $11.00. At Budget Dress Department of Oppenheim Collins, New York, N. Y., and The Fair, Chicago, Ill.

For the store in your vicinity write the manufacturer listed on page 94





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HOSIERY "AS YOU LIKE IT"! *An asset in any office, these sheer, fine-fitting stockings! Expert fashioning and skillful knitting give them their smooth, wrinkle-free beauty. But they're right down to business when it comes to giving you extra-long wear. Try them and see. Ask for hosiery "As You Like It" by name at your favorite hosiery counter.*



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and makes you lovelier

Do you want the smartest dress of the year? Well, if you're clever with knitting needles you can have it, for the dress is of hand-knitted ribbon. Just take large wooden needles and ribbon instead of the usual yarn. You have a fabulous addition to your wardrobe. The easiest dress to make is one piece with a gathered waistline.

* * *

Wide choker necklaces are going wider and wider. These chokers give a finished look to bare shouldered fashions and plunging necklines, but beware of too wide a neckband if your neck is short. Very wide bands look well only when adorning a long slim neck.

* * *

Tie a red and white print scarf around your waist and anchor some real flowers in the knot when you wear a dark simple dress.

* * *

Buy a lightweight wool beret, for dress up, in a pastel color and sew sequins here and there to give it a sparkling look. And add a sequin studded scarf if your dress is uncluttered.

* * *

Does your dancing dress have a bustle? If it does why not pin three fresh roses on the knot of the bustle bow and complete the costume by pinning three more roses in your hair.

Wherever You Live You Can Buy

PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS

If the preceding pages do not list stores in your vicinity where Photoplay Fashions are sold, write to the manufacturers listed below:

Blue and White Striped Dress
Minx Modes
2225 Locust Blvd.
St. Louis, Mo.

Suit with Tuxedo Lapels
Stern, Slegman, Prins Co.
Armour Road at Seventh
North Kansas City, Mo.

Coat with Embroidered Sleeves
Julius Nelson
247 West 38th St.
New York, N. Y.

Red and White Print Dress
Carole King
1641 Washington Avenue
St. Louis, Mo.

Navy Blue Dress
Leslie Fay
501 Seventh Avenue
New York, N. Y.

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my Vicki Lynn blouse



Vicki Lynn

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Cinemodes

By Photoplay's Fashion Scout

At the races Betty Grable wore a cutaway worsted suit of cocoa brown. And a very flattering color it is for her, too. The skirt, of the longer length, was very fashion right. A dead white starched waistcoat, under the trim jacket, gave color relief. Betty's large gauntlet gloves were white too. Her hat, a straw bowler, was brown. Her shoulder-slung bag and pumps were of brown alligator.

Lucille Ball celebrated the sixth wedding anniversary of her marriage to Desi Arnaz at Ciro's—where his band played. Lucille's lovely figure paid just tribute to her two-piece white dinner dress, the top of which, completely covered with tiny nail-heads, was snug from the waist up, but had a tunic cut flared from the hips. The skirt, not too full, hung ever so softly to the floor. At her waist Lucille wore a slim gold kid belt. And her jewelry consisted of a huge gold and topaz ring and a matching bracelet.

Marie MacDonald, at Ciro's the same night, combined black and white in her versatile short length dinner dress. The dress, black and simple, was complemented by a snow-white ermine hat which haloed her face. White was repeated in her necklace of wooden beads. Her accessories were black suede.

Joan Caulfield lunched at the Brown Derby in a wool coat of a deep champagne, designed after the lines of an officer's coat with belted cuffs and back and wide revers. Her jersey sports dress was light brown. So was her hat, a sailor, and her gloves, bag and shoes.

Anita Colby, Photoplay's Beauty Editor, looked like a figure from a Gainsborough portrait at the Doug Fairbanks' party. Her gown of heavy ivory satin featured a low decollete neckline. The sleeves, satin poufs, molded gently into her bodice, on which were placed two huge cabbage roses of deep green satin. Her gathered waistline gave vent to a very full skirt and toward the bottom of the skirt another satin rose nestled among the ample folds.

At the same party Claudette Colbert wore a handsome black gown of heavy satin. A gathered bodice crossed in front at the waistline and from there full gathers draped the skirt. The neckline was low in front and even lower in back where an attached yoke of black chantilly lace fell back like a cape. With this gown Claudette wore a platina fox stole.

Dining at La Rue Dinah Shore wore an evening gown of soft gray marquisette. The gracefully draped bodice was cut higher on one shoulder, with a scarf flowing back almost to the hemline. Under her billowing skirt of marquisette was an underskirt of taffeta with a huge decorative bow on one side.

Cleatus Caldwell wore a gay interpretation of a bolero suit to the Beverly Hills Club for lunch the other day. The skirt and small bolero were sheer gray wool. A pure silk carnival print cummerbund swathed her waist, with the same highly colored print serving as lining for her jacket and her blouse. A gray wool turban and black accessories were Cleatus' finishing touches.

The Story of Catherine McLeod's Striped Dress

Catherine McLeod, young Republic star of "I've Always Loved You," was Photoplay's representative at a recent Minx Modes Junior Board of Review. Catherine flew from California to St. Louis for a jam-packed three-day whirl of press interviews, radio broadcasts, a visit with the Mayor of St. Louis, who presented her with a key to the city, and, most important of all, the Minx Modes showing of their new spring dresses.

The Minx Modes Board of Review was originated to determine exactly what the young girl of fashion wants to wear. The clothes are modeled before the girls on the Board and votes



Catherine, en route to St. Louis Fashion Show

are taken as to favorites. A pair of scissors is kept handy to eliminate anything on a dress that is not approved by the Board, so that by the time these dresses are sent to a store in your city they warrant their tag of approval.

The girls on this Board are chosen for their fashion interest. Stores throughout the country conduct contests to decide upon their representatives. Anyone can enter these contests who wears a Junior size, is young and knows what she wants in her clothes.

Catherine charmed the girls on the Board with her easy gaiety and enthusiasm. Soon after her arrival they were laughing and whispering as if they had known each other for years.

On the opening color page of our Fashion Section this month you'll find Catherine posing in the dress that she picked from all the exciting clothes. It's in her personal wardrobe, too.



THE SOFT TOUCH by BONNIE LANE

for a suave new suit. The drape of the jacket falls naturally from flange shoulders—the skirt is reed-slim, flattering. PURE WORSTED GABARDINE loomed for us exclusively by the AMERICAN WOOLEN CO.—in Banker's Grey with Red, Blue, Black, White or Green hair-line stripe. Sizes 10 to 18. Around $45

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IN SMART SHOPS EVERYWHERE OR WRITE LILI ANN 973 MARKET STREET SAN FRANCISCO CALIFORNIA

Visit to Sugar Hill

(*Continued from page* 51) they first bought the place. The Barn is literally just that, though its ingenious remodelling made it hard to realize as we stepped into the quaint round foyer, which was once the silo, and thence into a room of rough-hewn boards just as the inside of a barn would be, running the full length of the building. Dimly we could see a giant brick chimney containing out-facing fireplaces plumb in the center of the room.

But there was no time for more than a delighted gasp as Bette led the way up the stairs, first to our room to unload bags, then to join our host and hostess in a reunion drink before the crackling fire of the upstairs living room.

To be exact, the toast was not to reunion but to the little junior Sherry who will join them in May.

It was impossible to resist asking, "How are you?" with that concern one feels for an expectant mother.

"Never better," announced Bette. And there was her live, glowing face to back up the statement. "Haven't had a moment of illness. My only trouble is that I find to my surprise I can't do as much as I think I can. All of a sudden I fold." She let out one of her infectious giggles which, coming from her, seems like a charming discrepancy.

"Then we put her to bed for a day or two," Sherry's quiet voice broke in as he reached out and took her hand.

AND suddenly we were aware of the swift current of understanding that flows between these two who came together in so short a time, from such widely different walks in life.

There's an uprightness about Bill Sherry that goes beyond his lithe carriage as an athlete. His blue eyes meet yours with the frankness of the sea of which he is so fond. And though his voice is soft, even gentle, there is no mistaking the power, both mental and physical, that lies behind his words. A man to respect in all ways. And his wife does just that.

Yet there is the tolerance of the artist in him, too. This came out in a lively discussion over the dinner table. Bobbie, Bette's younger sister, Barbara Pelgram, who is spending the winter at the Butternut house, had joined us and we had all whisked over for dinner to the Horse and Hound, a New England country inn. In the midst of the gaiety, the eddies of conversation around the table suddenly resolved themselves into one whirlpool, the center of which was Bobbie and Bette. Bobbie was maintaining stoutly, albeit with lights dancing in her eyes for she knew the torrent she would stir up in her world-minded sister, that there wasn't any use getting worked up to a frazzle over what was happening these days politically or internationally; nothing an individual could do would change it.

Explosion from Bette's end of the table. "How *can* you say—"

And then Sherry moved in. "Frankly I have no desire to tell my neighbor what's good for him and insist that he do it. So long as he doesn't hurt me or my other neighbors it's okay with me."

Bette's eyes snapped open wide. Obviously she was weighing whether or not to retort. But as she weighed, the whirlpool spent itself and presently we were back in the charming upper living room of The Barn.

Bette doesn't call it a living room. It's her trophy room. Here in the seclusion of the New Hampshire mountains she tucks away the things she wouldn't think of having in evidence around Hollywood. On the mantel are her two Oscars and hanging above them a striking camera portrait by Hurrell of Bette as *Regina Giddens* in "The Little Foxes," for which she should have had an Oscar. In addition there are gold and silver cups from countries across the globe.

One wall is solidly covered with candid shots from the Hollywood Canteen which she founded. One of them includes her—the rest are of the service men themselves and the stars who came as guest entertainers. Another wall is the huge, multi-paned window that looks out over the White Mountains, capped by the Presidential Range. Yet here one does not have to raise one's eyes "unto the hills." One looks straight across at them, eye to eye.

By this time the night was growing nippy and the fire told us it was time to go to bed. We could save all the things that hadn't been said for a full tomorrow.

THAT tomorrow began with a snapping fire in our dressing room fireplace. Sheer heaven to dance up and down on the white sheepskin rug in front of the flames!

Our host and hostess greeted us in slacks and matching plaid sports coats bearing the distinctive monogram which Sherry himself designed and which marks many of their personal effects.

All hands promptly moved down to Butternut for a real New England breakfast of oatmeal mush, sausage, maple syrup and delicious pancakes made by Sherry's mother. You have only to meet Mrs. Sherry to know where her son gets his quiet dignity. And she commands the unstinted respect of her daughter-in-law. Mrs. Sherry, senior, together with Skippy, who is Sherry's younger brother, are spending the winter in the Butternut house with Bobbie and her fair-haired little daughter Faye. So it will be a lively community sharing the fortunes of Sugar Hill this winter, of all sizes and sexes and ages.

Breakfast over, the itinerant rubbernecks couldn't help casting a glance over the famed Butternut. It is furnished in the traditional New England farmhouse style. The fireplace is on a less heroic scale than the one in the Barn. But then, there'll always be a fireplace wherever Bette lives.

"When Mother and I remodelled this place, they told us we couldn't have a fireplace in our main bedroom because the upper floor wouldn't stand the weight. I said I didn't care, I *had* to have a fireplace." There was a tinge of the imperiousness of Queen Bess in her tone. "So they suspended it from the ceiling. Isn't that fun?" The Queen vanished in a rippling giggle.

Outside, the mountain day was soft and gray, ideal for exploring. For one thing, we discovered that the third house we had seen the night before was occupied by the caretaker and his wife. Then as we started down over the rim of the hill, there in a clump of evergreen a simple slab of granite not more than a foot high held the eye. It read: "Tibby, My beloved, 1932–1946." Tibby, the sage little Scotty who, as Bette's inseparable companion, had been as famous in Hollywood as Falla was in Washington.

Bette caught me looking thoughtfully down at the inscription. "Tibby loved this place. I promised her she would be here." It was said with just that lift of the chin that Davis would give it. "She had a flair for the dramatic, you know. So I had her flown back here in a little brown velvet casket, covered with white gardenias. Great old girl!"

Again the chin was lifting. It did a better job than the voice, which suddenly ceased, then as suddenly picked up on a



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PHOTOPLAY

high note. "Sherry!" she called, "Let's show them the ski trail."

Whereupon Sherry took over the party as we slipped and slid down the thick carpet of maple and birch leaves that covered the hillside. Once down, the woodlands gave way to rolling fields and a pair of farm houses which Sherry pointed out as the subject for the first oil painting he will have done in New Hampshire. His taste for art started as a little boy. He was born in East Hampton, Long Island. In those days, he will tell you squarely, he did everything, from work in a grocery store after school hours to being a deck hand aboard fishing boats. And you can understand the latter when you note the powerful muscles of his neck and shoulders.

"I don't know how successful I'll be as an artist," Sherry said with his fine frankness. "I haven't done enough to tell."

What tells part of the story, however, are the medical sketches he did while on sea duty in the Atlantic as a pharmacist's mate. Working with the ship's surgeon, he sketched various stages of operations performed by the surgeon; a technique so revolutionary that it won considerable attention for them both from the American Medical Association Journal in an article reproducing the sketches. Of that he is rightly proud.

THE trouble with a toboggan is that you have to go up again. So now we started the three-quarter mile up-grade. And be it said for the Spartan quality of our little mother-to-be that we never gave her physical welfare a thought until Sherry threw a strong arm around his wife's waist and fairly boosted her up the trail. P. S. Characteristically, she arrived at the top in far better condition than the guests.

A round of cider to wet our whistles was a welcome refresher in front of the fire on the living room side of the great chimney on the lower floor. Then came a wonderful bull session for the girls while the men went off for target practice in the woods. Guns are one of Sherry's enthusiasms and as they left he was proudly bearing a German Luger, which Bobbie and Bette had unearthed in the nearby town of Littleton, a far cry from the battle lines of Hitler.

We led off with strictly female talk—about the coming baby.

"The baby's due in early May. I'm booked in at the Hanover Hospital April 28 and will move in with a pile of books and magazines—till ready," Bette grinned. And the grin softened to a smile that skipped over the intervening months of snow on the mountains to a day when the winds would be gentle and a new little voice would be added to the world.

In her plain little white wool sweater, her legs in slacks curled up under her on the deep divan and her hair falling loosely about her face much as you saw her in her last picture, "Deception," she looked far more like a New Hampshire girl than Hollywood's Oscar lady.

"You know," she said, suddenly looking up, "I've thought I'd like to write a book this winter while I'm here. Oh, a very short one." Her hand flicked out deprecatingly. "Everyone says, 'But what do people *do* in the country, isolated there for six whole months?' Well, for one thing, they have a lot of time to think. So I'd like to put down what people are really thinking about these days. . . ."

A fascinating project for the days when Sherry is painting, but particularly an item that publishers might take note of.

Suddenly Bette jumped up and went to the phone. "Time to make our weekly call to Ruthie," she called gaily and placed a long distance call to Palm Springs, Cali-



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fornia, where her mother, happily married to Robert Palmer for over a year, had just found a new home.

Reports being eminently satisfactory at both ends of the line, Bette sailed into preparations for five-o'clock dinner. This meant that we moved from the living room side of the chimney to the dining room side. Sherry took over the broiling of four steaks in the fireplace, while Bette devoted her genius to a tossed salad and Bobbie set the great round pine table with the raised Lazy Susan center that revolved to serve sugar, relishes, salt and pepper to whoever could pull the hardest. The idea was familiar but the size of it—out of this world!

After dinner we started to move back into the living room—i. e., the other side of the chimney—and the men actually completed the maneuver. But halfway there the ladies fell by the wayside. It was a perfectly innocent-looking table, to be sure, but on it was a huge jigsaw puzzle, the pieces spread out in disarray, just the moment when challenge rides high. To a woman, we fell upon it, intense, admonitory, taking bets we'd find the missing link, losing them, having a grand if utterly unproductive time.

And then the hour arrived for bed because we had to be on the road early the next morning.

"Don't worry, I'll get you up," was Bette's last word. And indeed she did. A last quick breakfast down at Butternut, then we said our goodbyes and climbed into the car. Far across the valley the sun was shedding majesty on the Presidential Range spearheaded by Mount Washington, highest of them all.

And at our running board stood Hollywood's star—a pair of gaudy blue corduroy slacks, a little too long, bright red plaid lumber jacket, much too big, and perched on the back of her head, a silly little Tyrolean cap with a beat-up feather which she'd bought at a carnival her first summer in New Hampshire. She looked like a kid dressed up for Halloween. Even the grin.

As the car moved reluctantly away, her voice called after us. "You're the last people from the outside we'll see until Spring!"

THE END

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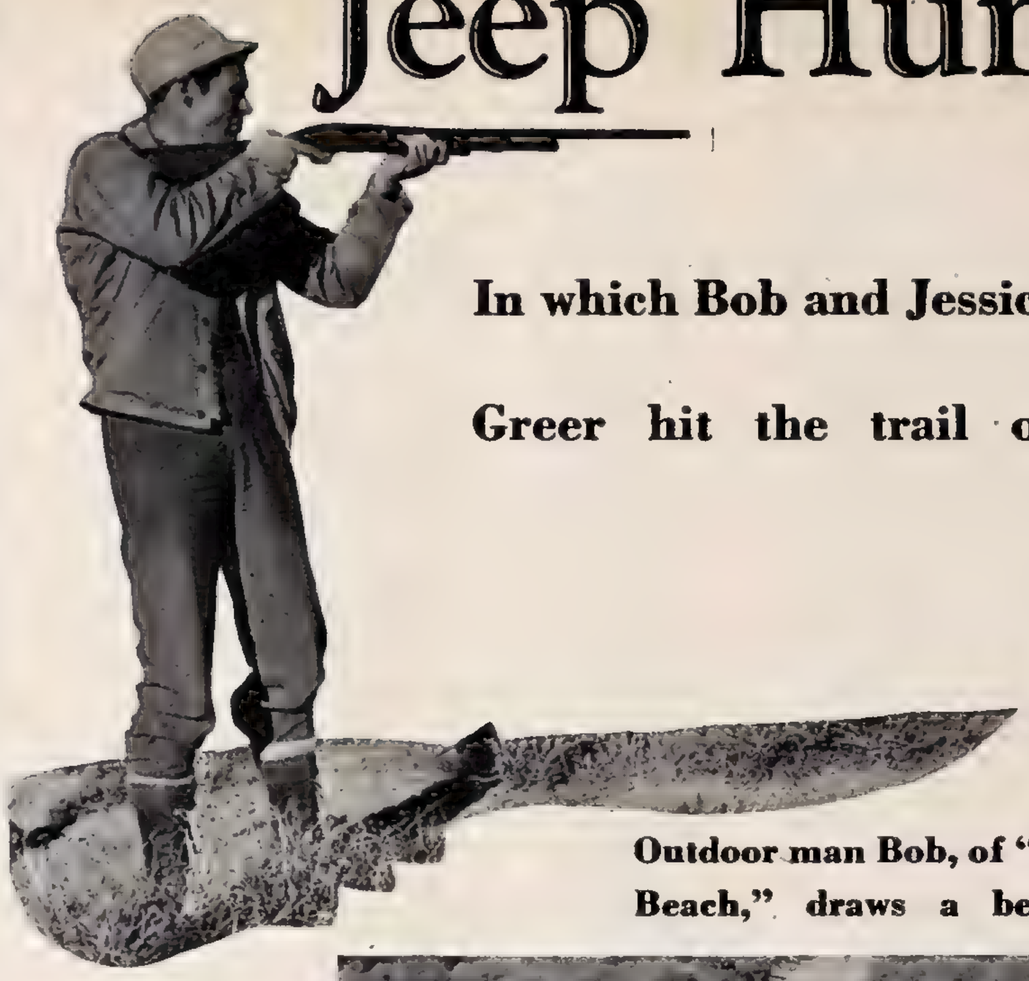
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Jeep Hunt



In which Bob and Jessica Ryan and Jane Greer hit the trail of Br'er Rabbit

Outdoor man Bob, of "Woman on the Beach," draws a bead on bunny



Jessica did the driving while Jane, of "They Wouldn't Believe Me," and Bob watched for the elusive prey. The day was cold and breezy and the jeep stalled



One sure shot and Bob bags a big one which he shows off to Jane and Jessica. He crowed about it—but too early, for half an hour later Jane and Jessica came back with a rabbit apiece—and it was back to town with a squelched Mr. Ryan



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The R. Lowenbaum Mfg. Co., *Creators of Minx Modes Junior Dresses*....Saint Louis

It's Your Say, Gentlemen

(*Continued from page* 63) dislikes fantastic hats. And says so, together with a couple of dozen other Hollywood men.

Speaking of hats, it seems to me high time the milliners began whipping up hats to woo the glamorous Hollywood women who rarely wear one as well as please the chic New York women who are almost never without one.

Clark, you also should know, is a great builder-upper of women. He never leaves a girl on a date and I'm sure he would be most attentive even if at a dinner party he found his dinner partner disappointing. Girls really are on a pedestal with him until they kick it out from under them by behaving badly—by pretending to be something they aren't, by table hopping (he never does himself), by being untidy (he's meticulous about his grooming), by gossiping (for, kind of heart, he will neither gossip nor listen to gossip) or by being bored or boring. He's completely within his rights on this last count too. For, traveled, well-read, schooled in all social sets from the simplest to the most elegant, he would find a girl who didn't know what he was talking about—because she had never had curiosity or interest enough to find out what went on outside of her own little sphere—very dull indeed. As he says, "If a woman doesn't know something beside herself she should subscribe to something."

I might add that once a girl kicks her pedestal out from under her, Clark's disappointment is pretty complete and—he's Pennsylvania Dutch, remember—he neither forgives nor forgets easily.

You don't have to be a great beauty or an heiress to please Clark Gable. You don't even have to share his avid interest in golf and hunting and sports generally. In fact, when an interest in these things isn't natural it's likely to destroy femininity—something Clark rates highly. A good healthy mind—that's the matrix from which a woman's beauty must spring for Clark. For, in his case, the old quote: "If she be not so to me, what care I how fair she be?" applies perfectly.

NOW for Jimmy Stewart, who's been going places—socially as well as professionally. For since coming home from war Jimmy's been to more parties than he ever went to before.

Jimmy, who couldn't wait to plunk a nickel in a juke box and hear "Waitin' for the Train to Come In," likes a girl who is "hep" about music; modern ballads and modern instrumentalists like the King Cole Trio and Vocalist Peggy Lee, especially.

He also likes a girl who is a good listener. He talks at length about incidentals, of showing the Fonda children how to fly a kite or putting a motor together. But he makes it all real and rich and always his humor has a dry sparkle.

A girl who was too demanding, who felt a date should be wrapped around her preferences exclusively, wouldn't go far with Jimmy. For he knows what he likes, too. Among other things, he likes the food at Chasen's and the fact that, known there, he never has to wait for a table. Night clubs are not on his agenda. But small gatherings at a friend's house where recordings are played and sandwiches are served and the talk is cozy and intimate he rates as fun. No petty gossip though. Like Clark—like most men, actually—gossip he cannot abide.

Jimmy also likes old friends as much as old friends like him. In Jimmy's group you'd find acceptance quickly enough if you took life in the same easy direct stride that they do and didn't push towards the

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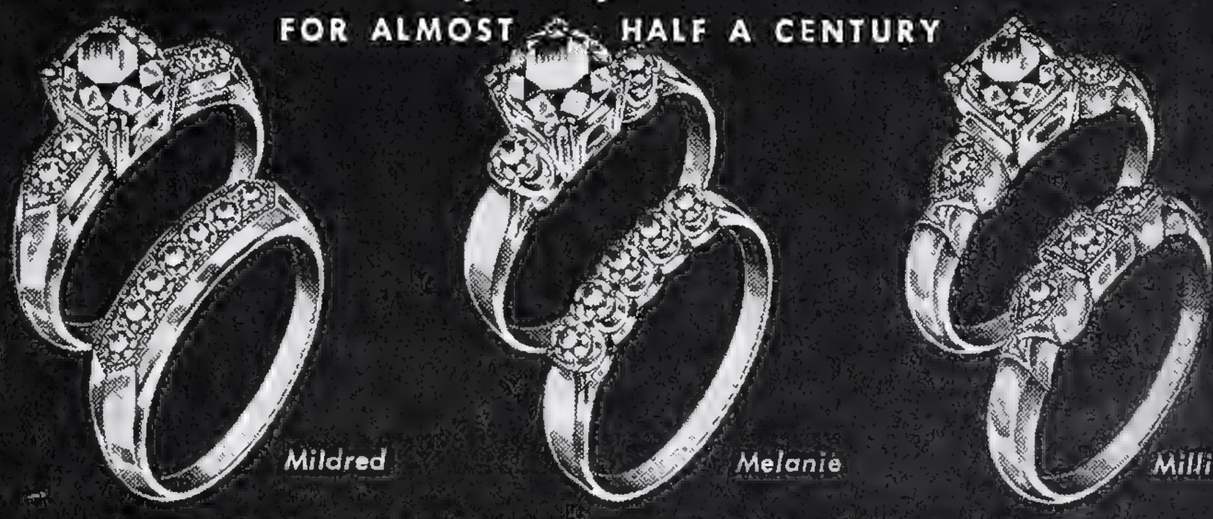
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intimate camaraderie they all enjoy but which, obviously, only time can bring.

Another thing about Jimmy, he rarely calls for a date before the last minute. It would, therefore, only be a girl as relaxed as he is who would understand.

Some girls who've gone out with Jimmy insist he doesn't know what a girl has on. Don't you believe it! His mind may seem to be a million miles away but he always knows exactly what you're wearing. Especially if it is simple and young—his favorite effect. He's convinced, incidentally, there never has and never will be a hair dress as charmingly diverting as the full, open, breezy bob.

Jimmy, for your information, wants to get married and have a large family. Children he adores. But he's as careful and deliberate as he is shy.

UNDERSTANDING, naturalness, alertness—these are the things that make a girl attractive to men these days. Not since way back in the practically prehistoric age of the flapper have the "frilled-up babes" rated first with men. For it isn't only Gable, in his forties, and Stewart, in his thirties, who find understanding and naturalness and being on the beam attractive. Guy Madison, in his early twenties, the youngest of all Hollywood's heroes, does too.

Guy thinks sophisticated looking and acting girls are a PAIN IN THE NECK. His tone of voice supplies those capitals. With Guy, you're the tops only when you're natural and sincere. Only when, among other things, you dress up when you dress up and are completely casual, even to your shoelaces, when you wear sport clothes. He won't go out with a girl who wears slacks and a fur coat or fussy shoes or hat with a tailored suit.

Guy has an aversion to large Hollywood parties and frequent visits to night clubs and for girls who "go" for this sort of thing. He likes a girl to talk while he's dancing with her.

But he doesn't like the current "hot-rod" talk. Neither does he like a loud, strident or a nasal voice. Or a girl who talks about other men in his presence. He likes things to be pleasant when he's on a date. Which seems fair enough.

Guy's girl must enjoy movies for he goes all the time. But she doesn't have to enjoy hunting or fishing even if they are his greatest thrills. He doesn't think the world of sports is a woman's world. His isn't any way! He wouldn't take a girl on a hunting or fishing trip for anything. She'd only be someone to look after.

So, you see, as Gable and Stewart go so goes Guy Madison. And, I suspect, quite a few million men more—including the men in your life. For Clark and Jimmy and Guy undoubtedly represent the current trend of masculine preferences.

So let's be smart. Let's keep our mind open. And stop dressing to impress other women, for the men have made it clear they know what they want, after all. A girl who looks right and acts right wherever she goes, who's a pleasant as well as an interesting partner. A girl who knows beauty isn't only skin deep.

THE END

Easter's

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To do that, you must add a little hint of color—a "tiny tint" of just the right *contrasting* shade to emphasize the natural color, as bluing, which is definitely blue, makes dingy grayish linen snowy white. The right Golden Glint rinse will bring out the full vivid beauty of your hair—*without changing its color.* Applied quickly—just as easily removed. Why not select the right rinse for your hair from the twelve shades Golden Glint offers and have truly beautiful hair today? 10c and 25c at variety and drug stores.

GOLDEN GLINT

I'm a Lucky Guy

(*Continued from page* 55) outside the hospital, and I was plenty nervous. Like any disabled man, the first place I headed for was a bar to give me a little false courage. At this bar I met up with a tough old sergeant. He took one look at me and said, "Gee whiz, son, you got trouble."

I said, "Yeah."

He said, "Can you still handle a drink?"

I said, "Yeah."

Then he said, relieved, "Oh, hell—then you're all right!"

That made me laugh. I felt suddenly better and I grabbed a drink in one hook and drank to his health. I've been feeling progressively better ever since.

Actually, it's because I can do almost everything with my hooks that I got the role of *Homer Parrish* in the picture "The Best Years of Our Lives." On the set, once the actors got used to me they forgot I didn't have hands. I remember one day Fredric March, Dana Andrews and I were waiting around for a shot. Fredric March was talking about men's wedding rings.

"I keep losing mine," he said. "Since I've been married I've had to buy three new ones because I can't keep them."

"Me too," I said, grinning.

March swung matter-of-factly to Dana. "See, Dana? He has the same trouble," he said. Then, "Hey, who do you think you're kidding, Harold? You don't belong in this conversation at all!"

This sort of thing happens all the time and every time it gives me a kick. But in the beginning, I never thought anything would give me a kick again.

I REMEMBER so clearly the day the accident happened. It was 2:30 in the afternoon on June 6, 1944; I was sitting on a keg of TNT in the embarkation point Camp McCall, North Carolina. I was a sergeant in the demolition squad of the 515th Parachute Troops and how excited I was because in a week we were going to shove off for Europe! By that time I'd been "pushed out" of a plane fifty-two times, with pounds of TNT strapped to my back; and in spite of what happened TNT is the safest thing to have around.

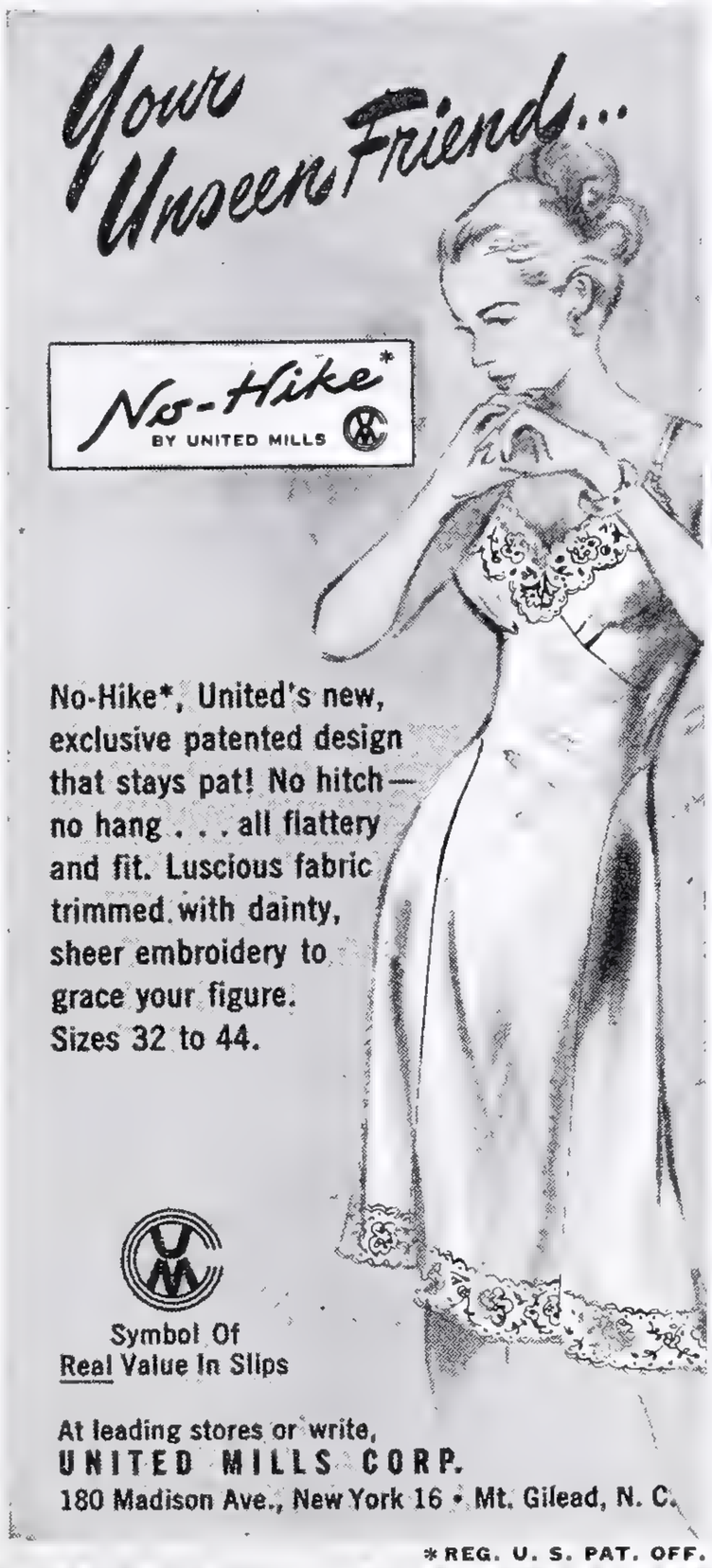
The irony of it is that I shouldn't have been on duty that day at all. I had taken over another sergeant's instruction class so he could take a three-day pass. Well, one minute I was sitting there on that keg of TNT (which luckily didn't go off), showing ten privates how to attach a fuse to a half-pound of TNT. The next minute there was a terrific explosion—thanks to a defective fuse. When I came to, both of my hands were gone.

Oddly enough, my wrist watch never stopped ticking and none of the other fellows was even scratched. It was just me. I lay in that hospital bed looking at the bandages at the ends of my wrists, and I thought about everything anyone would think—about my girl back home in Boston, Rita; and about my future life. My past life didn't promise any big money for the future, you see. My widowed mother had done nursing all her life to raise my two brothers and me. When I'd graduated from Rindge Technical School in 1933, I became a butcher for the First National Stores—the same meat department I'd delivered packages for all during school. I'd left the job right after Pearl Harbor and now of course I could never hold it again. Besides, there was Rita. . . .

I was pretty depressed for awhile. I still was when they transferred me to Walter Reed Hospital in Washington, D. C., where I was to learn how to use mechanical hooks in place of my hands.

But I hadn't been there long before my









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usual good spirits came back. You can't be sensitive in a hospital full of battered guys. They won't let you be. They had nicknames for everyone—a guy with one leg off was called "Limpy." With two legs gone he was "Shorty." If he had one arm gone he was "Paperhanger," and with both arms gone he was "Hooks."

I was the only "Hooks" around there—the only bilateral, as the doctors call it. I was there for three months. But it only took me half that time to learn how to use my new hooks, which operate by a leather shoulder apparatus and the use of certain muscles. The left hook is plain steel, but the right one is covered with rubber to give you a "grip" on things like doorknobs.

In six weeks I could do everything I can do now: Eat quickly and skilfully, dress myself, swim as well as ever, dial telephones, play Ping-pong, drive a car, smoke cigarettes—and shoot crap and play poker! There are just two things I can't do: Tie my own tie and play golf.

But no matter how cheerful I was around the hospital, it was different when it came time to go home on my first furlough. I began thinking of Rita and I got the jitters. I'd known her ever since the third grade at Cambridge Grammar School, just outside of Boston. On and off I'd seen her all my life, and I guess I was always in love with her. She has big brown eyes and brown hair, and even though she'd had a brief and unfortunate marriage at the start of the war, I'd never been able to get her out of my mind.

So I was pretty jumpy when my plane came down at the Boston Airport. From the window I could see her waiting there with her mother and my mother. Then suddenly my doctor's advice came to me. "Harold, you can do one of two things. You can become a drunkard on pension, or you can fight life. Take your choice."

I MADE my choice then. I waved a newspaper at her when I came down the plane steps and tried to smile—and for some reason it worked. She seemed to think that everything was going to be all right. Only one of them cried—Rita's mother; not my own, nor Rita herself. All during that leave Rita and I talked about how swell life could be for me just the same. Her baby son Jerry helped too—just by being natural. When I reported back to the hospital, we were engaged.

But I *still* lacked solid confidence. I found it unexpectedly back at the hospital. One afternoon my doctor brought an ex-Hollywood producer named Julian Blaustein in to meet me. He was then in the Army making training films. He talked to me for awhile, watching me carefully—and finally he made me the offer that was going to change my whole life as completely as the explosion had. He asked me to act in an Army film.

"Me?" I said, astounded. "But I never acted in my life. Not even in school. Besides, nobody ever called me good looking."

"Doesn't matter. I think you're what we call a natural," he said.

The picture was called "The Diary of a Sergeant," and it was a twenty-minute film based mostly on my own life. In it, I showed how I learned to use my hooks; then I went to Boston University to school, and meanwhile got up enough courage to propose to my girl. Most of it was shot in the Astoria studios near New York City—where I didn't have time to worry about myself. I was too busy meeting new people and trying to act in front of my first camera. By the time that movie was made so was my belief in myself.

But I had no idea what the movie would lead to ultimately. I never dreamed that 3,000 miles away in Hollywood producer Sam Goldwyn would see that little

Army picture and decide to have a part written in for me to act in "The Best Years of Our Lives." And if anyone had told me I'd be acting scenes with Fredric March, Myrna Loy, Dana Andrews, Teresa Wright, Virginia Mayo and Cathy O'Donnell, I'd have laughed in their faces.

Yet it all came true.

When I was told, I went crazy with excitement. I called Rita. Now we could be married! That is, after I'd collected my paycheck!

And that's just what happened. I flew to Hollywood, where Sam Goldwyn gave me a little apartment near the studio and told me I could use his limousine and chauffeur whenever I wanted to. I was scared to death of acting—but only until I met director William Wyler. Then I wasn't afraid any more. He talked so convincingly and quietly to me that I was sure I could do whatever he wanted. From then on, acting was almost easy. The only thing I couldn't do was cry in front of the camera. But Mr. Wyler fixed that by blowing something into my eyes that made tears run down my cheeks.

I WAS in Hollywood exactly one month to the day when Rita and I were married. She'd come out a few days earlier. The morning of our wedding the studio make-up department did her hair and face for her. We were married in Judge McKay's office in Los Angeles, and Virginia Mayo and Steve Cochran stood up with us. I remember the whole thing clearly: It was February 27, 1946, and Rita wore a light blue suit and I was so excited I forgot to pay the judge or buy any flowers!

The ceremony was at noon sharp. After it we all went to the Beverly Hills Club to a wedding breakfast given us by Mr. Goldwyn. We hadn't been back in our apartment fifteen minutes before a messenger arrived with a big box of flowers from Mr. Wyler—a good start for the seven months we stayed in Hollywood making the picture. What a time we had! Everyone was wonderful to us. And since we've been back in Boston lots of our Hollywood friends have turned up in plays or personal appearance tours. Recently in Boston, we've had dinner with Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, Danny Kaye, and many others.

Because of the housing shortage, Rita and I are staying with her parents in Cambridge while I study advertising at

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P

Boston University—a mass of Russells, since her mother and father are named Russell too. It's a five-room apartment and things are crowded, but none of us mind. Rita's invalid father has one bedroom, and her son Jerry and her mother have the other. Rita and I converted the dining room into our bedroom. We fixed it up with our new maple bedroom set and a new coat of cream and peach paint on the walls—painted by both of us.

In this apartment we have a really good life. Every Saturday we have our friends over to a big poker party—I'm a demon player, even though I've never won yet! Once a month on our wedding anniversary we go out to a big feed at some restaurant. At home we eat far too well for my figure—since we married I've gained eighteen pounds on Rita's steak and mushrooms, French fried potatoes and strawberry shortcake. With either of us driving our Oldsmobile, we cover all the movies, hockey games and plays in Boston. When I'm home I like to read every newspaper in town and listen to radio mysteries.

AND right here I'd like to give some advice to future stepfathers: if you really want to make a hit with your new stepson, wear hooks! Four-year-old Jerry is fascinated by them. He brings his friends in to see them and then orders me proudly to pinch his nose with my hooks! Sometimes his love for them is a little inconvenient, I'll admit—his favorite game is to hide them in the morning before I wake up. But this is all right with me; because whatever Jerry does, he's natural.

However, so are most grown-ups once they're used to me. For every waiter who carefully does *not* bring me a finger bowl, there's a friend who acts as if I had all ten fingers. A friend of Rita's was over the other night. She borrowed some of Rita's hand lotion, and was raving about how good it was. So I said, "Pass me the hand lotion, Florence—I think I'll try it." She said, "Sure," and gave it to me . . . and then hit herself on the forehead with mock horror and said, "What's got into me? Have I lost my mind?"

Rita says I have only one bad fault—I want to buy everything I see in the stores for both of us. I frankly love clothes, everything but hats; I don't wear them because if they blow off they're too hard to retrieve. And I love buying her jewelry. Right now, too, I'm pretty excited about a new group that just started in Boston, the Amputees Club. I wish one like it would start in every city. It's really fun to go to the meetings and get to know all the doctors, lawyers and professional men. Only one other guy and myself were enlisted men during the war, which gives you a faint idea!

Most people want to know what I'm going to do from now on, since my acting life would necessarily be limited. There's a chance I may do one or two more pictures. Then Mr. Goldwyn is helping me decide. When I complete my course at Boston University next summer, I have a job waiting for me in Mr. Goldwyn's business office in New York, doing publicity work.

And I have Rita and Jerry and all our friends. Not a bad future is it? Do you wonder I say—I'm a lucky guy?

THE END

Home Sweet Home
is JOHN LUND'S favorite melody
since he and Marie
found a home of their own.
You can visit them there when
you're John Lund's house guest
in APRIL PHOTOPLAY

Sunshine In Her Hands

(*Continued from page* 43) the brain sends its messages which run along those nerve fibers like the taps on telegraph wires. Furthermore, in each finger tip are the "Paccini" corpuscles which not only transmit sensations of touch but also act as little brains in themselves. This continual exchange of activity from hand to brain and brain to hand affects the mounts of the hand and creates a living map of character and destiny just as rivers cutting their way through a landscape determine its hills and valleys.

All that we are is the result of what we have felt and thought. This is the unceasing process of moulding character and personality. The hand is the living diary on which those thoughts and feelings are written down.

June had an air of attentive seriousness as she listened, which confirmed the story her hand was telling me of her inner life. Here was the real June, the secret soul whose courage and determination account for her enviable success.

There is nothing superficial about the lovable radiance of her personality. She is not the gay little girl, just dancing through life, but she has attained her radiance by suffering and self-mastery. The audiences respond to it because they feel in it a sympathy and understanding. Few people saw her in "Her Highness and the Bellboy" without being moved to tears.

In a way June Allyson was acting her own story.

LOOKING at the beginning of her fate and life lines I saw her poignantly unhappy childhood. There was the poverty, the lack of security.

Because June is ambidextrous we have to take both hands equally into consideration. As I searched for these important influences in June's formative life period I saw that one of her parents was driven by restlessness, lack of self control, impulsiveness and irresponsibility—lack of all those qualities which add up to that stability which makes a person competent to rear a happy child. From the other parent however came the deep straight headline with its common sense and driving power, the inherited quality which has done so much for June.

An emotionally unstable and insecure childhood is a terrible handicap to overcome. It creates fear. Fear about practically everything. June has not yet rid herself of these fears. She worries about almost everything.

She was reticent about her parents. But she confirmed the story of a broken home seen in the islanded Saturn line under the third finger and in the lines breaking through it in her early childhood. It was then that destiny relented and she went to live with her grandmother, a woman of maternal kindness and stability who gave her love and care.

The grandmother's love and understanding contributed a philosophical attitude to life which has left its impression on her. She reached the timid child's heart and created a brief and very happy period in her life.

A happiness short-lived, for true to the splitting of her fate line, June suffered a terrible accident when she was only nine years old.

"Look June," I told her, "Here is an island in your life line from the ninth to fourteenth year. It tells of pain, heartbreak and fear—all that is connected with an accident."

June marvelled at the accuracy of the lines in her hand. "That was when I was riding my bicycle to school! I rode head



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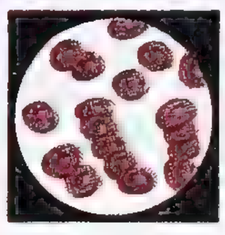
So, if your color is fading—your energy failing—due to this blood deficiency, take Ironized Yeast Tablets. They are formulated to help build up faded red blood cells—thus to help restore vigor and good looks. Continuing tiredness and pallor may come from other conditions—so consult your doctor regularly. But in a Borderline Anemia, take Ironized Yeast Tablets to help build up your blood. Take them to start your energy shifting back into "high"—to help restore the natural color to your cheeks! Take them so you can enjoy life again!

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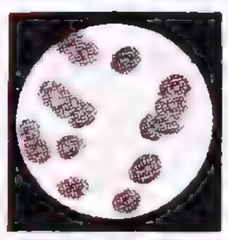
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on into a fallen tree!" she exclaimed.

When she regained consciousness she was in a hospital with a spinal injury and an arm and leg broken. She was in a cast for months and after that was not able to walk perfectly for five tedious years. This was a time of deep frustration and young loneliness—of being isolated from the activities and pleasures of other children of her age. Her doctor was of the opinion that she might never walk again. Yet she yearned to dance, to run, to skate, to swim. This ordeal would have broken the spirit of any less courageous girl.

Seeing this before me it was possible to understand the tremendous pathos behind the sunny radiance of her present personality. Also the hidden ruggedness under the sparkling feminine charm.

Conquering pain, fatigue, discouragement and all manner of physical obstacles she responded to her physician's encouragement to try to swim. She succeeded. He advised her to try to dance. She did—and succeeded to a remarkable degree.

Where did she get the courage to put up such a successful fight? Her upper Mars, a mount at the outer edge of the hand is exceptionally well developed. It denoted that June is possessed of a courage and perseverance that does not give up. She does not yield to defeat. It is this quality that gives both patience and fortitude to endure pain and discouragement.

Where the headline (the second horizontal line running through the palm) tends to be practical in her right or personality hand, it is imaginative and idealistic in the left hand—a splendid combination for her acting career.

From her heart line—the first horizontal line—we get a warning. She will never be robust. She must always guard her health, never be overworked. Her career will depend on her conserving her strength for it in a quiet, healthy life.

JUNE has the gift of agelessness which is typical of women of enthusiasm, vitality and charm. She will be just as fascinating at fifty as she is today. Her zeal for life will keep her young. I predict that she will hold and consolidate the position she has won, for besides her artistic gifts she has the stability which many stars lack—the quality which will keep her a ranking actress for many years.

Back in Hollywood, June is busy on her new picture—"Cabbages and Kings." It is the modern "Alice in Wonderland" and so is June. Even more akin to her personal story, however, is the old classic of "The Ugly Duckling," that endearing fable of the triumph over a bad start.

Her smooth fingers reveal that she is emotional and impulsive, but her long Saturn (second) finger keeps her emotions well under control. Her Apollo (third) finger with its spatulate finger tip and its mount explains her radiant charm. In June it manifests as an inner joy, a spiritual vitality that like a sunlit fountain bubbles over into ardent enthusiasm. This charm casts a spell on people. It is a great factor in her success. And because it rises from a wellspring deep in her soul, it is a quality she will never lose.

She was irresistible and delightful, even more appealing in human contact than she is on the screen. I was touched when I was saying goodbye to her and she asked me quite seriously, "Do you think I am a good girl?"

Before I could reply, her husband, Dick Powell, said with kindling eyes, "She is wonderful. She is the finest girl in Hollywood!"

I held her hand again. "You are indeed," I said. "The proof is here."

Born to suffer and succeed, she deserves her happiness.

THE END

Keenan Tells His Story

(*Continued from page* 35) Broadway for three years.

"Evie answered, 'I'll tell you who I am. I've been on Broadway with Katharine Cornell, and I've been with fine actors and in great plays and have learned a great deal too!'

"From this a double thing occurred and I not only fell in love with a beautiful gal with a sensational figure, but a girl who also piqued my interest. Through Evie I became interested in the theater for the first time. I improved my diction which at the time was garbled and awh-fully Long Island. I actually sounded like my butler. Evie made me go from producer to producer, which I had never done, looking for just the right part. I ended up working for the more tasteful theatrical producers such as Guthrie McClintic.

"From this mutual interest in the theater, a big thing got started. Evie had been going with Tyrone Power for two and a half years, but he had gone to Hollywood. She was unattached and so was I. It just happened. After that Evie forsook her own career which she never should have done for she was a darn good comedienne. She made me her career. She came to all my rehearsals and between the two of us, I got somewhere. Believe me, Evie straightened me out.

"BUT after awhile, we realized that my career was our only mutual interest. We had no personal interests together. I love motorcycles, building cars, speedboats, and I hated the things Evie loved . . . healthy things like golf, tennis, even a home. I take absolutely no interest in a home. I don't notice new lamps or drapes and I don't care about them.

"As time went on, due to Evie's teachings, I could handle my own career, so her interest in the thing that had brought us together diminished. There just wasn't enough left to hold her interest. When I went to Hollywood, due to the physical set-up of the town and the industry, I had to learn about making pictures by myself. Evie couldn't see my work until the finished product, so the division became even wider. My spare time was spent with my motorcycle club or building my cars, and despite our love for each other, with a life like that the interest must pall sooner or later.

"Because of my lack of interest in the things Evie loved, I was placing her in the position of looking for people who liked these things. So, into the picture came our great, mutual friend, Van. I had known Van since 1937 and he took my place in all the things I hated to do and Evie loved. It's too bad that what was a constant companionship and no more, was misconstrued because they were together so much. Theirs was a truly platonic friendship, corny as it sounds. People all over have misunderstood and said to me with a pat on the back, 'Poor Keenan.' It wasn't 'Poor Keenan' at all. I am selfish and I was doing exactly what I wanted to do.

"You know, our separation was not sudden. It goes back as far as January of 1945 when I applied to get into the Navy. We had agreed that when I got into the service, we would separate. On my day of entrance I was in a motorcycle accident and in a coma for eleven days. The results were a lot more serious than most people knew, so Evie wouldn't leave me. After I got out of the hospital, due to the head injury, I was warned not to drink. I ignored it and had unfortunate results—she stayed to take care of me. I finally went to church and took the pledge and I haven't had a drink for eleven months. I don't think I'll ever have another, but Evie

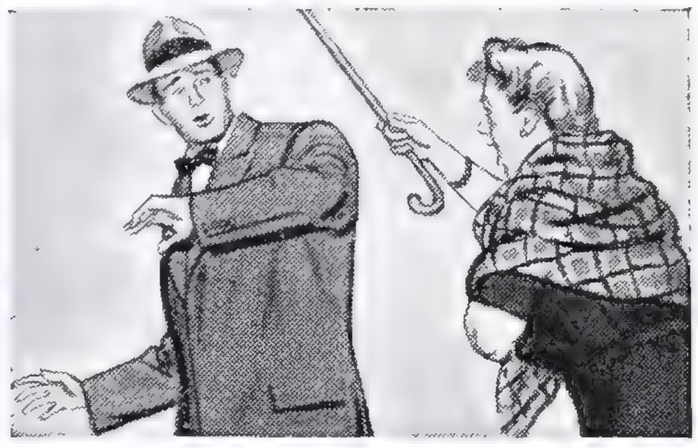
I never should have said...

"What kind of Kleenex do you want?"





NOW I've heard everything! jeered the little woman. Maybe you think *all* tissues are Kleenex*, but my *skin* says different! If *you* had a faceful of makeup you'd insist on a *soft* tissue—and you'd *know* there's no other kind of Kleenex!



Clowning again snorted Sue's mother. And with me sneezing cold germs all over. Young man, to hear you talk a body'd think Kleenex was just like *any* tissue. Well, my *nose* knows there's *only one* Kleenex. You'll learn!



It's a greenhorn you are about tissues, sir! smiled our Nora. What other tissues comes poppin' up so handy-like—one at a time? *None but Kleenex!* 'Tis by that Kleenex box you'd be knowin' there's only *one* Kleenex. But whish-h-t! There's still another way . . .

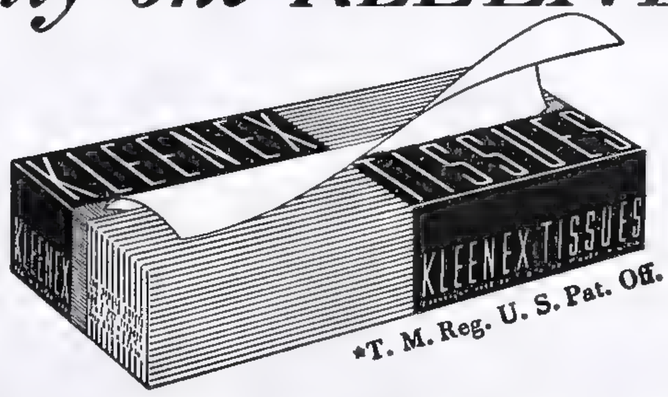


Your eyes tell you! Hold a Kleenex Tissue up to a light. See any lumps, or weak spots? Divil a bit! You see Kleenex *quality* smilin' through—so you're sure Kleenex *must* be *heavenly soft*. And *husky!* Faith, your own eyes tell you there's no tissue just like Kleenex!

Now I know better...

There is only one KLEENEX





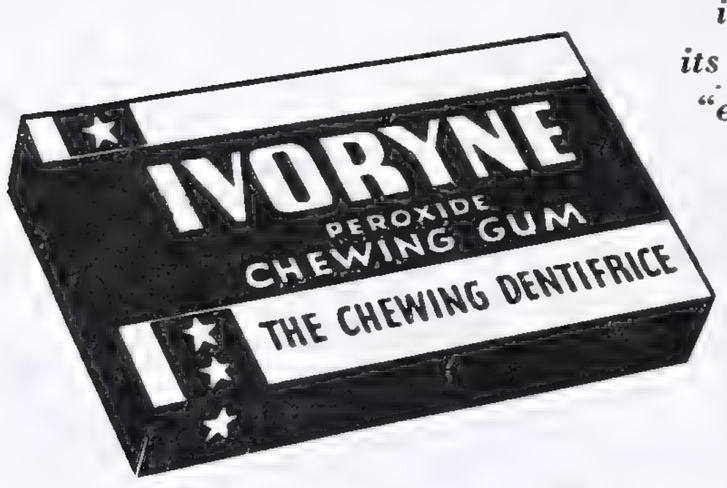
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IVORYNE

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wouldn't leave while I was having such ups and downs. Finally I went down to Laguna to help run the little theater and then I was really all right.

"At that time Evie and I had another talk and decided that from here on in we'd do what we had planned. For me to say I will change my ways is a ridiculous assumption. If I tried to be someone else, I'd be neurotic. For Evie to say that she doesn't mind if I stay as I am is also silly. If we find that we can have our own personal interests, but that we can't stay apart, we will stay as we are. We aren't mad at each other. So far as the children are concerned, it won't be a matter of one parent insulting the other. I think that children who have to live in a house where there's bickering and nagging turn out with more complexes than children who live with their mother and see their father frequently.

"After all, if we separate, why shouldn't we see each other? Our lives have changed completely. We are not the same people we were and it would be a dull existence if we were. We have filed all our papers for divorce and Evie will go away and go through with it, for nothing can be solved by talk. I am not a person who should be married and I have no intention of getting married again because I love that masculine freedom. Evie will then be in a position to go out with whomever she wants without shocking people.

"NO, I'LL never marry again except to remarry Evie in the event she finds that with all my faults, I am still okay. For me to place her in the position of saying 'Take me as I am,' is a tough thing to ask of a girl you want to be happy.

"As a husband I am cold, not in the way it sounds, but as far as affection or demonstrations of marital affection are concerned. Evie is the only woman I want to be with but I cannot make constant protestations of my love to my wife.

"Hollywood didn't cause this in our home. After all, I've been used to great theater people all my life. I have seen schools closed when my father visited a town and yet today no one knows him as he walks down the street. So it hasn't been a situation where we were overwhelmed or impressed by stardom and the adulation that comes with it. I know that today no one swoons over Dad, and since I may never be as great as he was, I have no false ideas of lasting fame that would mislead me in making personal decisions.

"You see, my love for a woman is the passive type, and it's more important to me that Evie be happy than for me to be content. I will miss a home and the things I have no right to miss because I don't do anything about them.

"Van has sought us for companionship and friendship, and has gotten both. He is a wonderful friend to both of us and always will be. He or Hollywood had nothing to do with our decision to part. We are just two intelligent people who know what's best for us and this is it, we think. What will happen, seven, two or three months from now no one knows and anyone who tries to foresee it is a fool.

"Naturally, when Evie is free to marry I would want to know the man she has picked. First of all, the guy is going to marry my best girl, and secondly, my children will be around him. Of course, there is nothing I can really do about it but Evie does respect my judgment.

"While I do not think it is an eventuality that Evie will marry Van, I can't think of anyone with whom I would rather have my kids than Van. They like him. He's wonderful to them and a more considerate guy towards Evie I can't think of. And that's the story."

THE END

Enter Marcus

(*Continued from page* 36) all her business associates from her attorney to her dramatic coach and secretary and that her groom was "taking over" in all departments.

Still another "inside" paper ran an item: "Olivia de Havilland and Marc Goodrich (what's *he* trying to prove?) dining at La Rue last night."

Obviously, the innuendos were flying that Goodrich was stepping feet first into the management of his wife's career with a heavy inference that she was being much too docile where the older man, who is her husband, is concerned.

I called Livvy immediately and found her upset. In fact, she had her fightin' bloomers on.

"I am completely puzzled how facts can be distorted in this way," she told me. "Louella, the truth is very simple and here it is: I discharged my agents because I felt I could improve my representation elsewhere. Certainly an actress has this privilege. And at the same time I relinquished the services of my attorneys because they also represent that agency and I felt they could not sincerely continue to act in my interests under these circumstances.

"As to having fired my dramatic coach and secretary—that is a lot of nonsense because I never had a coach and I still have the secretary who has been with me for years. Marc has not, and does not want to take over 'on all counts.'" And she added like the proud frau she is, "He's much too busy writing a new novel to be bothered!"

Well, there are both sides of the stories that had all Hollywood buzzing—and as usual, I'm a gal with her own opinion. In a way, I think I can understand how all this fuss, muss and bother got started.

I sincerely believe that Olivia has gone into her marriage with Marcus Aurelius Goodrich just the way she does everything else—with all her heart and soul. Every sentence she utters, every thought she has, begins and ends with her bridegroom and the best debater in the world couldn't argue with me that he does not now completely dominate her life. She is utterly, completely devoted to him and moreover she doesn't give a Tinkers-you-know-what who knows of her all-absorbing love.

I won't say this is the only time the beautiful Livvy has been in love. I have known her for many years and I have seen her "head over heels" first about Jimmy Stewart, then John Huston, and then over Major Joe McKeon. But the important difference is—this is her *first* marriage. In Hollywood, where glamour and romance make frequent trips to the altar, it's unusual for a girl to reach thirty years and never have been married once.

NOW that it has happened—Livvy is up to her heart in being a wife!

"Why did you wait so long to marry?" I asked her the day they came to my home. Marc was with her—but at the time I put out this pertinent question, he was out of the room inspecting the remodeling work I'm having done on the house.

Livvy's beautiful, dark eyes glowed with pleasure at getting on this subject. Heavens above, how she loves to talk about her man! The light from the fireplace played on her face as she sat opposite me, but the real glow came from her heart.

"I never really *wanted* to marry until I met Marcus," she answered. "I expected to be an old maid like Eleanora Duse, Ellen Terry, Maude Adams, my actress idols.

"Oh, I know what you're thinking—so I'll beat you to it. It's true I was in love with Jimmy Stewart—crazy about him. But, believe me, we were more like a matured high school romance. We had fun. We had dates. We went to parties, to the movies and held hands and we loved to dance. But, never at any time was there any thought or any talk of marriage between us.

"With John Huston—well, I probably would have married *him* if he had been free when we first fell in love. John was separated from his wife but not divorced. But the years dragged on and we changed as everyone does and finally when he was free to marry, I no longer wanted to be his wife. We had grown apart.

"Joe McKeon was too young. He needed mothering and was so like a little boy I would have to have been the head of the family. I don't like being the boss—it's much more wonderful being bossed."

"Enter *Marc!*" I laughed.

"Enter Marcus," she echoed with a chuckle. "Remember, he is eighteen years older than I am. He has had a tremendously successful career of his own as a writer. He has ideas and opinions not formed in Hollywood and he will never let me rule the roost.

"After all, a man *should* be the boss. I am old-fashioned enough to believe that. However, it wasn't I who wanted the word 'obey' in our marriage ceremony. It was Marcus who insisted that we include the time honored promise to love, honor and obey. What *I* insisted on was that he wear *his* wedding ring so that all the women

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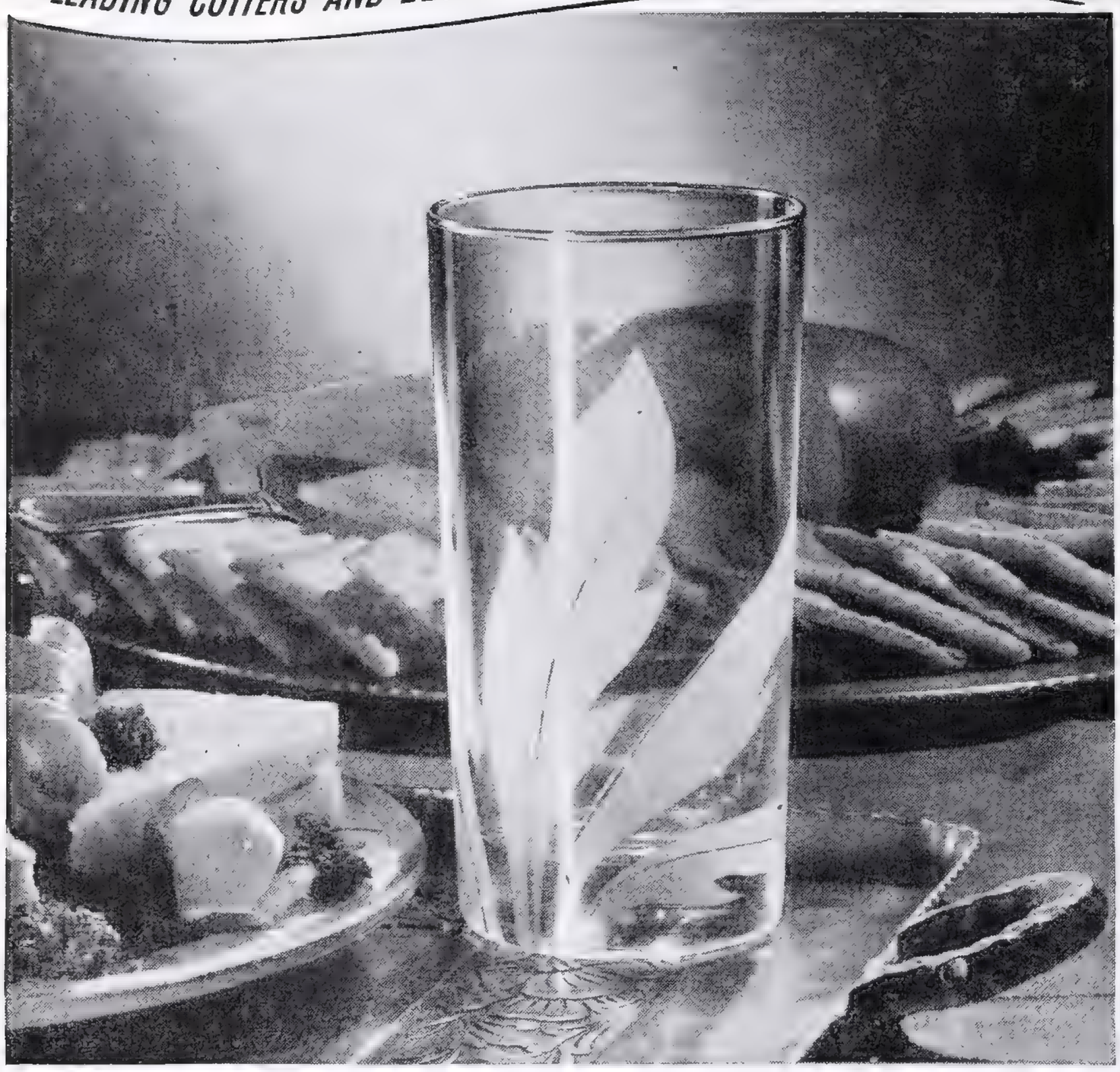
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would know that he is *reserved!*"

"Livvy," I said, "when you were our leading bachelor girl, you were the most completely independent person I have ever known. How can you change so quickly?"

She hesitated a moment before she said, "Does any woman *really* want to be independent? Perhaps it is an armor we wear and a shield we hide behind not to be hurt. Independence is a wonderful thing—until a woman discovers she doesn't need it any more."

Just about this point, Goodrich walked back into the room and I thought it was about time to suggest cocktails or coffee.

"But I've given up cocktails, liquor, cigarettes and coffee," said Livvy, "since I married Marcus."

"Here, now," he laughed, "don't accuse me of making you give up coffee. That was your own idea!"

Well, blow me down, thought I to myself!

AS we settled for tea, and I ordered it, I took a look at this man who has so completely won Olivia's heart. He has great charm, you can believe that—particularly, great charm for women. He has dignity and poise and when he talks it is well worth while to listen to him. He is the kind of man women want to impress and he looks considerably younger than those forty-eight years he confesses to.

Certainly he is not the type of man to be impressed with a movie star just because she is a movie star. He has always been associated with the theater and, at one time, managed the Barrymores. His book "Delilah" was that rare combination —a very fine piece of writing and a best seller. His friends are of that circle in the East not overly impressed with Hollywood.

If he has given the impression of running Olivia's life since she married him, I honestly believe it is because he thinks her career can be even finer and more important than she has made it. He has great respect for her talent as an actress —an actress of very fine roles as well as those that click at the box office. It is no secret—not anymore—that he reads all scripts submitted to her and she will not make a picture he doesn't think is right for her.

Perhaps, that is not the popular Hollywood way of doing things. But Goodrich is not likely to be impressed by Hollywood rules. "I never expected to come back to Hollywood," he told me. "I had been here *once*.

"But here I am, with Olivia, and liking it—although we won't spend all our time out here. When she is free, we will live in the East."

Livvy nodded. "Right now, we can't find a house—so we are living in my small apartment. Believe it or not, we like being crowded and being so close together." Then, slipping her fingers through her husband's, she said in that deeply thrilling voice that has charmed so many fans for years, "Above everything else, I want my marriage to last.

"A little while ago you asked me why I had waited so long to marry. I think the real reason is that I loathe and dread the idea of divorce. You see, my mother was very unhappy when she separated from my father. Then, my sister, Joan, and Brian Aherne parted—and there was more hurt and unhappiness.

"I want this to be forever and forever—and if I seem to be a wife before I'm an actress these days—it is because being a wife is far more important in my heart."

Well, there you have it.

And, perhaps, somewhere in her words Hollywood will find the key to her actions, her thoughts and her conduct these days.

THE END

More Than Ever . . .

(*Continued from page* 46) are more deceiving here. You see the beginning of a new romance at a party, perhaps, and you think how well suited the man and woman are to each other. You see them again, at a smaller party in a close-up view, and you begin to sense that one of them *wants* something from the other. . . .

"Hollywood women, especially, seem to be prey to men who want something—glamour, or publicity, or professional advancement. The more I see of it, the more grateful I am for the windfall I seem to have gotten."

The "windfall" is a sizable one, standing six feet four in his socks. Curly-haired ex-Sergeant Ben Gage is one of radio's rarities, an announcer-singer-actor whose career, interrupted by Army service but now zooming, is as thrilling to his wife as her own. You hear him announcing and singing on the Canada Dry and the Meredith Willson shows, also as the "love interest" in the Joan Davis fun-fest.

"It's nice having him in the entertainment world, so that each of us can understand what the other is talking about. But we're glad to be in different branches of it."

MEANTIME, as the greatest insurance for this healthy arrangement, the Gages stick close to all those things they might be doing if they were actually "just a couple of happy characters who'd met in Altoona." Call on them almost any time and you'll find them up to their necks in wallpaper, paint, or maybe grass-seed. If they're not "ad-libbing" a barbecue party for a few close friends, that is, or maybe swimming in their home-built pool.

The site of all this energetic homemaking is a redwood English cottage perched in the Pacific Palisades, with a hot-and-cold running ocean out back and a built-in mountain view. Three years ago Esther sighted it, bought it, and told her friends, "I could be happy living here the rest of my life."

She should have added—and working on it the rest of her life, for Esther keeps adding and changing things to get the effect she wants, such as pushing out the upstairs wall—which she actually shoved right out onto the sleeping porch—to accommodate a nursery. The nursery that was started a while ago and temporarily abandoned when her baby was stillborn at six months. "We're going ahead and finish the room—even though we have nothing but our hopes to fill it for a while—"

The only shadow you've ever seen dim that inner shine passes across her face, but she doesn't mind discussing her loss. "I don't mind talking about it—" she says. "So many people have asked me if the fact that I kept on working for five months had anything to do with losing my baby. In fact, the first thing I asked the doctor when I came out of the anesthesia was, 'Tell me the truth—was it *my* fault?' If he'd said 'Yes' I would never have forgiven myself—but he assured me it wasn't!

"I keep thinking of the thousands of women all over the country who may have heard what happened to me, and were scared to death because they have to keep working. Actually, whatever happened to my baby occurred suddenly, almost a month after I had finished my picture and was resting. Examinations had showed that everything was fine up until then. If a girl does whatever she is used to she is really better off than if she takes to bed.

"I had some very bad moments during the first days at the hospital, feeling sorry for myself and being unable to accept any philosophy about the thing. Then the doctor told me about the girl in the next

"Certainly, RC tastes best!"

says

JOAN BENNETT

See Joan Bennett in
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room who'd lost her baby and couldn't ever have any more. And after I got back to Hollywood I went to see a friend of mine whose eight-months baby was killed in a smash-up. 'You think *you've* got trouble—' I told myself, 'You've still got Ben and you're more in love with him than ever—and you've still got a chance to have a fine, wonderful family. The only trouble with you is that you're the luckiest girl in the world!' "

Included in her "luckiest girl in the world" theory is the "windfall" idea of hers. "Wonderful things come to me in windfalls," she says. Ben is the greatest, of course.

The ability to buy each other things, plus other investments they are making, is included in the "windfall" classification Esther elaborates:

"There are all kinds of veterans of course. Among them are the kids who'd never worked, or at least had never had an interesting job and didn't mind leaving it. For them the Army was exciting—travel and food and pay thrown in. They're at loose ends now, with no vocation to take its place, trying to find themselves and their life work.

"THEN there are the fellows who left good jobs and looked forward to coming back to them. Ben was one of these—he served four years, left his job at twenty-seven, but with a number of signed future contracts in his uniform pocket. When he came back at thirty-one, well, you'd be surprised at the number of people who let him down—but flat. With no announcing spots open, he had a choice of fighting for his GI Bill of Rights, or going back to his singing. It took courage because he was unknown as a singer here, but fortunately, Meredith Willson gave him a chance—and of course he made good.

"I hope to stay in pictures for quite a while, but like most wives I see Ben's career as my real future. I know how lucky we are, because there are thousands of kids who came back, after giving up those important years, who are still wondering how to get started, still looking for that friend who'll give them a chance."

A talent for thinking and feeling are obviously included among Esther's many other accomplishments.

Some day, the Gages would like to take a long trip just by themselves. "But right now, Metro seems to be taking care of my traveling," says Esther. For "Fiesta" she spent several months in Mexico and "This Time for Keeps" took her to Mackinac Island, Michigan. Her next, "Two on an Island," has intriguing possibilities because the studio is searching for an especially exotic isle.

Meantime, the Girl With The Perfect Profile All Over is concentrating her extra-special charm on that part of the civic service of Los Angeles which has to do with the laying of pipe-lines and sewers!

"Wouldn't you just know that as soon as we got our lawn to growing and our garden going, they'd want to tear up the whole place and run a county line right across our back yard! We had two lawns that died out—until we deliberately had a gardener plant devil grass—which is, at last, growing like devil grass—and just beginning to look decent.

"Of course, the surveyors guaranteed us, 'We promise to put everything back, just like it was.' Just the same, I'm out there every morning, anxiously watching to be sure they don't hurt my rose bushes or my azaleas or any of the other flowers we have put out. So much love goes into a garden—how can they put all that back?"

So much love and so much living—so much spunk and laughter—that's Metro's swim-queen!

THE END



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Shadow Stage

(*Continued from page* 12) awhile, but not before turning down her war veteran-sweetheart, John Craven.

The one redeeming quality of this "swell guy" is his genuine affection for his young nephew, Donald Devlin, who worships him, their relationship changing the course of several lives. A satisfactory supporting cast has William Gargan playing a gullible brother, Ruth Warrick as a romantic sister-in-law and John Litel as Ann's lenient father.

Your Reviewer Says: Virtue triumphs over vice.

✓ Cross My Heart (Paramount)

FRESH out of farces, Paramount dusted off an oldie, "True Confession," starring Carole Lombard back in 1937, rechristened it "Cross My Heart," and picked that female firecracker Betty Hutton and that blond brute Sonny Tufts to play the leads.

Betty is a deliriously dizzy dame who doesn't bother with little white lies, preferring great big whoppers every time. She adores, and is adored by, Tufts, a struggling lawyer for whom she tries to drum up clients. But things don't work out according to plan and Attorney Tufts has to talk fast and furiously to extricate his bouncing bundle of TNT from the preposterous situation she's created.

It's slapsticky most of the time with Michael Chekhov, as a wacky Russian actor, adding to the whoop-de-do. To believe any part of it, you'll have to swallow a whole sackful of salt but the chances are you'll enjoy watching Betty Hutton's clowning and her lively rendition of several songs. There's a gal who earns her laughs the hard way, practically knocking herself out in the process!

Your Reviewer Says: Funny in spots.

Best Pictures of the Month

It's a Wonderful Life
Till the Clouds Roll By
The Secret Heart
The Captive Heart
Stairway to Heaven

Best Performances

James Stewart, Donna Reed and Henry Travers in "It's a Wonderful Life"

Robert Walker in "Till the Clouds Roll By"

David Niven, Kim Hunter and Roger Livesey in "Stairway to Heaven"

Claudette Colbert and Walter Pidgeon in "The Secret Heart"



ONE MOTHER TO ANOTHER

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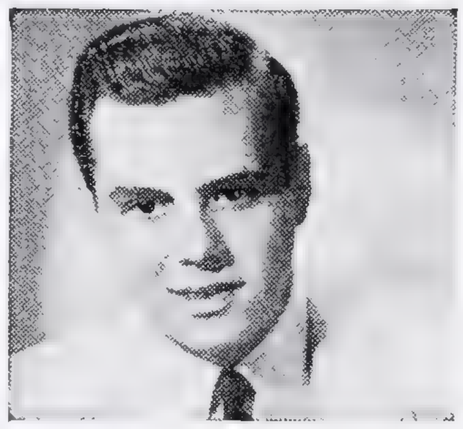




Platter Patter

By Lester Gottlieb

Here's your monthly musical memorandum of the latest movie melodies re-created on records



Desi Arnaz

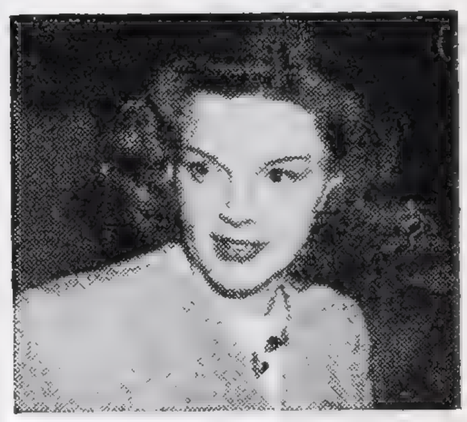
CARNIVAL IN COSTA RICA: Another lavish Twentieth Century-Fox musical. This one has a colorful, tropical score by the distinguished Latin-American composer, Ernesto Lecuona. Two of the tunes look like hits, "Another Night Like This," just recorded by Hal Derwin, a promising new swooner (Capitol), and "Mi Vida," disked by Desi Arnaz (Victor) and featuring vivacious vocalist Jane Harvey.

DUEL IN THE SUN: The full score from David O. Selznick's ambitious Technicolor Western written by Dimitri Tiomkin and played on one twelve-inch Victor record by Al Goodman and his orchestra. Full-blown and as lusty as the film's locale.

SONG OF SCHEHERAZADE: Rimsky-Korsakoff's magical oriental suite inspired this new Universal-International Technicolor pageant. Columbia has captured it all in a handsome new album featuring the voice of Met Opera tenor, Charles Kullman, who is also featured in the film.

MY HEART GOES CRAZY: This Arthur Rank import is getting quite a phonograph play now that Skinnay Ennis (Signature), Georgia Gibbs (Majestic) and Claude Thornhill (Columbia) have waxed the Burke-Van Heusen hit, "So Would I."

HUMORESQUE: Theme song of Warner's music drama is, of course, Dvorak's immortal melody. Ray Block (Signature) plays it as it was written, but the versatile Mary Lou Williams Trio (Victor) takes libelous liberties.



Judy Garland

JUDY GARLAND: M-G-M's minute-sized star sings two popular ballads, "There Is No Breeze" and "Don't Tell Me That Story" for moderate results (Decca).

BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES: The Samuel Goldwyn film that may well be the Academy champ of the year brings back a well-loved song, "Among My Souvenirs." You'll want to treasure this movie musical memory and fortunately both Frank Sinatra (Columbia) and Bing Crosby (Decca) have just made recordings of the song. For a dance treatment, try Alvino Rey's grooving (Capitol).

THE TIME, PLACE AND THE GIRL: As predicted, this new Warner musical wallop has a bountiful score. A new carload of recordings is out with Dinah Shore (Columbia) giving the rumba beat to "Rainy Night in Rio," Bing Crosby taking up with "A Gal in Calico" (Decca), Carmen Cavallaro (Decca) and Jo Stafford (Capitol) spinning "Through a Thousand Dreams" and Gordon MacRae holding his own with "Oh, But I Do" (Musicraft).

I'LL BE YOURS: George Paxton (Majestic) and Andy Russell (Capitol) have taken hold of the lovely new ballad, "It's Dreamtime."

THE CLASSICAL CORNER: For a beautiful interpretation of Brahms' tender "Cradle Song," try Helen Traubel's new Columbia twelve-inch Masterwork platter . . . Pianist Robert Casadesus has a new Columbia album of DeBussy's Prelude . . . A joyful collection of Sigmund Romberg operetta successes is played by Andre Kostelanetz and his orchestra in a new Columbia album . . . For drama lovers, Columbia has just released highlights from Maurice Evans's flawless portrayal of "Hamlet" . . . Ezio Pinza, the Metropolitan Opera's great basso, sings thrilling Mozart operatic arias, including "Magic Flute," "Figaro," "Don Giovanni" in a fine Columbia album . . . Oscar Levant shows piano magic with Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata and Allegretto. This too has the Columbia label . . . Victor has turned out a Viennese Nights waltz album with Henri Rene's orchestra, merging Strauss and Lehar . . . Alfred Newman's Hollywood Symphony, organized by Majestic, plays a stirring collection of operatic melodies, including "Carmen," "La Tosca" and "La Boheme."

Evie Tells Her Story

(*Continued from page* 34) "Yes—only," she hesitated, "it's been growing so slowly and so long that the word break doesn't fit. Keenan just shouldn't be married. His interests are scattered. He's so much of the theater that a home doesn't mean the same thing to him as it does to me.

"Van, yes," she said slowly. "Van loves a home. He wants a home. He likes coming to a home in the evening after a day at the studio. He likes to feel that around him are those he loves. He enjoys going over his scripts and lines, or relaxing and listening to music or good talk. It's been pretty dismal for him, living alone in a hotel room all these years. Our home has really come to be his home, too. I think Van would like to be married and have children and take roots. But I say again, there are no set plans now for Van and me to marry. That's something fate will have to decide in the future.

"I think, now, that I am divorcing Keenan. But once before in Las Vegas I changed my mind and came home. Two people who have lived together eight years, who have been through so much together and have two small boys, don't take those steps lightly. Right now my plans are to go to Sun Valley after New Year's and while there get my divorce. The Gary Coopers will be there and since they are close friends, I shan't be lonely."

WE asked about the situation as it stood at the moment. "Keenan has been away in New York making personal appearances, but he's home now for the holidays. We both decided no steps should be taken for the boys' sake until after Christmas. He is staying in the home because there is no place else to go. And it isn't as if we were parting after a bitter quarrel. We each know it should be done —our separating—and there are no hard feelings whatsoever. He'll live in the house while I'm in Sun Valley. In fact, I'm going to the premiere of 'The Yearling' with him."

They met, Evie and Keenan, during the run of "Hitch Your Wagon" on Broadway. Evie and Tom Lewis, now Loretta Young's husband, went back stage after the cast and met Keenan.

"I liked the way you played that dumb football player," Evie told Keenan, among other things. "I thought it was wonderful."

"And I think you're wonderful," Keenan said and asked for a date.

The courtship was interrupted when Evie flew to Hollywood to see Tyrone Power, who had squired her about New York, and several of her friends in pictures.

"Please come to see me in 'Blind Alibi,'" he begged. So Evie flew from Hollywood to Skowhegan, Maine, when Keenan was starring in summer stock.

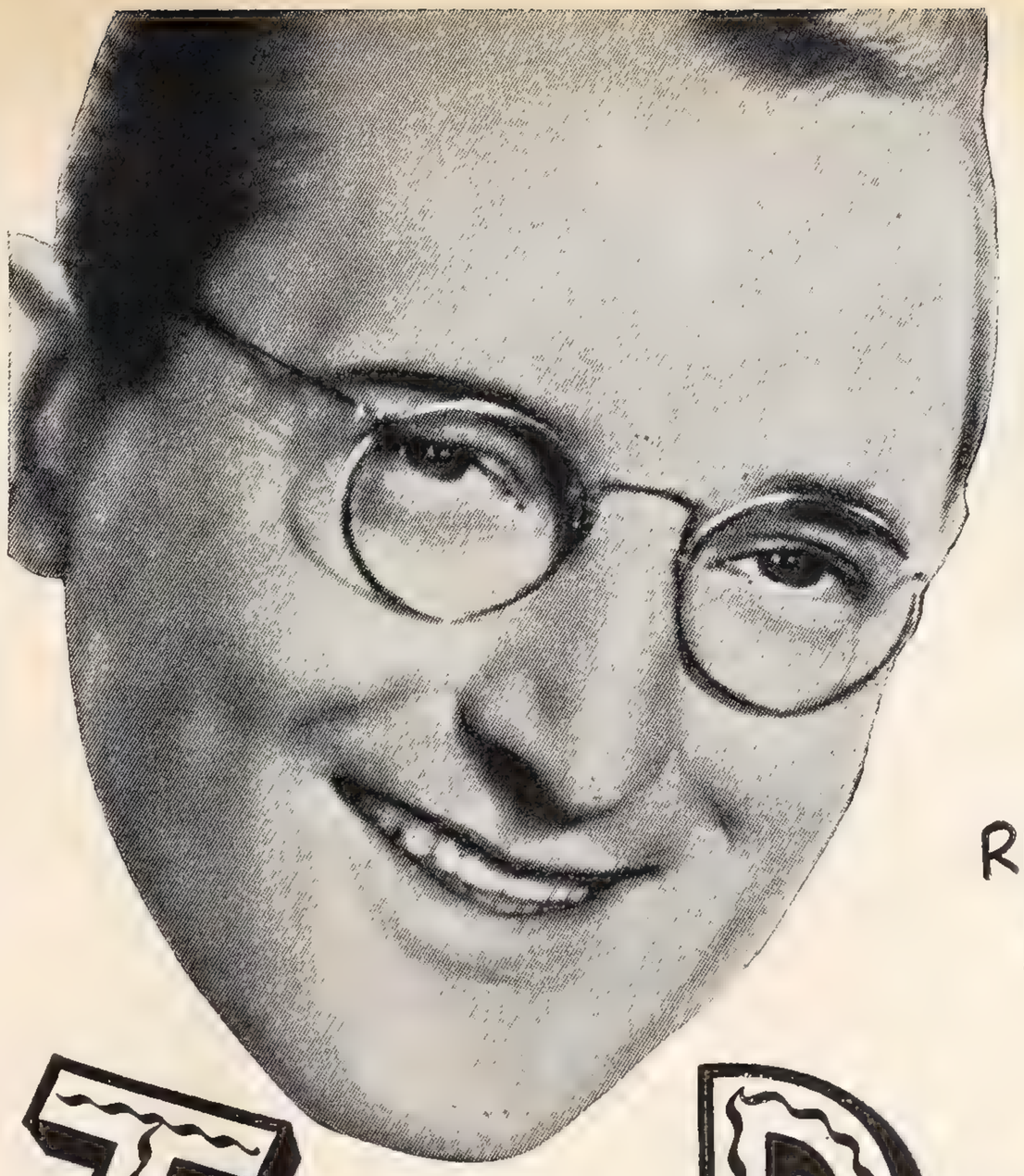
"He was so good in that play," Evie said, "that I fell in love with him then and there."

Ed Wynn was told and liked Evie at once. She and Keenan were married that summer and had just settled down in their New York apartment when Keenan was signed for pictures.

Evie was good for Keenan. She talked of the wonderful things ahead for him if he applied himself, introduced him to young and serious dramatic actors and the fever of acting finally took hold.

But with his advent into movies, the separations began. Almost at once Keenan had to return to New York for a play for which he had signed. Personals, jaunts to New York, an overseas trek in which he did outstanding work, were all a part of his motion-picture life.

And so, slowly but surely, the rift



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widened with Keenan consumed between his love for the stage and his love for motors, with the wanderlust to go places.

Balanced against this was Van and his devotion to movies, his contentment with Hollywood. And there was the house Van had bought recently. His very first home.

"Yes, it's a beautiful place," Evie said. "It was the Cedric Gibbons house, you know. But there again the rumors that I had picked out the house for Van are false. He saw the house, liked it and bought it. I think he made a wise choice. After all, why shouldn't he have a home? He's worked hard and certainly deserves it."

As to herself and Van, Evie met the questions fairly and squarely.

"We both love to dance. Keenan doesn't. So Keenan has always asked Van to take me dancing while he was off with his motors or cars or meetings. I like hearing lines or listening to scripts and Van is so interested in his work, I think he is happy to have someone share his enthusiasm. I love having guests for dinner and because Van was our friend and without a home, we'd have him over often. Sometimes Peter Lawford would come along, too. I like getting dressed up and going out for dinner, but Keenan, busy with something else, would ask Van to take me. So we grew used to each other, to being together, dancing, laughing, talking, listening to music and after I decided to divorce Keenan, we saw no reason for not going right on being the same friends, sharing the same pleasures.

"Four years ago when Keenan was in New York and before Van was well known, Keenan asked Van to look after me while he was away. We danced and dined out then, and no one even commented. They knew we were friends—all of us."

"How about Van and Keenan?" we asked. "Are they still friends?"

"Certainly. They always will be."

THEY met in New York when Judy Abbott, Van's girl friend at the moment, dragged her freckle-faced, red-headed beau off to the Grand Central Station to bid goodbye to Keenan Wynn and several other actors who were off for Boston and the opening of George Abbott's play "White Haired Boy." The big kid awkwardly hung about on the outskirts of the group who were already established actors on Broadway. Van, just a chorus boy, felt shy and more than a little awed at the assurance of these young thespians he was meeting for the first time. Evie, who was there to say goodbye to Keenan, was a dramatic actress playing with Katharine Cornell at the time.

And that was the last he saw of them until one day, several years later, he met Keenan in a "trench" while making "Somewhere I'll Find You."

"Hey, didn't I used to see you in New York? My name—"

"Yeah, you're Keenan Wynn," Van said, grasping his hand. "I'm Van Johnson."

"Come out to the house," Keenan said a few days later and Van accepted. Realizing Keenan was also trying to find a solid starting place in pictures, despite his M-G-M contract, Van expected a tiny apartment or typical California bungalow at least.

He wasn't prepared for the beautiful and tastily furnished home that Evie had made.

"This is wonderful," Van said, looking around.

Keenan replied proudly, "Evie figures having a nice home is the most important thing an actor can have." And from then on it became Van's second home.

In that time, four years to be exact, Van has dated several girls. Sonja Henie was his biggest crush. Once, through a misunderstanding, Van didn't see Evie and

Keenan for almost a year. It was a lonely year for him and he missed the fun and talk and good times at the Wynns. He was happy "to come home again" when the misunderstanding cleared up.

They've shared sorrows and new tragedies together. It was Keenan and Evie who were riding with Van the night of his accident. It was Keenan who sat by his bed day and night until Van was out of danger. It was Van, rounding over a hill in his car on a Sunday morning, who found Keenan lying unconscious on the highway, his motorcycle a twisted wreck where a car had struck head on.

"Remember this ambulance?" the young interne asked Van as they raced with Keenan to the hospital. It was the identical ambulance, the same driver that had carried Van after his accident. And now it was Van who sat night after night by Keenan's bedside until the danger was past and it was Van who telephoned Keenan's father, Ed Wynn, to come quickly.

As the ambulance sped along that day, another passed it on Wilshire Boulevard going in the opposite direction. It was Evie still very ill being taken home from the hospital with the youngest Wynn son, Tracy. It was Van again who brought her word of Keenan. And it was Van, who, despite his fears for Keenan, kept reassuring her all was well.

Of such shared experiences friendships are made and not easily forgotten.

Keenan loved motors. Evie loved tennis. Van loved tennis. So Evie and Van played together. Or the group gathered at the Gary Coopers on a Sunday for swimming, tennis or Ping-pong. Keenan would remain for a little while, wander around by himself and go home. Thus gradually the rift widened and Van, sharing Evie's likes —not through any artificial choice of his own but because he honestly preferred them—was there as Evie's partner, dancing, swimming, or playing tennis.

No hard feelings whatsoever have arisen. To each his own . . . and it so happened Evie's path and Van's lay in the same direction. Whether they will ever meet at some future juncture, no one knows. Not Evie, not Van. Until she is divorced no plans could be discussed, of course.

Van, more than anyone, needs a home and roots and love and family. And Evie needs someone who loves sharing a home and all that goes with it. Grounded in the theater, with both parents professionals, Keenan knows in his heart that the theater will always be his first home.

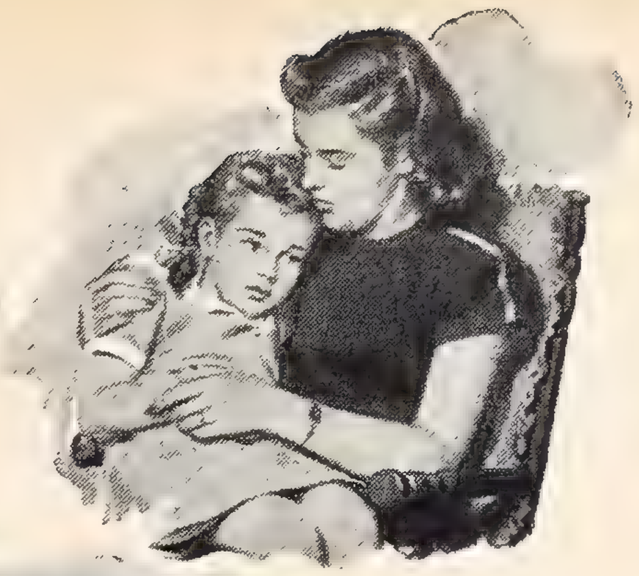
So, as Evie says, "It's for the fates to decide."

THE END



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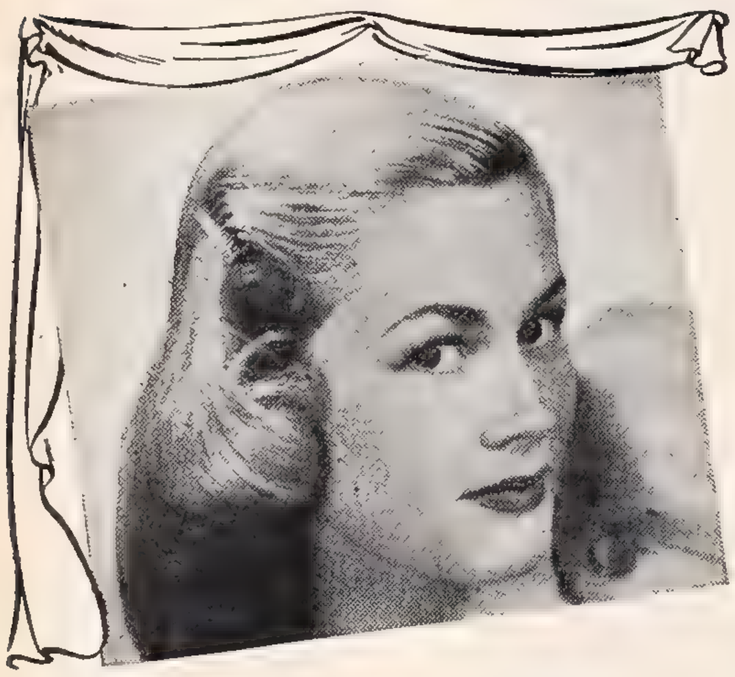
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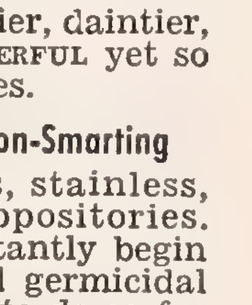
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Ty Talks It Over

(*Continued from page* 53) turns on the cut-off carpet, put an end to those worries. "Let's call up your girl friend," he said with a flash of a smile.

Luckily Lana was home. Would she join us? She would, as soon as she could make the trip from Brentwood.

While we waited, Ty returned to some of the ground we hadn't yet covered.

"I want Annabella to have our home in Bel-Air," he said, "and we've arranged it that way."

Annabella loved that house with its spacious green lawns stretching away from the patio to the swimming pool beyond. She loved everything about it, for it was to this home, not yet completed, that Tyrone had brought Annabella as a bride after they had made "Suez" together. And now it was hers.

"All is well then, between you two?"

His eyes went into a twinkle. "This will amuse you. When I got to New York and we'd made our announcement, I invited her to go with me to the premiere of 'The Razor's Edge.' She'd been with me all through the making of the picture and was patient and understanding. Annabella accepted my invitation because we'll always be friends. We decided to keep the plan to ourselves. Well, you should have heard our New York friends hinting around—about the premiere, asking in a sort of offhand way if Annabella didn't want tickets for it. She refused politely. So you can imagine their surprise when we attended together!"

THAT wasn't the only surprise in store for the Power friends. For not only was Annabella by his side; there, also, was Annie, Annabella's teen-age daughter. Back in the first days of the war in Europe, after Annabella had succeeded at great risk in getting the child out of her native France, it was Tyrone who suggested that he adopt Annie who was then twelve. And the child adored her young and handsome stepfather who, in turn, has been devoted to Annie.

As proof of this, just last June a party of friends, flying East for the Louis-Conn fight, urged Tyrone to join them.

"I'd love to," he said, "But you see, it's Annie's graduation night and she'd be disappointed if I weren't there."

That night Tyrone sat in the auditorium of University High and watched his stepdaughter proudly receive her diploma.

Annie, in turn, had to be with Tyrone and share the excitement of his first big premiere after he returned from war. Thus together the three of them proved to curious onlookers that they were in the truest sense of the word "friends," as Ty had said.

"You see," Tyrone went on thoughtfully, "Annabella and I had begun to drift apart before I enlisted in the Marines. We had even discussed a separation then. But war was no time to take any such step. We might have just gone on drifting even after my return from the South Pacific except for the fact I'd had a lot of time to think overseas. I'd come to know how insecure life itself can be and how one should get out of it all the happiness possible. No use dodging issues. The only road to travel is the one that leads to straight-forward decisions. I knew I'd never again accept the easiest line of resistance."

And so they had talked it over, faced the fact that Annabella's social world was not for the simpler tastes of Tyrone and without bitterness or recriminations had decided that the break should be made.

Although Tyrone may have been unaware of it, Hollywood had for some time suspected that all was not serene in





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the Power household. Rumors that Annabella was about to divorce Tyrone had been floating about and the town was eagerly looking around for some one person to bear out the rumors. They didn't look further than "The Razor's Edge" set where Tyrone and Gene Tierney were working together. Unfortunately, Gene and her husband, Oleg Casssini, had about reached the end of their marriage, too, and with the announcement of her divorce plans, the heat was on. One columnist blew her top with the printed items that the studio had known all along about the romance. Others said the whole thing was a publicity gag. Still others proclaimed an immediate marriage for Gene and Tyrone was in the offing for there was a beautiful girl and a handsome man working side by side, both terminating their marriages.

Tyrone's eyes twinkled when we spoke of it. "Well, it's too bad to spoil their fun, but it's not true," he said. And time, of course, has proven he's right.

At this point the doorbell rang and in breezed Lana. Seeing them together, you couldn't help but be struck by the handsomeness of this pair—Tyrone, tall, slender, electric; Lana, petite, rounded, creating her own magnetic field.

What doesn't immediately meet the eye is a certain kindredness of spirit. Tyrone possesses a keen sense of the spiritual and Lana, as so very, very few people realize, possesses a deep spiritual hunger. For hours she will talk of her favorite author Kahlil Gibran, the man of God who wrote "The Prophet."

There is in Tyrone so much of *Larry,* the Somerset Maugham hero of "The Razor's Edge," and after he'd left to have dinner with his mother, Lana and I discussed this searching for something enduring, something to hold to securely that seems to be a part of Tyrone these days. In fact, it is that very quality of searching and knowing he'll find that has won Lana's admiration if not her very heart.

They've known one another for several years but it was only after he returned from South America that they became friends. Their appearance at the Preminger party which caused such a furore, still did not bring forth a statement from either one. Nor have their subsequent actions provided any further food for romantic gossipers. Lana is making "Green Dolphin Street" in Hollywood and Tyrone will be in Mexico for several months shooting "The Captain from Castile." The thousands of miles between them form a wall of space that not even the most avid rumor mongers could surmount.

So far as Tyrone is concerned, one thing seems reasonably sure. It's based on what he once said to me:

"I want a home and children."

And something tells me that when he has reached the end of his searching, he will have his wish—a home and children and happiness.

The End

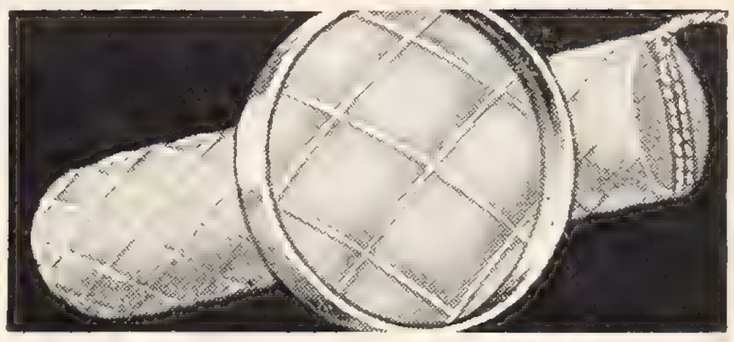
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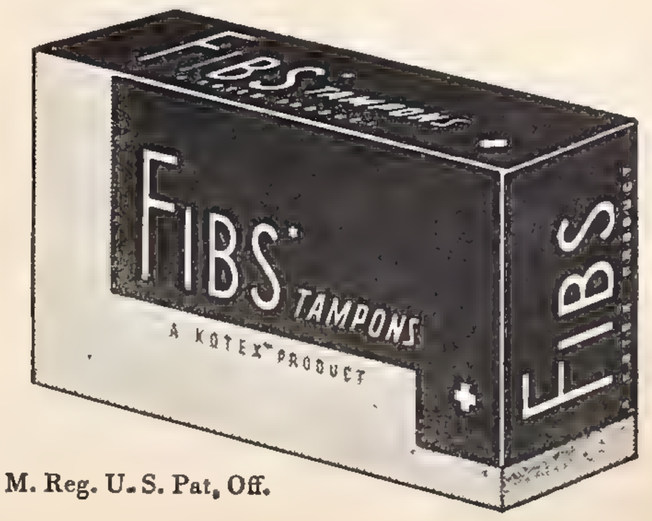
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Betty and Buttercup

(*Continued from page* 61) negative. A few days later on a hunch Ted called the laboratory and demanded a recount. On Tuesday the verdict came back, positive.

Betty learned her tender secret in the midst of grips moving scenery, set bells ringing, assistant directors thundering "quiet" and a group of extras in grease paint debating on what horse would come in first in the seventh at Santa Anita. She was working at Paramount on the set of "The Perils of Pauline." It was a very hot morning and the mother-to-be was in the middle of a musical number all made up like a 300-pound Negro mammy and wearing sixteen petticoats.

Ted tried to reach her in her dressing room but learned that she was before the camera and just left the message with the maid with instructions to pass it along to her when she finished the scene.

When she got the news Betty bounced to the phone to check with Ted.

As long as it takes to hang up a receiver everybody within the radius of five sound stages knew Betty was expecting. She pirouetted around—petticoats flying.

Doctors recommend exercise for prospective mothers, but Betty Hutton ad libbed a few that are not on the customary maternal menu. And if there's anything to pre-natal influences, little Lindsay Diane is slated to be a circus trapeze artist, a Hollywood stunt girl, or a somersaulting drum majorette.

For motherhood was one peril the writers of "Perils of Pauline" hadn't counted on. Some of the studio folks thought Betty wouldn't go on with her role as the dauntless serial queen but, trouper that she is, she went through her share of the twenty-two hazards, though, naturally, a double did the most dangerous stuff.

During the first four months of confinement she ascended fifty feet in a balloon, was tied to a stake with prop trees burning around her, climbed the struts of an airplane, walked through a lion's cage and scaled up a high ladder.

THE night he told her she was having a baby, Ted brought home two pairs of booties trimmed with white fur. He hung the pink pair on her side of the bed and the blue ones on his.

She'll tell you readily that Ted is the most understanding husband in the world, and that he sweated out all the sacrifices of motherhood with her. When the doctor put her on a diet, Ted went on it too and lost eighteen pounds. "I was getting too heavy anyway," he says philosophically. "The only really tough thing about it was giving up our cook's biscuits."

He gave up cocktails and cigarettes and took long walks with her. About the only thing he drew the line at was knitting. And he had his share of that wearing the white pull-over sweater Betty made him while she was learning to knit.

So many things were given her that about all she bought were two custom-made baby dresses of white organdy trimmed in dainty pink rosebuds. "What would you have done with them if the baby had been a boy?" wondered Lindsay Durand, Paramount publicist and Betty's best friend, and for whom Lindsay Diane was named.

"You know I must have had a sneaking idea all along it would be a girl," she laughed.

Buttercup has the most fabulous nursery in Filmland. It's the result of five months' work on the part of Hugo Melchione, the Walt Disney artist who did the spectacular mother goose murals on the walls, and of carpenters and electricians. Her proud parents really shot the budget on it. Her



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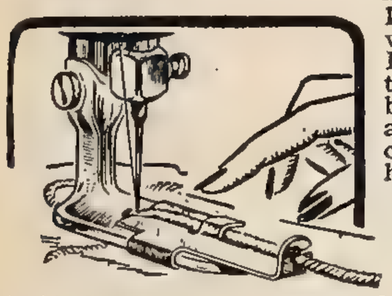
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white marquisette bassinet lined with pink satin stands before an alcove hung in pink satin with white lace over it. Flowing marquisette drapes edged with satin frame each side of the alcove. Built-in shelves and drawers around two walls of the room have animals painted on them, with the animals' eyes cleverly used for knobs.

The walls are illustrated with storybook murals done predominantly in soft shades of pink, blue and gold. All the beloved characters of childhood are up there . . . Little Boy Blue, the Cat and the Fiddle and an accompanying cow jumping over a gold moon, a pink Little Bo Peep with sheep with blue hooves trailing behind her. There's Hickory Dickory Dock with a mouse running up a blue clock. Little Jack Horner is painted sitting in one corner of the room.

Over by the door is Goldilocks with the three bears sitting in a tree above her. Rockabye Baby in the tree top has the baby's initials L.D.B. painted in gold on the blue cradle. On the opposite wall a girl on horseback carries a staff with her birthday written on it.

The figures are so animated they seem alive and changing from time to time. Especially at night when the gold lights in them shine. Then all of them seem to be frolicking joyously, as though in sheer happiness at being the subjects of little Queen Buttercup.

The nursery overlooks the Riviera Golf Course. And her dad means for her to use it plenty someday.

"Yes, and she's going to ride a pony on the polo field, too," says her mother, looking forward wistfully to many days ahead when she's older and her rockin' horse quits runnin' away.

Taking every precaution for her safety, they had a white microphone installed in the nursery that connects with another on the stand beside their own bed. Buttercup is on the air all the time now. The mike is so sensitive they can hear every breath she takes. And a faint cry sounds like a major engagement. Watching all the last-minute touches on the nursery helped Betty through the last two weeks of confinement, when she worried a lot thinking the baby was overdue.

THEIR wild dash to the hospital would make a swell sequence for a Hutton movie. "Do we have to go before dinner, honey? I'm hungry," she said plaintively to Ted as he grabbed her and her little bag early one evening and tore out for the Cedars of Lebanon.

Their good friends, the Van Heflins, found out about Betty when they dropped by the Briskins en route to a movie, and soon they were tearing out for the hospital too. They arrived only to be told by the receptionist that nobody but fathers were allowed upstairs.

They called Ted who was in the father's room next to the delivery room on the seventh floor. He suggested they try to make Betty's room on the sixth where her mother and his sister and brother-in-law were waiting.

"I'll go over and see if I can romance the girl into allowing that," said Van to his wife Frances.

"The girl" had been much impressed with him in "Martha Ivers," which fact, together with his own convincing conversation, got them a pass to Betty's room. Somebody there had some playing cards and to pass the time and ease tension they all started a card game. Which ended rather abruptly when a nurse came in to report on Betty and found the room filled with smoke and people and face cards. "We just can't have this," she said, ushering them out.

The Van Heflins went across the street for some coffee to send up to Ted and when



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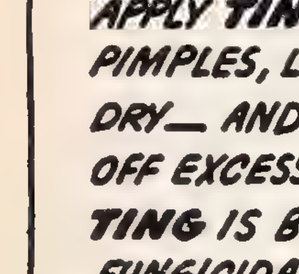
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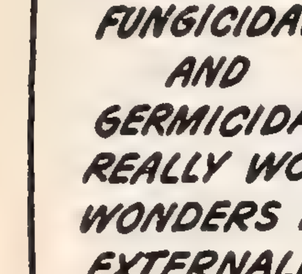


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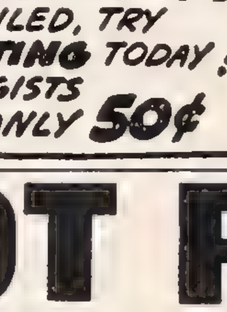
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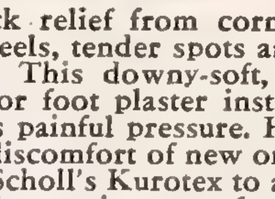


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they got back nobody was in the reception room, so they got in the elevator, pushed a button, and joined Ted in the father's room.

Meanwhile, Sue and Alan Ladd had heard about Betty, and they rushed on over too. All of them made a big circle and started another card game, a really big one. They were going strong around five A.M. when the same nurse walked in and caught them and ordered them out this time for keeps.

By now some new "replacements" had come into the father's room. A garage mechanic who worked nights and still wore his greasy overalls, and a small nervous refugee who looked as if he weighed about ninety-eight pounds. A veteran himself by now, Ted tried to calm them down.

"Your first baby?" he asked the refugee.

"Yes, are you expecting?" the man returned eagerly.

At 8:30 that morning little Lindsay Diane was born. When she found she had a girl Betty was ecstatic, then her face fell. "Teddy's going to be disappointed," she lamented. Ted commutes back and forth several times daily now between the house and his camera manufacturing plant in Santa Monica to look at little Lindsay and see if she's changed while he's been gone. He's just put out a new Briskin eight millimeter movie camera that's a beaut and really Betty's inspiration.

"I want you to design one without so darn many gadgets. One even I can operate," she said.

And he did. "I thought I'd be in production before Betty, but she beat me," he says grinning.

Betty is a wonderful mother, calling on all her own past experiences when as a fourteen-year-old girl she hired out as a baby sitter, washed baby clothes, fed and took care of them to help earn enough money for the Huttons to live on.

SHE insisted on taking care of Buttercup on the nurse's first day off. Doctor's orders were for her to be out of bed just two hours a day then but she stayed up all day and wouldn't let her mother or her own nurse help at all. "I want to take care of her all by myself," she said.

"It's a shade early to plan Buttercup's future. We just want her to be whatever she wants to be," says her father. "But I know it would make Betty happy for her to want to be an actress. She loves the profession herself and looks forward to passing all her knowledge of it along to her daughter."

One thing sure . . . both vow she'll have the best education obtainable. "I guess it's only natural for you to want the things for your children that you missed," they say.

With her wonderful husband, her own success, her first real home and little Lindsay . . . Betty is truly happy now.

She wants four children, "Or maybe six," she says dreamily, upping the ante two more.

"I'll settle for four," says Ted. To him the most touching thing about the birth of Buttercup occurred when the hospital attendant was wheeling his wife out of the delivery room and he was walking along beside her. She kept asking Ted if he was too disappointed about the baby's being a girl. "We'll have another one just as soon as you want it," she said. "Next time we'll sure try for a boy."

Tears came to Ted's eyes at her saying that, knowing what she'd just been through. "Or maybe twins," she went on.

The hospital almost lost two fathers right then. Some new replacements in the father's room who overheard her felt faint at the mere thought of any woman putting a fellow father through more of the same so soon.

THE END

"The Swede"

(*Continued from page* 48) had his contract and, while everyone knows that the Warner organization is amazingly generous and big hearted and friendly to anyone who makes a request for anything, I was unable to make a deal.

Accordingly, I dropped my negotiations for Wayne and began testing other actors. I tested potential *Swedes* until I thought I was going slightly smorgasbord. If somebody had suggested Garbo, I would have tested her too. It was all pretty discouraging.

The starting date of "The Killers" was drawing uncomfortably close, but I'm a guy who hates to take woe for an answer. Somehow, somewhere, I was going to find the right man to play the *Swede.*

Came the day, then, that I was lunching with Marty Jurow, an extremely able young citizen who was at that time an assistant to Hal Wallis. Marty told me of an actor that Hal had just signed; a big brawny bird whom they had brought out from New York. His real name was Burt Lancaster, and they were planning to call him Stuart Chase.

I told Marty of my casting problem. Did he think this Lancaster could possibly be my *Swede?* Marty shrugged, which is almost a direct answer in the film business. "Could be," was his reaction. And it was on this enthusiastic note that he said he would send Lancaster over to see me the next day.

Now, over at Universal-International, we independent producers have individual bungalows around an inner garden. It may not be quite as attractive as it sounds, but it really looks beautiful when you have a hit. I was returning from lunch the following afternoon when I saw a character standing on the steps of Walter Wanger's bungalow reading a letter.

WHEN I say character, that's precisely what I mean. This guy was big. Really big. His hair was tousled. He needed a shave. No tie. And his suit looked as though it hadn't been pressed since C. Aubrey Smith wore short pants. But there was something about him—

"You Lancaster?" I asked.

"Yeah," he replied slowly. "You Hellinger?"

Fine way for an actor to talk to a producer! For a second, I thought I was back at Warners. But I didn't argue. He looked too good. And I thought I'd better get him away from Wanger's bungalow before Walter got a gander at him.

We sat down in my office, and it didn't take me long to determine that everything about this man—his carriage, his quietness, his diction—was the *Swede.* If all went well, my search was over.

I couldn't, however, let him know that. Not yet. I settled back in my chair and waited for him to start selling himself. No dice. When I didn't speak, he just sat and looked at me. So I was compelled to go into action.

"Look, Lancaster," I said, "I don't know what kind of an actor you are, but physically you're my man. The role I have in mind for you is the *Swede* in 'The Killers' —and if you make the grade, you'll be a star overnight. I'm going to give you a copy of the script to read, and I don't mind telling you in advance that it's the greatest, the finest, the most suspenseful. . . ."

My voice trailed off as I saw him looking at me. "What's the matter?" I asked.

"I read it." he replied calmly. "My agent had a copy."

That took a lot of the wind out of me. "Oh," I said meekly. "And how did you like it?"

"Fair," he returned. "My part's fair, too."

I swallowed hard. "Only," I muttered, "only fair?"

He shrugged. "Well," he said, "it may be better than I think. Or it may be worse. You see, it's the first movie script I ever read!"

A few days later, after going through the motions of a test, I signed a contract with Burt. And for films beyond "The Killers," too. For some time to come, he'll do two pictures a year for Hal Wallis and one for me. Unless, of course, he gets fed up with Hollywood and decides to open a book store in Ethiopia, or something. With Lancaster, anything can happen.

Incidentally, you'll remember that Wallis had renamed him Stuart Chase. I objected, pointing out that a certain famed economist of the same name might be slightly puzzled if he found himself billboarded as a movie star. Hal agreed, and we began to search diligently for another name for Burt Lancaster.

We searched and we searched, but nothing seemed quite right. One morning, my secretary whispered something to me and I promptly phoned Wallis.

"Hal," I said excitedly, "Myrtle suggests something that nobody has thought of. What about using his real name—Burt Lancaster?"

Wallis agreed, and Burt Lancaster became Burt Lancaster. Isn't it remarkable what we Hollywood master-minds can accomplish if we only try?

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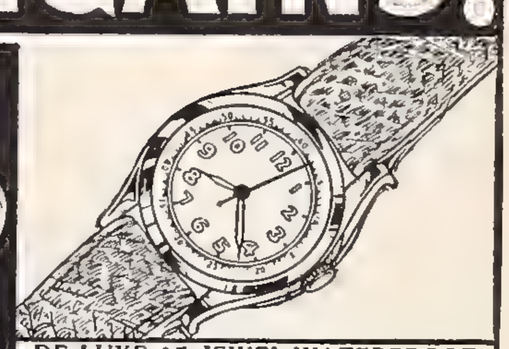
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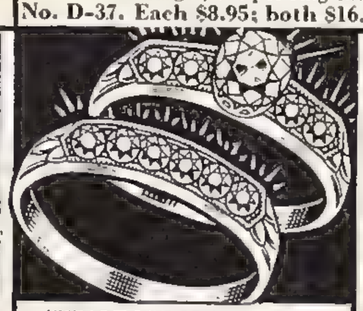
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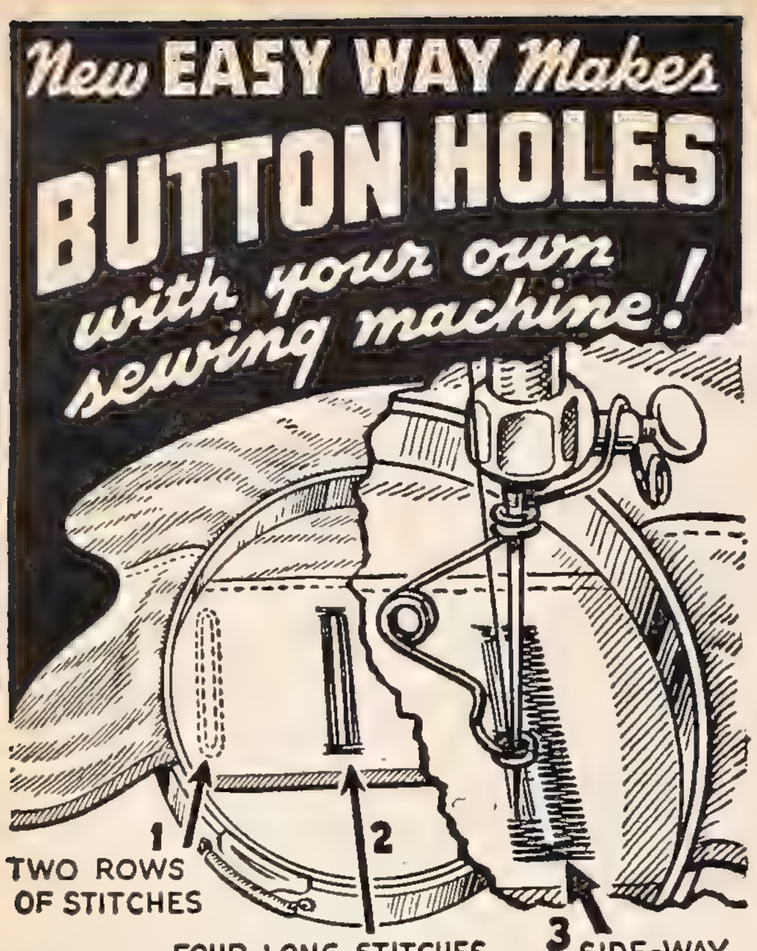
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thirty-one years ago in New York City. He was raised on 106th Street, between Second and Third Avenues, a district in which even a girl would hate to be named Pansy. He went from public to high school, and then enrolled in New York University. A year later, he skipped the book circuit, joined a circus and started earning five whole dollars in cash every week.

Money didn't mean much at the time. He was cashing in on travel and a swift education in the seamy and dreamy sides of life. What's more, he was mastering the trade of an acrobat. That's a good trade, too. Because if you can't afford a decent meal, you can always tell yourself that you're keeping in trim.

WHEN Burt finally began to look around for a change, it was during the lean theatrical years. He worked with the WPA theater, in the one-lung vaudeville that still exists, and then into fairs, carnivals, and night clubs. For one night only, he was a master of ceremonies, and he admits he was terrible. Knowing him as I do, he didn't have to tell me.

If the draft hadn't come along, he might never have been discovered—for by 1941, he was a dying duck as far as show business was concerned. He was then working in the promotion department of Columbia Community Concerts, but the Army gave him the chance he couldn't make for himself. The Army sent him to North Africa and later to Italy for twenty-six months, as an actor and director for soldier shows.

When the war ended and Burt returned to New York, his future looked about as exciting as another honeymoon to Tommy Manville. He verged on starvation for a while, and then landed a role in a play called "A Sound of Hunting." It was the first time he had ever appeared on a Broadway stage, and the play ran only three weeks. But it made Burt Lancaster.

The movie people who saw the show went nuts about the big guy. Contracts were shoved in his kisser and practically every company in Hollywood was after him. But he signed with Hal Wallis, because Hal not only matched all other offers but also agreed to an outside picture yearly.

Not that the Wallis contract went through in completely sunny fashion. That wouldn't be like Lancaster. He and Hal had reached a verbal agreement in New York and were on their way to a lawyer's office to sign the deal. They were crossing Broadway and Hal pointed to an advertisement of a big film that was about to open at the Hollywood Theater.

"I produced that picture," Hal said. "Would you like to see it when it opens?"

Burt shook his head. "I should say not," he replied slowly. "I saw it in Italy and I thought it was terrible!"

Nice going, wasn't it? At that moment, it is questionable that Burt had ten bucks he could call his own. He was talking to his future boss, and no contract had actually been signed. He was flaunting every Hollywood rule, which is nice flaunting when you can afford it. Yet he called the situation as he saw it.

More power to him. Lancaster is completely honest. He has no personal axe to grind and will, when asked, tell anybody how he feels about anything. When I took him on tour with "The Killers," I was afraid he might tell the reporters to get out. He would have, too, if one of them had annoyed him.

Right now, Burt likes to analyze everything. He won't play bad parts consciously. He wants to know why about everything. He argues every point, and he gives in only when he's convinced he's wrong. Eventually, he's going to be a headache to a great many producers. But that'll be okay with me. I don't mind a head-

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ache when genuine talent goes along with it. It's the no-talent trouble-makers who drive you daffy in Hollywood.

Lancaster doesn't give out at all to strangers, regardless of who they are. He deadpans and watches. Two years from now, I suppose he'll be more diplomatic. Success changes people in different ways, and I trust that Burt will survive the Hollywood hoop-de-do. I've never seen an actor quite manage it yet, but Lancaster may be the exception to prove the rule. I certainly hope so.

As yet, he shows no signs of hatband inflation. When we were in Pittsburgh, having a press party, he asked if he might bring some friends in. I said sure—and he brought in four old beat-up acrobats.

He paid little attention to the press that day; just sat around and gabbed with his former pals. We didn't get much newspaper space, but I guess I'm lucky at that. Suppose he and his acrobatic friends had suddenly decided to try out the old act with several buxom ladies of the press?

Well, no sense of me rambling along like this. You must have gathered by now that I'm plenty fond of Lancaster. I've been around this world several times the hard way and I've met a great many people. But I've never shaken hands with anyone quite like this man.

He's individual in everything he does. He's a superb diagnostician of character. He knows the right guys—and the dames—from the phonies.

He'll probably hurt a lot of people before he's through, because he's blunt to the point of harshness. But come what may, Lancaster will be himself. Always.

He's quite a guy, my friends. Quite a guy. . . .

THE END



Romantic wind-up for 1946! Burt Lancaster, who made his picture debut as the *Swede* in Mark Hellinger's adaptation of the Hemingway story, "The Killers," met his bride, Norma Anderson, when both were touring with the USO in Italy during the war. Miss Anderson, a widow with one child, is from Wisconsin and New York. She and Burt took the marriage vows on December 28 in Yuma, Arizona





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Brief Reviews

✓✓✓ Indicates picture rated "outstanding" when reviewed

✓✓ Indicates picture rated "very good" when reviewed

✓ Indicates picture rated "good" when reviewed

✓*ABIE'S IRISH ROSE*—Bing Crosby-UA: Dealing with the lighter aspects of racial relations, this is mildly amusing. Joanne Dru plays the colleen with assurance; Richard Norris makes *Abie* very likable; George E. Stone and Vera Gordon are the peacemakers. (Dec.)

AFFAIRS OF GERALDINE—Republic: Cupid takes a beating in this featherweight fable about small-town Jane Withers in search of a bridegroom. James Lydon, J. Edmund Roberts, Raymond Walburn and Donald Meek are all part of the painful proceedings. (Feb.)

✓*ANGEL ON MY SHOULDER*—Rogers-UA: In this experiment in the realm of fantasy and the afterworld, Paul Muni is magnificent as the murdered gangster who wakes up in Hades; Claude Rains has a high old time as *Beelzebub* himself; Anne Baxter is the only one remotely resembling an angel. (Dec.)

BACHELOR'S DAUGHTERS, THE—Stone-UA: Four phony "sisters" play at a game of make-believe in an effort to improve their respective fortunes. Gail Russell, Claire Trevor, Ann Dvorak and Jane Wyatt go looking for trouble, adopting as their "parents" Adolphe Menjou and Billie Burke. (Dec.)

✓*BEDELIA*—Eagle Lion: This British brain-teaser has Margaret Lockwood playing the poisonously pretty bride of kindly Ian Hunter, and Barry K. Barnes as the detective who discloses her shady past. A black pearl ring helps to bring about Bedelia's downfall. Anne Crawford is the girl Ian should have married; Jill Esmond is his nurse. (Feb.)

✓✓✓*BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES, THE*—Goldwyn: A simple story for and about John and Jane Doe, as timely as today's headlines, with grand performances by Fredric March, Dana Andrews, Myrna Loy, Teresa Wright, Virginia Mayo, Harold Russell, Cathy O'Donnell, Hoagy Carmichael. This warmly human film of America's post-war era is a movie must, meriting top rating. (Feb.)

BLACK BEAUTY—20th Century-Fox: A girl's passionate attachment for her horse and the adventures that befall them both comprise the theme of this one, set in rural England. Mona Freeman and Richard Denning provide the romantic interest. Evelyn Ankers an obstacle. For the small fry. (Dec.)

BRINGING UP FATHER—Monogram: Joe Yule and Renie Riano bring to life *Jiggs* and *Maggie* of George McManus's famous cartoon strip while Tim Ryan plays Dinty Moore. They're a laugh-provoking trio if you enjoy such shenanigans.

✓*CHASE, THE*—Nebenzal-UA: How a nice boy like Robert Cummings gets mixed up with a bad bunch is unfolded in this thriller-chiller. Michele Morgan plays a terror-stricken wife, rescued by Bob from gangster Steve Cochran and his bodyguard, Peter Lorre. (Jan.)

✓*CHILDREN OF PARADISE*—Tricolor Films-UA: Although too long, this French film with explanatory English titles is a fascinating potpourri, all about Paris's Boulevard of Crime in 1840. A superb cast is headed by Arletty, Jean-Louis Barrault and Pierre Brasseur. (Jan.)

✓✓*DARK MIRROR, THE*—Universal-International: Olivia de Havilland, Lew Ayres and Thomas Mitchell make the old idea of twin sisters—one good, the other bad—seem fairly fresh and believable. Both girls are suspected when a doctor-acquaintance is found fatally stabbed. (Dec.)

✓✓*DECEPTION*—Warners: It's ye old triangle again, played to the hilt by Bette Davis as a talented musician whose past catches up with her, Paul Henreid as the great romance in her life, and Claude Rains as the threat to their happiness. A high-powered, pulse-quickening drama. (Jan.)

DRIFTIN' RIVER—PRC: In this routine Western, it's law versus crime in a place crawling with tough hombres who fall back on fisticuffs when the bullets run out. Eddie Dean, Shirley Patterson and Roscoe Ates are on the side of the law with Eddie crooning cowboy ballads in between the fighting. (Jan.)

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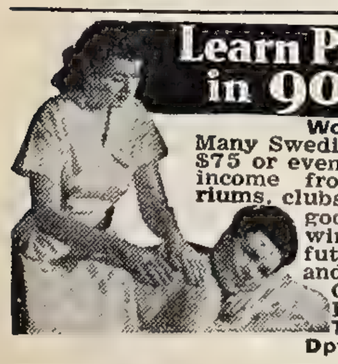


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GAS HOUSE KIDS—PRC: A sentimental slum story full of dese-dem-dose characters with Billy Halop as the leader of the neighborhood gang and Robert Lowery and Teala Loring providing the romance. The kids get involved in a robbery-murder. (Jan.)

HOME IN OKLAHOMA—Republic: Roy Rogers is head man in this murder-on-the-range story. Dale Evans is the feminine foil with Carol Hughes and George Meeker as the troublemakers. (Jan.)

✓✓*HUMORESQUE*—Warners: It's music versus love again in this entertaining though uneven picture with Joan Crawford giving a striking portrayal of a much-married patroness of the arts, and John Garfield ably playing a struggling violinist. Oscar Levant puts the humor in "Humoresque" and Joan Chandler is appealing as Garfield's devoted fellow-artist. (Jan.)

✓✓*I'VE ALWAYS LOVED YOU* — Republic: You'll enjoy this provided it's up your musical alley. It introduces a lovely new star, Catherine McLeod. The story of her infatuation with her famous pianist-teacher (Philip Dorn) and her marriage to a simple farmer (William Carter) is told in Technicolor to the music of Beethoven, Wagner, Rachmaninoff. (Dec.)

✓*LADY IN THE LAKE*—M-G-M: Detective Robert Montgomery is hired to establish the whereabouts of publisher Leon Ames's wife, her disappearance being important to a number of people, including Ames's comely and clever lady editor, Audrey Totter. Montgomery takes plenty of pushing around before he captures the killer and the girl captures him. (Feb.)

LAST BOMB, THE—Warners: Made in cooperation with U. S. Army Air Forces, this Technicolor short is an awe-inspiring spectacle of the huge striking force used against Japan early in 1945. As a permanent record of how our Air Forces accomplished their great mission, this first-rate documentary film outdoes any fiction the screen writers can devise. (Dec.)

✓✓*MAGNIFICENT DOLL*—Universal: An entertaining if not exactly authentic historical picture with Ginger Rogers donning hoop skirts to play glamorous Dolly Madison, David Niven as traitorous Aaron Burr, Burgess Meredith as dignified James Madison, Horace McNally as Dolly's first husband, and Peggy Wood as her mother. (Feb.)

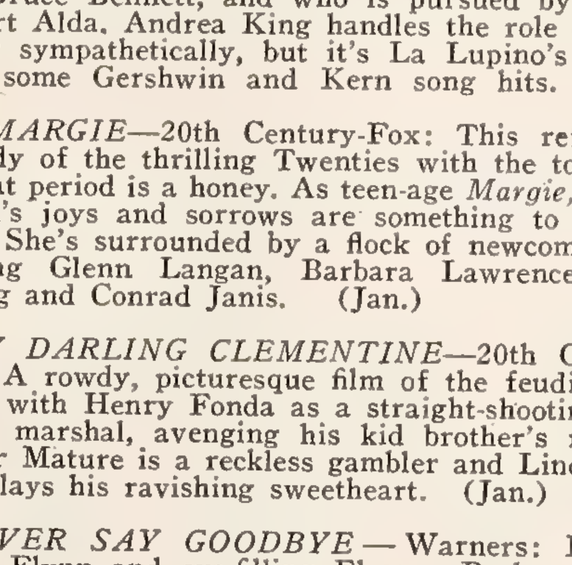
✓✓*MAN FROM MOROCCO, THE* — English Films: The fast tempo of this spine-tingling spy story will hold you enthralled. Anton Walbrook, as a Spanish Civil War veteran, has many close calls in his desperate fight for freedom but pauses long enough to romance with Margaretta Scott, their adventures provide a spirited tale of international intrigue. (Feb.)

✓✓*MAN I LOVE, THE*—Warners: Ida Lupino never looked more glamorous than she does in this tale about a night club singer who carries a torch for Bruce Bennett, and who is pursued by wolfish Robert Alda. Andrea King handles the role of Ida's sister sympathetically, but it's La Lupino's picture plus some Gershwin and Kern song hits. (Dec.)

✓✓*MARGIE*—20th Century-Fox: This refreshing comedy of the thrilling Twenties with the top tunes of that period is a honey. As teen-age *Margie,* Jeanne Crain's joys and sorrows are something to chuckle over. She's surrounded by a flock of newcomers, including Glenn Langan, Barbara Lawrence, Alan Young and Conrad Janis. (Jan.)

✓*MY DARLING CLEMENTINE*—20th Century-Fox: A rowdy, picturesque film of the feuding Old West with Henry Fonda as a straight-shootin', fast-ridin' marshal, avenging his kid brother's murder. Victor Mature is a reckless gambler and Linda Darnell plays his ravishing sweetheart. (Jan.)

✓*NEVER SAY GOODBYE* — Warners: Dashing Errol Flynn and eye-filling Eleanor Parker indulge in marital monkeyshines with starlet Patti Brady





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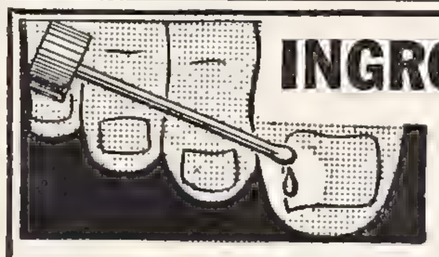
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as a precocious youngster, S. Z. Sakall a sympathetic onlooker, Forrest Tucker a would-be suitor, Peggy Knudson a threat to domesticity and Lucille Watson a disapproving mother-in-law. (Feb.)

NOCTURNE—RKO: When a song writer is found fatally shot, detective George Raft knows it's murder. High on his list of suspects is smart-looking Lynn Bari. Also entangled are Virginia Huston, Joseph Pevney, Myrna Dell. (Jan.)

✓*PERFECT MARRIAGE, THE*—Paramount: Hijinks among the smart set, co-starring Loretta Young and David Niven who discover, on their tenth anniversary, that the bloom has worn off. Eddie Albert, Virginia Field, Rita Johnson, Zasu Pitts and little Mona Griffith are in it too. (Jan.)

PLAINSMAN AND THE LADY—Republic: Bill Elliott is the plainsman, Vera Ralston the lady whose banker-father starts the first Pony Express between California and Missouri. In strenuous opposition are Joseph Schildkraut and Gail Patrick with a handful of Injuns thrown in for good measure. (Feb.)

✓✓*RAIDER, THE*—English Films: Fact and fiction are blended in this picture with a cast of non-professionals, formerly attached to the allied navies. Most exciting scene is a duel between a German U-boat and an English ship, seeking to rescue men adrift in a lifeboat. (Dec.)

✓✓*RAZOR'S EDGE, THE*—20th Century-Fox: Somerset Maugham's novel about an unworldly young man and a worldly young girl made into a super-duper show, its star-studded cast including Tyrone Power, Gene Tierney, John Payne, Anne Baxter, Clifton Webb and Herbert Marshall. A leisurely-told tale full of atmosphere. (Feb.)

SIOUX CITY SUE—Republic: Gene Autry heeds Hollywood's call, thanks to talent scout Lynne Roberts, songwriter Sterling Holloway and movie producer Ralph Sanford. It's a toss-up whether Autry or an animated donkey will get top billing but the singing cowboy comes through in fine style. (Feb.)

✓✓*SONG OF THE SOUTH*—Walt-Disney-RKO: Disney, in a dreamy mood, introduces some flesh-and-blood people along with the make-belive variety. It's a pleasant pipedream with James Baskett as storytelling *Uncle Remus* and Bobby Driscoll and Luana Patten as his young listeners. A gently humorous film with several jolly songs. (Feb.)

✓*STRANGE WOMAN, THE*—Hunt Stromberg-UA: Hedy Lamarr is a beautiful, bewitching "baddie" in this melodramatic tale set in Maine of 1820. You'll watch her cast her evil spell over Gene Lockhart, Louis Hayward and George Sanders, half-fascinated, half-repelled. (Jan.)

✓*TEMPTATION*—Universal-International: This turbulent drama of illicit love has Merle Oberon playing a designing divorcee who weds wealthy George Brent, then becomes infatuated with rascally Charles Korvin. Pretty sombre stuff. (Jan.)

THAT BRENNAN GIRL—Republic: A girl who sins but repents; a boy who tries to lead her on the right path, and an older man who finishes the job. An inept little picture with James Dunn as a sentimental racketeer, Mona Freeman as a playgirl and William Marshall as the well-intentioned boy. (Feb.)

✓✓*THREE LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE*—20th Century-Fox: "Delightful" is the word for this musical treat starring June Haver, Vivian Blaine and Vera-Ellen. June is a husband hunter; Vivian plays her secretary, Vera-Ellen her maid; George Montgomery and Frank Latimore playboys of 1908. (Dec.)

✓*TIME, THE PLACE AND THE GIRL, THE*—Warners: A trite tale about a rich gal who leads a sheltered life until she tangles up with some night club entertainers. Dennis Morgan gives Martha Vickers a whirl; Jack Carson and Janis Paige are pals; S. Z. Sakall is Martha's grandpa. (Dec.)

✓✓*TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST*—Paramount: Dana's famous saga of men and sailing ships comes to the screen in strong-armed fashion with Brian Donlevy playing Dana effectively and William Bendix cracking a merciless whip over the seamen. Alan Ladd is the ship owner's son, with Howard de Silva, Barry Fitzgerald and Esther Fernandez. (Dec.)

✓*WHITE TIE AND TAILS*—Universal-International: What happens when a gentleman's gentleman steps out of his class is amusingly told here. With Dan Duryea and Ella Raines. (Dec.)

✓✓*YEARLING, THE*—M-G-M: A memorable picture of Florida of 1870 in lush Technicolor. The pioneering *Baxters* of Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings's Pulitzer Prize novel are played by Gregory Peck, Jane Wyman and Claude Jarman Jr. with Wyman running away with acting honors. (Jan.)

✓*UNDERCURRENT*—M-G-M: In this disturbingly different melodrama, Katherine Hepburn marries Robert Taylor only to discover he's a man with a Jekyll-Hyde personality. Poor Katie tries to unravel the mystery of his background in which brother Bob Mitchum plays a prominent part. (Feb.)

WICKED LADY, THE—Universal-International: You can safely skip this 17th Century English tale of high adventure. Margaret Lockwood is wicked all right but hardly a lady, sharing as she does the daring exploits of highway robber James Mason. Patricia Roc is her unhappy rival, Griffith Jones, Michael Rennie and Mason her willing victims. (Feb.)

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Casts of Current Pictures

CALIFORNIA—Paramount: *Jonathan Trumbo,* Ray Milland; *Lily Bishop,* Barbara Stanwyck; *Michael Fabian,* Barry Fitzgerald; *Pharaoh Coffin,* George Coulouris; *Mr. Pike,* Albert Dekker; *Don Luis Rivera Y Hernandez,* Anthony Quinn; *Whitey,* Frank Faylen;*Booth Pennock,* Gavin Muir; *Pokey,* James Burke; *Padre,* Eduardo Ciannelli; *Colonel Stuart,* Roman Bohnen; *Elvira,* Argentina Brunetti; *Senator Creel,* Howard Freeman; *Wagon Woman,* Julia Faye.

CAPTIVE HEART, THE—Ealing-Prestige: *Capt. Karel Hasek,* Michael Redgrave; *Celia Mitchell,* Rachel Kempson; *Mr. Mowbray,* Frederick Leister; *Pte. Evans,* Mervyn Johns; *Mrs. Evans,* Rachel Thomas; *Cpl. Horsfall,* Jack Warner; *Mrs. Horsfall,* Gladys Henson; *Doctor,* James Harcourt; *Lieut. Lennox,* Gordon Jackson; *Mrs. Lennox,* Elliot Mason; *Elspeth McDougall,* Margot Fitzsimmons; *Mr. McDougall,* David Keir; *Lieut. Harley,* Derek Bond; *Caroline Harley,* Jane Barrett; *Beryl Curtiss,* Meriel Forbes; *Lt.-Comdr. Robert Marsden, R.N.V.R.,* Robert Wyndham; *Major Ossy Dalrymple,* Basil Radford; *Capt. Jim Grayson,* Guy Middleton; *Pte. Matthews,* Jimmy Hanley; *Capt. Thurston, R.A.M.C.,* Ralph Michael; *Padre,* Jack Lambert; *Forster,* Karel Stepanek; *Camp Kommandant,* Frederick Richter; *German M.O.,* Frederick Schiller; *Janet,* Jill Gibbs; *Desmond,* David Wallbridge.

CROSS MY HEART—Paramount: *Peggy Harper,* Betty Hutton; *Oliver Clarke,* Sonny Tufts; *Prosecutor,* Rhys Williams; *Eve Harper,* Ruth Donnelly; *Detective Flynn,* Alan Bridge; *Miss Baggart,* Iris Adrian; *Wallace Brent,* Howard Freeman; *Judge,* Lewis E. Russell; *Peter,* Michael Chekhov.

DEAD RECKONING—Columbia: *Rip Murdock,* Humphrey Bogart; *Coral Chandler,* Lizabeth Scott; *Martinelli,* Morris Carnovsky; *Lieutenant Kincaid,* Charles Cane; *Johnny Drake,* William Prince; *Krause,* Marvin Miller; *McGee,* Wallace Ford; *Father Logan,* James Bell; *Louis Ord,* George Chandler; *Lt. Col. Simpson,* William Forrest; *Hyacinth,* Ruby Dandridge.

DEVIL ON WHEELS, THE—PRC: *Sue Tanner,* Noreen Nash; *Micky,* Darryl Hickman; *Rusty Davis,* Jan Ford; *Jeff Clark,* James Cardwell; *John Clark,* Damian O'Flynn; *Nan Clark,* Lenita Lane; *Judge Tanner,* William Forrest; *Peggy Anders,* Sue England; *Tod Powell,* Robert Arthur; *Judy Clark,* Ann Burr.

EASY COME, EASY GO—Paramount: *Martin L. Donovan,* Barry Fitzgerald; *Connie Donovan,* Diana Lynn; *Kevin O'Connor,* Sonny Tufts; *Dale Whipple,* Dick Foran; *Carey,* Frank McHugh; *Nick,* Allen Jenkins; *Tom Clancy,* John Litel; *Mike Donovan,* Arthur Shields; *Boss,* Frank Faylen; *Harry Weston,* James Burke; *Gilligan,* George Cleveland; *Angela Orange,* Ida Moore; *Priest,* Rhys Williams; *Bookie,* Oscar Rudolph.

IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE—RKO: *George Bailey,* James Stewart; *Mary Hatch,* Donna Reed; *Dr. Potter,* Lionel Barrymore; *Uncle Billy,* Thomas Mitchell; *Mrs. Bailey,* Beulah Bondi; *Ernie,* Frank Faylen; *Bert,* Ward Bond; *Clarence,* Henry Travers; *Mr. Gower,* H. B. Warner; *Violet,* Gloria Gahame; *Harry Bailey,* Todd Karns; *Ruth Dakin,* Virginia Patton; *Pa Bailey,* Samuel S. Hinds; *Cousin Millie,* Mary Treen; *Cousin Eustace,* Charles Williams; *Mrs. Hatch,* Sara Edwards; *Mr. Martini,* Bill Edmunds; *Annie,* Lillian Randolph; *Sam Wainwright,* Frank Albertson; *Mrs. Martini,* Argentina Brunetti; *Little George,* Bobbie Anderson; *Little Sam,* Ronnie Ralph; *Little Mary,* Jean Gale; *Little Violet,* Jeanine Ann Roose; *Little Marty Hatch,* Danny Munert; *Little Harry Bailey,* Georgie Noaks; *Nick,* Sheldon Leonard; *Potter's bodyguard,* Frank Hagney; *Joe,* Ray Walker; *Real Estate Salesman,* Charlie Lane; *Tom,* Edward Kean; *Jane Bailey,* Carol Coomes; *Zuzu Bailey,* Karolyn Grimes; *Pete Bailey,* Larry Simms; *Tommy Bailey,* Jimmy Hawkins.

OUT CALIFORNIA WAY—Republic: *Monte,* Monte Hale; *Gloria McCoy,* Adrian Booth; *Danny McCoy,* Bobby Blake; *Rod Mason,* John Dehner; *George Sheridan,* Nolan Leary; *Ace Carter,* Fred Graham; *Johnny Archer,* Tom London; *Jimmy Starr,* Jimmy Starr; *E. J. Pearson,* Edward Keane; *Assistant Director,* Bob Wilke; *Cameramen,* Brooks Benedict and St. Luke's Choristers and Foy Willing and the Riders of the Purple Sage.

SECRET HEART, THE—M-G-M: *Lee Addams,* Claudette Colbert; *Chris Matthews,* Walter Pidgeon; *Penny Addams,* June Allyson; *Dr. Rossiger,* Lionel

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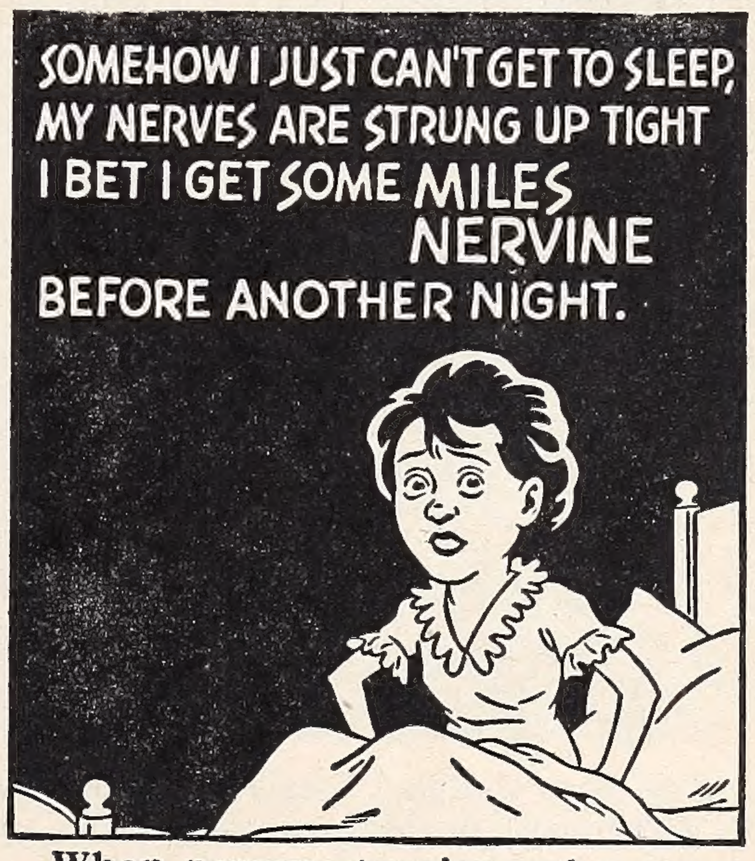
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STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN—Universal-International: *Peter Carter,* David Niven; *June,* Kim Hunter; *Bob,* Robert Coote; *An Angel,* Kathleen Byron; *An English Pilot,* Richard Attenborough; *An American Pilot,* Bonar Colleano; *Chief Recorder,* Joan Maude; *Conductor 71,* Marius Goring; *Doctor Reeves,* Roger Livesey; *The Vicar,* Robert Atkins; *Dr. Gaertler,* Bob Roberts; *Mr. McEwan,* Edwin Max; *Mrs. Rucker,* Betty Potter; *The Judge,* Abraham Soafaer; *Abraham Farlan,* Raymond Massey.

SWELL GUY—Universal-International: *Jim Duncan,* Sonny Tufts; *Marian Tyler,* Ann Blyth; *Ann Duncan,* Ruth Warrick; *Martin Duncan,* William Gargan; *Arthur Tyler,* John Litel; *Dave Vinson,* Thomas Gomez; *Steve,* Millard Mitchell; *Sarah Duncan,* Mary Nash; *Botsworth,* Howard Freeman; *Tony Duncan,* Donald Devlin; *Mike O'Connor,* John Craven; *Ray Line,* Pat McVey; *Sam Burns,* Vince Barnett; *Ben Tilwell,* Charles Lane; *Ernie,* Garry Owen; *Eddie,* Frank Ferguson; *Frank,* David Clarke; *Boy in fight,* George McDonald; *Jackie,* Eugene Persson; *George,* George Beban, Jr.

13 RUE MADELEINE—20th Century-Fox: *Bob Sharkey,* James Cagney; *Suzanne de Bouchard,* Annabella; *Bill O'Connell,* Richard Conte; *Jeff Lassifer,* Frank Latimore; *Charles Gibson,* Walter Abel; *Pappy Simpson,* Melville Cooper; *Mayor Galimard,* Sam Jaffe; *Duclois,* Marcel Rousseau; *Psychiatrist,* Richard Gordon; *Emile,* Everett G. Marshall; *Madame Thillot,* Blanche Yurka; *Karl,* Peter Von Zerneck; *Hans Feinke,* Alfred Linder; *Hotel Clerk,* Ben Low; *R. A. F. Officer,* James Craven; *Joseph,* Roland Belanger; *Burglary Instructor,* Horace MacMahon; *Briefing Officer,* Alexander Kirkland; *La Roche,* Donald Randolph..

THIS HAPPY BREED—Prestige-Universal: *Frank Gibbons,* Robert Newton; *Ethel Gibbons,* Celia Johnson; *Billy Mitchel,* John Mills; *Queenie Gibbons,* Kay Walsh; *Bob Mitchel,* Stanley Holloway; *Mrs. Flint,* Amy Veness; *Aunt Sylvia,* Alison Leggatt; *Vi,* Eileen Erskine; *Reg,* John Blythe; *Sam Leadbitter,* Guy Verney; *Edie,* Merle Tottenham; *Phyllis,* Betty Fleetwood.

TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY—M-G-M: *Jerome Kern,* Robert Walker; *Sally,* Lucille Bremer; *James I. Hessler,* Van Heflin; *Sally, as a girl,* Joan Wells; *Oscar Hammerstein,* Paul Langton; *Mrs. Jerome Kern,* Dorothy Patrick; *Mrs. Muller,* Mary Nash; *Charles Frohman,* Harry Hayden; *Victor Herbert,* Paul Maxey, and June Allyson, Van Johnson, Angela Lansbury, Judy Garland, Tony Martin, Kathryn Grayson, Virginia O'Brien, Dinah Shore, Lena Horne, Frank Sinatra, Cyd Charisse and the Wilde twins.

VERDICT, THE—Warners: *George Grodman,* Sydney Greenstreet; *Victor Emmric,* Peter Lorre; *Lottie,* Joan Lorring; *Supt. Buckley,* George Coulouris; *Mrs. Benson,* Rosalind Ivan; *Clive Russell,* Paul Cavanagh; *Rev. Holbrook,* Arthur Shields; *Arthur Kendall,* Morton Lowry; *Sir William Dawson,* Holmes Herbert; *P. C. Warren,* Art Foster; *Barney Cole,* Clyde Cook; *Sister Brown,* Janet Murdock; *Jury Foreman,* Ian Wolfe.

WANTED FOR MURDER—Excelsior-Fox: *Victor Colebrooke,* Eric Portman; *Anne Fielding,* Dulcie Gray; *Jack Williams,* Derek Farr; *Inspector Conway,* Roland Culver; *Sergeant Sullivan,* Stanley Holloway, *Mrs. Colebrooke,* Barbara Everest; *Florrie, the Maid,* Kathleen Harrison; *Jeannie McLaren,* Jenny Laird; *Det Ellis,* Bill Shine; *Corporal Mappolo,* Bonar Colleano; *His Girl,* Edna Wood; *Mrs. Cooper,* Viola Lyel; *Walters,* John Salew; *The Tramp,* John Ruddock; *Miss Willis,* Moira Lister; *The Boatman,* George Carney; *Guide in Mme. Tussaud's,* Wilfred Hyde White; *The Headwaiter,* Gerard Kempinski; *Girl at fair,* Mary Mackenzie; *Underground Attendant,* Caven Watson.

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